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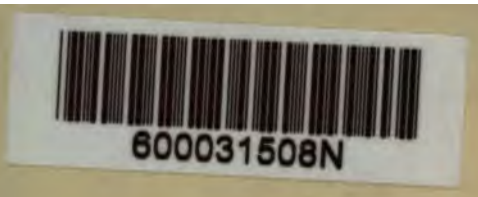
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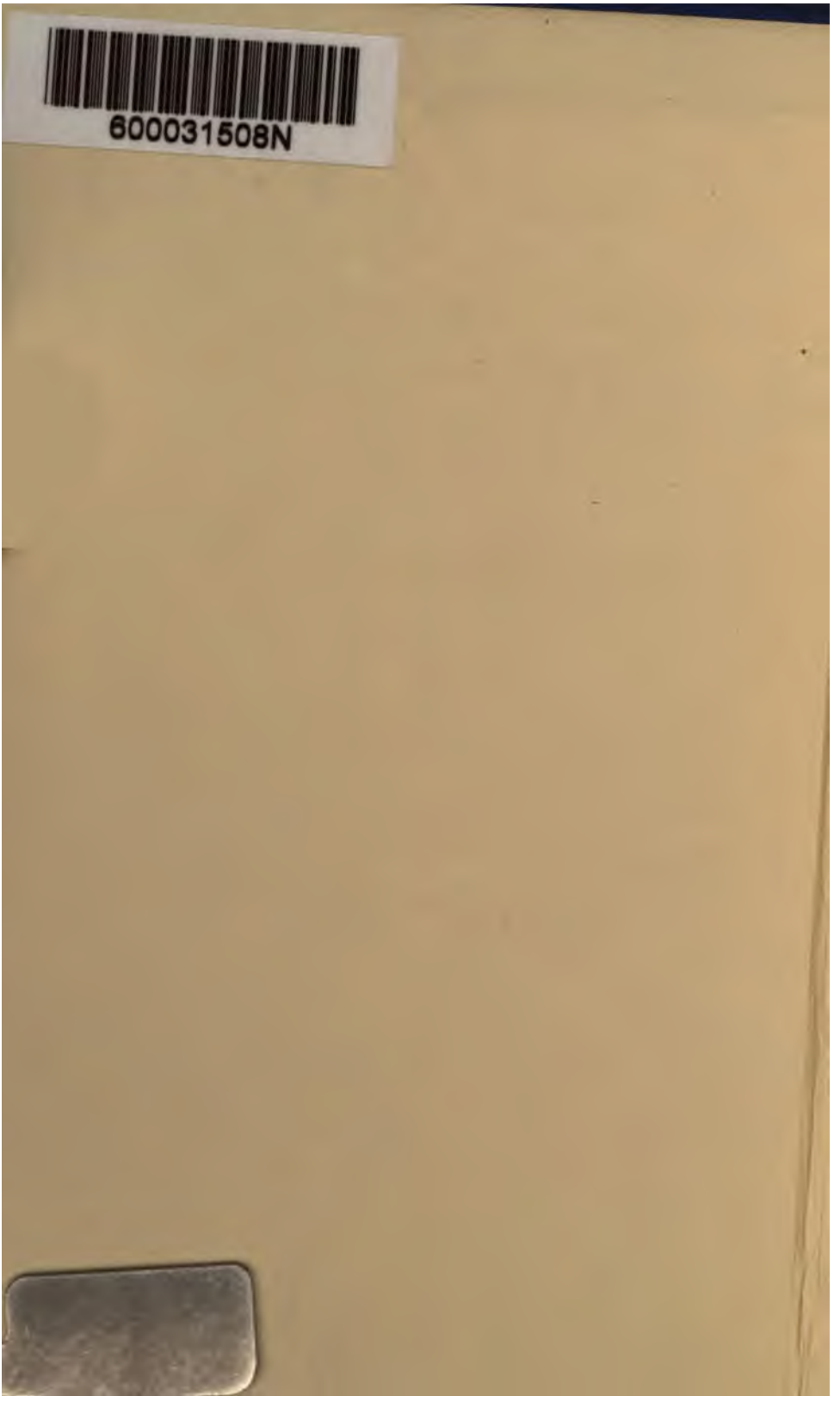
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WILD ANIMALS ON SALE.

MY PRIVATE DIARY

DURING

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

PIGEON POST.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1875.

MY PRIVATE DIARY

DURING

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

BY THE LATE

FELIX M. WHITEHURST,

AUTHOR OF

"COURT AND SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON THE THIRD," ETC.

"I can't get out."—*Sterne.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.
1875.

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237. e. 384.

LONDON:

SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

INDEX OF DAYS RECORDED.

1870.

		PAGE
November	10	1
„	11	3
„	12	11
„	13	17
„	14	19
„	15	22
„	16	26
„	17	30
„	18	34
„	19	41
„	20	46
„	21	49
„	22	56
„	23	62
„	24	66
„	25	71
„	26	73
„	27	76
„	28	78
„	29	81
„	30	87
December	1	96
„	2	96
„	3	103
„	4	107
„	5	111
December	6	113
„	7	113
„	8	116
„	9	116
„	10	119
„	11	121
„	12	122
„	13	125
„	14	127
„	15	131
„	16	135
„	17	136
„	18	137
„	19	139
„	20	140
„	21	142
„	22	151
„	23	157
„	24	157
„	25	158
„	26	158
„	27	160
„	28	164
„	29	165
„	30	169
„	31	170

1871.

	PAGE		PAGE
January 1	173	January 30	284
„ 2	176	„ 31	285
„ 3	178	February 1	287
„ 4	180	„ 2	287
„ 5	185	„ 3	291
„ 6	187	„ 4	292
„ 7	192	„ 5	292
„ 8	200	„ 6	297
„ 9	202	„ 11	298
„ 10	206	„ 12	300
„ 11	212	„ 13	301
„ 12	214	„ 14	304
„ 13	218	„ 15	305
„ 14	224	„ 16	306
„ 15	227	„ 17	308
„ 16	233	„ 18	309
„ 17	242	„ 19	312
„ 18	246	„ 20	313
„ 19	249	„ 21	314
„ 20	251	„ 22	315
„ 21	255	„ 23	317
„ 22	256	„ 24	319
„ 23	261	„ 25	320
„ 24	264	„ 26	322
„ 25	268	„ 27	325
„ 26	270	„ 28	328
„ 27	271	March 1	331
„ 28	276	„ 2	336
„ 29	280	„ 3	336

APPENDIX 339

MY PRIVATE DIARY

DURING

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

NOVEMBER, 1870—*continued.*

Thursday, 10*th*.—I think I may cut my diary very short this tenth day of November.

The first thing which attracted attention on getting out of bed was a heavy snow storm, and the next the blare of trumpets announcing the march of a large division of Mobiles to the front. Never a very soldierlike looking body of men, to-day, marching "at ease" (!) against the driving snow, they resembled a fortuitous combination of atoms rather than a compact body of drilled men marching out to do desperate battle; for that is their mission, and within a few hours is evident. Well! God defend the right! only where is it?

The election of Maires is so complicated that the

Government has been forced to put the 20th arrondissement in commission, it having chosen as Maire and assistants Ranvier, Flourens, Millière, and Le Français, all of whom are in custody for an attempt on the 31st of October to reproduce the drama of the 4th of September; the right of translating which seems to have been reserved. All, I say: I should write, all but Flourens, who agrees with Tacitus, that "distance dignifies dignity," and so, not to put too fine a point on it, has cut and run.

Horrible abuse of the Empire and the Emperor—admission to me *à l'oreille* by a National Guard, that the Emperor has been the best friend France has had for ages, and that to drive France you must put the reins down to the bottom bar.

A dinner with a "menu" last night. In this case individual enterprise did not burst up, as it did in the case of our amateur cannon-casters. Sixty per cent. of the guns made by private contract for the Government of Defence have proved to be most inoffensive, having all burst at the first essay!

We absolutely, in spite of a miserable night, assembled six English ladies and men, and one Frenchman. As usual, no two agreed on any one subject except on the fact that the Defence Committee is composed of nonentities—is, in fact, a *legal* fiction,

and that France is ruined and must accept Bismarck's terms.

A propos of dining, here is a fable :—

"LE CHEVAL.

'Faites-vous brebis, le loup vous mange.'—*Proverbe.*

"Heureux, dit le cheval, quand sauvage, indompté
L'étalon dans les bois paissait en liberté!
Ne s'abaissant jamais à des travaux serviles,
Il errait à son gré, loin des champs et des villes.
Aujourd'hui, comme un vil bétail,
On nous dépèce, on nous vend au détail,
Et le pauvre animal, esclave trop fidèle,
Dont l'homme appréciait la conquête si belle,
On a fini par l'égorger,
Dès qu'on s'est aperçu qu'il est bon à manger."

Friday, November 11*th.*—Dreadful weather for soldiering. For forty-eight hours it has never ceased raining, except when it has snowed; and cold combined with short commons has produced much illness among the poor. Typhus and small-pox are as destructive as the enemy.

Such tricks of the trade of butchers have come to light, and it is *now* known by Government (we outsiders have known it all along) that such favour was shown to rich people and good customers, that the Republic has decreed some pretty stringent regulations, the violating of which will be punished by fine

and imprisonment both of buyer and seller. The fact is, there are sufficient "viandes de luxe" for the rich, such as monkey, jackall, bear, deer, young gazelle (I have not come to know it well at present), antelope, elephant, and lion, so common beef and mutton should be kept for common mouths.

Government has taken "mule" into its tariff. Here is a curious horse fact:—a thorough-bred carcase is worth only twelve pounds, while a good machiner, or "hack, and goes in harness," fetches twenty-four pounds.

Bear came into the market yesterday: I hope to get some to-day. Mrs. X—— said last night to her husband, "No, Reginald, you shan't eat it; you'll begin hugging me."

Paris in its normal state consumes annually 150,683 oxen, 66,028 bulls, 31,095 cows, 120,275 calves, and 916,388 sheep.

The following prices are official (to-day):—Ham is 6*s.* 8*d.* per pound; Lyons sausage (donkey) 13*s.* 4*d.*; horse, 10½*d.*; and donkey, 2*s.* 6*d.* A goose, 20*s.*; a fowl, 12*s.* 6*d.*; a pair of pigeons, 10*s.*; a turkey, 2*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*; a rabbit, 15*s.*; a carp, 16*s.* 4*d.*; a plate of stickle-backs, 5*s.* Eggs, 3*s.* 10*d.* the dozen; a cabbage, 1*s.* 3*d.*; a cauliflower, 1*s.* 8*d.*; a small bunch of carrots, 1*s.* 10½*d.* Haricots, 4*s.* 2*d.* per

pound; fresh butter, 1*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* per pound; salt butter, 11*s.* 8*d.* per pound; Paris butter (cocoa-nut shell), 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound.

It was seriously proposed to a friend of ours by his hotel keeper to have a fricassee of rats.

The following is a correct return of the damage in crops, cattle, &c., caused by the Prussians in 10,688,825 acres, which they have devastated in the Eastern provinces of France:—One hundred and sixty million pounds in these seven departments alone.

There are still reports about the armistice, which Mr. Labouchere says has been mistaken for an absolution and general remission of sins. Russia is the sheet-anchor of the hopeful. I think a plebiscite to say "Yes" or "No" throughout France, to the simple question of peace on any terms, or war to extinction, is quite as likely, and would be more efficacious. In the mean time, just as Jules Favre and his colleagues are assuming that they are a government, so is Paris arrogating to itself the right of ruling France.

As I anticipated, they are afraid to prosecute the mutineers of the 31st of October. Tibaldi and others are already discharged.

The following is entitled "Les Hommes de 1870:"—

"Il était un p'tit homme,
Un p'tit homme d'Etat
Grand comm' ça ;
Il fut en ambassade
Auprès des potentats,
Et voilà
Que, quand il s'enfuit,
Toujours plein d'esprit
Le bon peuple se dit !
Vive le Thiers,
Vive le Thiers,
Vive le Thiers parti !

"Celui-ci était borgne ;
Il partit à son tour,
Fut à Tours
Et fit si peu d' besogne
Qu' la province pesta,
Tempêta,
S'impatienta,
Voyant bien par là
Que d' Paris on lui a-
Vait jeté l' Gam-
Vait jeté l' Gam-
Vait jeté l' Gambetta !"

And this the responsive echo about the new Maires of Paris :—"Dubail ?—bâille ; Clémenceau ?—sot ; Bonvalet ?—laid ; Grivot ?—veau ; Mottu ?—tue ! Neither M. Gambetta nor M. Sancier has been guillotined by Esquiros.

The "épiciers" are the delight of my life. Yester-

day a concierge who, though it is against the law, is a National Guard, said to a friend of ours, "If you don't want me to-day I can earn four francs!" "How?" "Why, sir, our division is next for duty, and as it rains, and there may be fighting, a substitute will command that price;" and the three-and-fourpenny hero marched off content.

Another being hunted up for active service:—"How old are you?" "Forty-five." "Forty-five! why, in September you were only thirty-five!" "Sapristie, mon Sergeant, one ages in a siege!"

Yet another! "What age?" "Twenty-eight." "Married?" "No, my Captain; but I assure you I love her just as much as if I was."

A propos of grocers, "Figaro" tells us that the Duke of Argyle has lately apprenticed his son to a grocer—"en français, un épicier," says the well-informed paper.

Prosper Mérimée, an illustration of the Empire, and who, like Dumas, lived three months too long, has left some curious and amusing notes. Here is one:—At the funeral of Rebecca, the sister of the great Rachel, just as the rabbi was beginning the sad and solemn ceremony, a well-known Bourse speculator hurried up to him and said, "Have you kept your Mobiliers?" "No," said the priest; "I've got

out of them." "Quite wise too, and take my advice, don't get into them again. All right; go on," and the sad and solemn ceremony proceeded.

The thirteenth number of the "Correspondance Impériale" is out, but people are weary of it, and disappointed that there is so little personal scandal. In fact, the publication of these letters has done little harm to the Imperial family, while it has proved that Rouher, Persigny, and the Comtesse Pourtalés were clever people, and the former the greatest statesman in France.

Regarding M. Rouher, the following story is published to-day:—At the time when the celebrated Press Bill was being discussed, Rouher, who saw in it the first step to the "fall of the Empire, not the Ministry" (to quote the words addressed by a private individual to the Emperor), had persuaded the majority to reject the first clause. All was arranged; but Prince Napoleon worked upon the Emperor through Ollivier; then the court papers veered round, the Emperor hesitated, Rouher resigned, and the Emperor accepted his resignation at midnight. At midday the ex-Minister was summoned to the Tuileries; what befell there he shall tell himself.

Rouher *loquitur*.—"The Emperor, who had at midnight accepted my resignation, was waiting for me

in his bedroom. He was very pale, and before I could speak, took my hand and said, 'You know that the first clause must pass.' 'But, sire, I have been opposing it for two days; besides, I have resigned, and Picard can pass it.' 'No; nobody can pass it but you. Don't talk to me of the majority; it will vote exactly as you please.' 'Your Majesty cannot think so after the way in which I have trained and educated it. It would be dishonourable of me to defend to-day that which I attacked yesterday.' I was beside myself. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Have you not carried out more difficult things than this? Can the majority resist Rouher? Surely you will not desert me like the others.' I still hesitated. He put his arm round my waist and embraced me, saying, 'My good Rouher, if you were a general, and I on the field of battle told you to take a fort, the fear of death would not deter you. I want you to be in the Chamber what you would be on the field. Will you do so?' He embraced me again, and pushed me to the door, where stood the Empress in tears. I went down like a madman, and got into my carriage and drove to the Chamber. All that I remember is that on the way I cried like a child, and had no idea what to do or say. The Debate began. Suddenly a stupid speech of the Baron de Benoist

gave me my cue. I got up in a dreadfully nervous state, spoke for twenty minutes with the success you know of, and sat down as wet as though I had just got out of my bath. Baroche rushed to embrace me with tears in his eyes, everybody shouting. St.-Paul got me to my carriage. I was in a pitiable state, and went home and did not hear of the vote till the evening."

He is, indeed, a wonderful speaker, as I can testify, who have been in the habit of constantly hearing him at home. It was on the occasion of the above speech that Gambetta, who was in the reporters' gallery, pointing to the Left, said, "I don't care, there is not a man among them worthy to clean his boots."

They talk of a great Legitimist movement in seventeen departments in favour of Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux and Comte de Chambord, the "miraculous boy" who was "par Dieu donné" to the murdered Duc de Berry—Henri V.

Soit! What does it matter who rules over the remains of France? But what hopes of success among such a people as the French, a mild, middle-aged exile, innocent of all practical politics, and steeped to the eyes in the doctrines of "divine right,"

can possibly entertain, his adherents may see, but I confess I cannot.

Saturday, November 12th.—Paris went mad about the armistice last night. It was signed, sealed, and delivered, and all was over but the paying and looking pleasant; for Paris fully believes that armistice means peace, and so it will. The majority of the Garde Nationale are in their hearts as peaceful as the Rt. Hon. John Bright, M.P., and if they once "ground arms" will not soon shoulder them again. But the morning has come, bringing with it calm reflection and the "Official Journal," which holds out such happy prospects.

I suppose M. Thiers is dodging about after something, and threatening Bismarck with the "rugged Russian bear," who, by-the-by, I am informed on very good private authority, is not the least in a military condition to hug Prussia, and so some peaceful combination may be patched up, and then what a farce the "greatest siege since that of Troy" will have been! Prussia retiring from Marseilles without taking Paris by force, or at least silencing all the forts; and France, having recklessly, wantonly, and uselessly destroyed for ever her capital, made a wilderness of

the surrounding country, and expended milliards on defence measures, giving up without a fight—will afford endless amusement to the rest of Europe. Since the 15th of September they have, like two boys in the street, been each pulling off their jackets and putting them on again, because one was afraid and the other daren't.

Nothing amuses me so much as the inordinate vanity of the Parisians; even now they speak of the armistice as if in accepting it they were doing a favour to Prussia! In the mean time we get no provincial news. It is said that Bismarck goes out hawking every day, to take the carrier-pigeons who are homeward flying from Tours; and, what is worse, there is no war bulletin. People are getting savage, and say, "When we hope to see the account of some action, we read that Sergeant Hoff has stalked three sentries, and that after a heavy fire, 'our forts' have knocked down 'the angle of a wall and killed a Prussian of distinction.'"

What famous glasses they must have to pick out a distinguished man at sixteen hundred yards, or what an evidently distinguished man he must have been!

Talking of the armistice—M. E. Picard, who makes the *mots* for the ministry, observed, "If Bismarck

grants it, he makes a gross military blunder; if he refuses it, he commits a grave diplomatic error."

On the 31st of October, M. Picard rushed up to the Minister of Marine, and said, "You must take command of Paris, and save us." "How can I do so? I am only minister *ad interim*." "Save us *ad interim*, that's all."

On the 6th of September he said to his colleagues, "Mes amis, we have got the Republic; good! but don't put too much of it into your acts, or France will not stand it. A real artistic salad maker is very chary of his vinegar."

I walked up the Faubourg St.-Honoré yesterday to see the Belgian Minister, whom all the papers, with their usual accuracy, announced as leaving to-day. I found that he had no idea of going. It was for a siege time quite an eventful walk, for I met one man I knew by sight, and two I knew intimately. The first was a one-armed Dutchman, a deuced good-looking fellow, name unknown (let us call him Meinheer Hans Knickerbocker), whom, when there was any society, one used to see every night. The next was Dr. Gordon, who works like a slave, and was then off to preside over the twenty thousand pounds Sick and Wounded Fund Committee. Be it said *en passant*, that the people of Paris are very un-

grateful, and are not large-minded enough to comprehend such gigantic charity as that for which it has to thank Colonel Loyd-Lindsay. I rather think they are disappointed that he has not come back with, say, forty or fifty thousand pounds more.

My last meeting was with the Duc de Trevise, whom I have not seen since the month of July, when, as Chamberlain-in-Waiting, he introduced a friend and myself to the private cabinet of the Emperor, and whom I believed to be a prisoner. But it seems that he could not persuade his Majesty to take him with him.

The Duc de Trevise is the grandson of Marshal Mortier, Duc de Trevise, who was one of the victims of Fieschi and his "Infernal machine" on the 28th of July, 1835. The present Duc is a very talented diplomatist, and a wonderful draughtsman, who has travelled and studied all over the world. He was also one of the Imperial chamberlains, but I suppose, as his family has served faithfully two Empires, his career (he is quite a young man) will be utterly ruined, but he is very rich. He was very low about France, and said, "Poor Emperor, he was deceived by everyone, and you *must* trust some one. If Niel had only lived, and had his way, this calamity would never have occurred."

"And the end?" I asked. "Oh! peace on any terms; you can't fight old trained soldiers with raw recruits. But we are in a difficult position, thanks to the men whom we very much honour by calling our Government. As for Jules Favre's famous declaration about fortresses and territory, it was absurd when spoken, and is more so now. When he made that declaration we had already lost some strong places, and many 'inches of territory.' As long as Bazaine held out we had some hope. With him fell our last chance, and we must accept our position as a conquered nation."

As for the armistice, there is no word of it in the evening papers. The Marquis du Lau, who is at the War Office, knew nothing of it at 1 P.M., and indeed fully believes in that imminent sortie of which we have heard so much and seen so little.

The following scene took place to-day. I do not mention the names of the dramatis personæ, but neither in articles nor price is there the slightest exaggeration. The theatre was the English butcher's (Duboos) at the corner of the Faubourg St.-Honoré and the Boulevard Ulrich. It was as crowded as Worth's shop on the Saturday before an Empress's Monday. The Marquise X. and the Marquise Y., two of the truest *grandes dames* in Paris, and "tout

ce qu'il y a de plus Faubourg St.-Germain," were fighting for a bit of bison, and the Baron de B—— was sitting on a stool flirting furiously with the butcher's wife (who, by-the-by, has a property worth twelve thousand pounds now in the hands of the Prussians), while some one was skinning the kangaroo.

"Pardon, madame," said Madame X. to a femme de ménage, "after you." "And the pheasant, madame?" "To you, Madame la Marquise, one pound eleven and eightpence." "Tiens! mais c'est chère, la petite bête!" "What do you wish? in a time of siege!" (shoulders shrugged all round). "And the garoo?" asked Madame Y. "This charming little *gigot*, one pound eleven and eightpence. No, M. le Baron, no bison till Tuesday; and the Duc de M. has just taken off the elk in his brougham."

"Monkey not in yet I suppose?" asks an ex-golden youth getting out of a coroneted coupé, and wearing the dress of a private in the National Guard. "No, M. le Prince, but the goat is excellent." So he gives two pounds ten for a quarter of "billy" or "nanny," shoulders it, and drives off.

The baron gets his kangaroo, the two marquises toddle off with their spoil, and so it goes on all day.

Just as we were leaving the shop a phaeton with two black horses, red leather collars, and servants with

sable caps came up with a rush. Down jumped a large man wrapped in fur. "Is it gone?" (breathlessly). "What gone, Excellency?" "My tail—the tail of the kangaroo?" "No, Excellency, it is reserved for you."—With a sigh of relief, Mon Prince paid his roubles, and went off with this tail—which is told.

Three per cents advanced seventy centimes, and closed at 54,50. There was quite a "Bourse" to-day, and prices buoyed up by lying reports about the armistice.

Sunday, November 13th.—Fine day, but cold. The father of lies must have been the editor of a newspaper—possibly "La Gazette d'Enfer." "L'Electeur Libre" to-day asserts that we are sure of an armistice, that orders to cease firing have been given on both sides, and that the white flag of truce is floating over the bridge of Sèvres. Per contra, the official paper states that Government has no such news, and recounts how yesterday one of Ducrot's staff made a dash into the Place of St.-Cloud with some volunteers, surrounded six Prussians, who fought like fury, killed five of them, and took the other prisoner. The name of the officer is "Néverlée." These false reports do great harm.

Another question arises, which will make a serious

impression on the grocers and their wives. I have just sent three times for my ounce and three quarters—the allowance of meat till Wednesday—and the answer was "no effects."

There was heavy firing to the west of Paris all the afternoon, but no official notice was given of any result. Dined off roast kangaroo (it should have been "sauté"). It is the very best game I have ever tasted, and I no longer wonder at the way the Australians revel in the recollection of a "steamer." It was awfully dear, the leg weighing four or five pounds, and cost eight shillings and fourpence a pound. (N.B.—A good cat, "fit for an invalid," is now worth six and eightpence.) Strange, though we all ate a good deal of it, we none of us felt jumpy in the morning.

The present Government is very fond of decreeing. It was proposed at dinner that they should issue three more—one, "Considering that, &c.," the cakes known under the fallen régime as "Plaisirs," shall in future be sold as "Peines," and made as "fortes et dures" as possible. Another, to organize a corps of police to watch over the safety of the trios of Guards of the Public Safety when they wander about in the dark unarmed, and forbidden by the law of the Republic to help themselves or any one else. These men are, I find, all old republicans of 1848, for whom the present

men were bound to provide. And finally, a third order —that in future the officers of the Grocers' army shall wear "scales" instead of epaulettes.

The Prussians have captured a balloon.

Monday, November 14*th* (fifty-seventh day of siege).—People begin to cry out that they are weary of Favre's military strategy and Trochu's legal arguments, and, like Demosthenes, desire action, action, action. "We may," they say, "as well be killed in action as starved to death, and we shall at any rate hurry on the conclusion."

To-day Trochu has issued another proclamation, but it is difficult to discover its true meaning. It will, however, produce one effect, which he must have omitted to take into his consideration. All Paris is just now like the fabled "Jack Horner," doing nothing and exclaiming "What a good boy am I!" Trochu, after patting the *soi-disant* good boy on the head and feeding him with sweet compliments, goes on to say:—"It is notorious now that Prussia had accepted the conditions of the armistice proposed by ourselves, and backed up by the neutral Powers, when the fatal day, the 31st of October, compromised an honourable and dignified position, and fulfilled the wishes and wants of Prussian policy."

This is, I think, an unfortunate admission, as it will let the Communists know how strong they are, and the idea of that power will attract to them all that large party which in Paris wants everything, and is ever ready to side with the strongest.

The General then goes on to enumerate all that has been done in order "to enlighten those who, in full sincerity, believe that after the preparations of defence, a serious offensive movement was possible with masses of men whose organization and arms were insufficient."

This would seem to indicate, "no attack at present;" but a few lines lower he says:—"I pause, being unable to say more. The future requires of us still greater efforts, for time presses." This would look like movement.

"L'Electeur Libre" tells us that by the end of the month Paris will be provided with siege and field artillery; but then we are told that to-day, this very 14th of November, Prussia has one hundred and eighteen guns at Châtillon, which can throw shot into the Place de la Concorde, and I myself saw yesterday a strong battery just unmasked at the Mill of Augemont.

The following fact will strike English military men:—French Line soldiers have in their "kits"

neither stockings, soap, nor towel; and they wash (?) out of the jug from which they drink. They are, *on dit*, so used to wooden shoes that stockings galled their feet.

Reports differ as to whether Rochefort has volunteered as "a gunner and driver," or is going to reproduce "La Lanterne." It is said that Marguerite Bellenger has died at Cashel of small-pox.

Again heavy firing on St.-Cloud and Meudon, which was returned. No result has reached the evening papers, but a *parlementaire* came in from Versailles for the first time for four or five days. Up to six o'clock the Embassies had no knowledge of why this white flag was hoisted.

I wrote above about the Paris new police. The Government and their organs admit that they are worthless, but say, "The truth is, there is now no crime in the streets, and so no police are required." Now, by chance, I have just heard from M. Treitt, who had it from a magistrate, that on Saturday last, in his district alone, there were twelve hundred petty police cases brought in by National Guards.

News arrived by pigeon that Orleans had been retaken by the French under General d'Aurelles de Paladines. The French loss is about two thousand; that of the Prussians more, with two guns and twenty

"caissons." Great excitement in the cafés and on the boulevards. No details.

Tuesday, November 15th.—All the papers in hysterics of joy about Orleans. The effect of this battle will probably be one of two things,—the Prussians will give battle to General de Paladines, to prevent his effecting a junction with any army marching out of Paris to meet him, or else Moltke will attack the forts at once.

Ernest Picard, who is jester in ordinary to the Government, said last week to a friend of mine—"It's a pity France has got the Republic so soon, for she has no idea what to do with it." Louis Blanc, too, declares that it was the depth of bad policy to seize the power on the 4th of September. The fact is, the self-made, self-styled Government of the fatal Sunday brought in its constitution the germs of its own dissolution. All the members were so closely bound up with the "Extremes," that much as in office they detest them, they dare not stop them even when committing petty acts which destroy the prestige of a republic in the eyes of all respectable people.

I will give you a very slight instance, told me last night by a National Guard and pure republican with tears of rage in his eyes. It seems that Louis Noir

—brother of that Victor Noir whose death, very unjustly, did more to upset the Empire than anything except freedom of the Press and Constitutional Government—knowing no more of soldiering than I do of Chinese, was naturally made a field officer in the Belleville corps. Then he wanted a horse, and hearing that there were some very good ones in the private stables of M. Raimbeaux, 56, Rue Ponthieu, went there and took to himself two very fine hunters, and Mlle. Raimbeaux's (a child of twelve) pony and carriage. The groom in charge remonstrated, but was told "Raimbeaux was a chamberlain, citizen, and these are the man Bonaparte's horses." (M. Raimbeaux was a chamberlain, and it was his horse's head which saved the Czar when he was shot at in the Bois coming from the review in the Exhibition year.) The groom said, "My master, and the horses he received as 'officier de service du grand écuyer,' are all prisoners at Sedan. Master paid for these with his own money. Besides, you can't want the child's pony and carriage." "We want that to carry orders!" To this hour M. Raimbeaux (the brother, and serving the Republic) has not been able to get back even the pony-chaise. He is very savage, and, to the disgust of the Government, is bringing an action against its "agents," which he is sure to gain.

One other republico-equestrian feat, but this borders on the ridiculous, and a republican government in France if once laughed at, through itself or agents, is doomed. Major Flourens having got as much majority as so small a man can carry, bought a long pair of brass spurs, then a pair of six-feet boots, and then thought of his mount. He got "an order," and proceeded to the Imperial stables (I wish Mr. Gamble had been there), and asked for a "charger." No doubt the groom in charge was an Imperialist (they could not alter this establishment, as the present men do not know a horse from a cow; even the two generals ride like "hinfantry hadjutants"), and he accommodated Flourens with one of those mounts which Mr. Gamble said once at Compiègne were quite "extra official." Once in the yard, and once again on the "Quai," the Major was kicked off. Then he restored his mount to the Government, bought a fat, quiet, one-eyed cob, once the property of a priest, which was stolen from him on the 31st of October, and has since, no doubt, been sold for "Rosbif de cheval." A beggar on horseback is bad enough, for he does stick on, but a republican in a saddle is like "a salmon on a gravel walk."

A bold citizen soldier said yesterday to the Baron X——, "I'm for active service. I hate it. I never

hurt a Prussian, and do not intend; and why should he hurt me? I hope if we attack, our fellows will give up without firing; then we may get taken prisoners, and sent to England. I hate fighting, and as I can't eat carrion, have been living for six weeks on 'pâté de foie gras,' which has made me quite ill." He has twenty thousand a year, and is as strong as one of Guy Livingstone's swell muscular "Officers of the Household Brigade." I answer for the truth of this story; not of the next:—"You are ordered to the forts, Jules; I congratulate you!" "Yes, I am ordered, but I enjoy bad health, and am so lucky as to be epileptic."

We were down at Boulogne yesterday, and for the first time during this dullest of sieges I heard the "whiz" of a rifle-ball. It must have come "from above"—as Mr. Swindells said of the Porta del Populo at Rome—and hissed over the heads of the idlers in the Rond Point of Boulogne in the most vicious manner. The gun-boats on the Seine, the fort of Issy, and once the bastion "56," were firing steadily; also a good deal of duelling between out-posts. Frequenters of the Bois would perhaps be astonished to have seen a troop of artillery horses watering in the lake, and returning over the flower beds; but we are now astonished at nothing, and, as a

set-off against this artillery movement, we saw the Director of the "Italiens" with the cross of an Hospital Knight (or perhaps it should be Night) on his brougham, and two of "ces petites dames" taking the dullness in their "Victorias." It was quite like Paris in November.

Wednesday, November 16th.—To my great astonishment, the first effervescence over, nobody seems to believe in the victory of Orleans. "Very good news if it's true," was the remark of all the Parisians last night. We suppose it is true, but Gambetta is a goose, as is proved by his address to the "People of France," which we have just got viâ England. He says that Bazaine is a traitor, and ought to be shot; but then we hear that at Lyons Gambetta is condemned to the guillotine. Such a mess! Such a mess! and we are going to make a sortie in force in forty-eight hours! Lord, what a licking we shall get! Still I meet kind-hearted, innocent men, sent here to instruct the British public, who believe in the Republic, and go so far as to think that Flourens is an amiable enthusiast, who deserves well of his country. I prefer that atheistic ex-diplomatist who is here, and who does not even believe his clock when it strikes the hour.

A speech at the Cercle Impériale (now "des Champs-Elysées") on the 5th of September:—"Want a Minister of Marine, do they?" "Why don't they name Gambetta? I myself once saw him paddling a canoe on a pond."

By-the-way, I should say that if the balloon minister is not beheaded by "Extreme colours"—phrase of the day—he will be shot at by Bazaine, and if missed by the marshal be killed by the aide-de-camp his nephew. No matter! It will be no change,—only a Marseillais the less!

The "Moniteur" asserts as a fact that a Prussian ball went right home down the muzzle of a chassepot!

Vinoy's division was bringing in its rations when I passed their quarters last night: it was horse. The men were shouting—"The real house for horse! No deception; true article." Plenty of bread and rice, and nearly every soldier had bought a cabbage, or a lettuce. The French can dine, while English soldiers only swallow.

The editor of the "Messager de Paris" went to take a walk yesterday, and contrived to get beyond Meudon and Versailles, when a bullet, looking for its inevitable billet, found its resting-place in the editorial right arm—his pen arm. It is as bad as wounding an Irishman in his punch hand!

Dr. Russell at Versailles has been getting Paris papers morning and evening. The authorities have found it out, and so yesterday an officer asked me, "Have you got any papers?" I replied, "Very sorry! but by chance I have not one: usually my pockets are full of them; but you know you have taken Orleans?" "Oh! monsieur, it was not for news, but to take them from you." We both confounded ourselves in excuses.

The Prussians have a very clever and simple fashion of signalling. In the Maison des Pères, which is close to the church of St.-Cloud, they have an electric light constantly projected upon a large window, across which are drawn from time to time—*pro re nata*—curtains of different colours. It was only four o'clock, and they were actively at work. You will scarcely believe that I could not find an officer or a gun. If I could have done so, I think we should have spoilt Moltke's telegraph for that day. I have just heard that a looker-on was killed a few hours before we were shot at in exactly the same place—the Rond Point de Boulogne.

There is no cohesion in this Government, and it will dissolve like a conservative Parliament. The Maire of Paris, on account of the "fatal 31st," separates himself from his accomplices; but he is buried

with all the honours of war, and the official journals say that M. Etienne Arago is a man of "a firm and paternal humour." I do not at all understand what it means, but I see that the ribald press laughs at the pompous declaration.

Again.—Another symptom of dissolution appears to-day. After the blunder of Bourget, General Bellemare was removed from his command, and General Berthout, from Courbevoie, set in his place; since then there has been no important movement, yet Berthout is dismissed from his command, and Admiral Baron de la Roncière-le-Noury reigns in his stead. The gallant admiral, who is said to be a capital fellow, commanded at St.-Denis twenty-five thousand irregulars and five forts, manned by his own profession. He said this morning to a common friend that he hated the command—would not have accepted it but for the dreadful state of France; and that he never was sure for one hour that he should not be denounced as a Napoleonist, as his wife had been governess to the children of the Princess Marie-Clothilde.

Another item of marine news:—Admiral Tommaset, who commands the gun-boats on the Seine, says that he makes more noise and does less harm than any one else, only he cannot make the public believe

it. He has one wonderful gun-boat which the English Admiralty declared would never float: it is about three times the size of an average bath, and carries a fourteen-ton gun.

A droll sight to-day:—Minister looking with longing eyes on a bit of beef in the window of a restaurant in the Rue de Balzac, into which I am sure six months ago not one of his Excellency's servants would have set his foot. Siege makes us acquainted with strange "plats" and stranger places.

We assisted at a spectacle to-day, which could only be seen in Paris besieged: there was a crowd of about fifty people, all the men in the same kind of uniform, in front of the Café Durant, gazing with intense interest on a street juggler who was balancing bricks, bolting bullets, and swallowing swords like Ramo-Samee, and who also was in full National Guard uniform!

Alas! the poor restaurants! Even Durant's window is reduced to one basket, in which is one apple! *Detur pulchiori*, say I; but they have all gone away save La Constance, and she eats pine-apples only.

Thursday, November 17th.—Dr. Gordon and ourselves went out to St.-Denis. It is a fair average walk of five miles to the Octroi, and we walked at

least two miles more, to the extreme outposts, for which we were rewarded by "looting" fresh salad. It was a lovely October-like day, and the walk was rendered the more interesting as we were escorted—but no! it could hardly be for us!—by some six thousand National Guards with "musique en tête;" music which, if it did not make melody, certainly generated a lively row. Imagine a regiment of the National Guards of France marching to the air of "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay!" It is a fact. Every company of citizen soldiers has its vivandière, and it is not exaggerating to say that at every shop where wine, beer, vermuth, and rhum were to be had, our citizens fell out and went in, with a purely republican disdain of discipline. Then the vivandières met them as they approached the end of their march of four and a half miles, say five miles, and refreshed them with bread and Bordeaux within half a mile of the Octroi of the town, which was the end of their day's work.

Vivandières! I remember making two or three campaigns when they were charming. I was encamped in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, and went on duty every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. There was one vivandière whose *nom de*

guerre was Jenny Lind, and another the private Patti! Dear me! how the present race of vivandières has degenerated!

I don't think that it is consistent with the discipline required literally in front of the enemy—much of the St.-Denis road is covered by the Prussian battery of the Moulin d'Augemont, which I suspect did not fire to-day, not wishing to betray its strength —to load your rifle with shot and shoot a sparrow when you are in the ranks; but this we saw, and I am bound to say the performance was loudly applauded.

It is evident that they are concentrating lambs for the slaughter at St.-Denis. We shall be whipped, stranger, and that's a fact. St.-Denis itself compared with Paris is as Brighton to Bath! We saw several civilians, and except for the excessive dirt should hardly have realized the fact that we were at the extreme outpost of Paris. It is very strong, and on the north side reminds one rather of Mantua. They seem to anticipate an attack there, and have concentrated all the remains of the Line; but now it is the order of the day to say that we attack on Sunday.

I was glad to see that they were ploughing and cultivating all the garden ground which lies between

the Avenues St.-Ouen and St.-Denis. The space is sufficient to supply the garrison, *i.e.* Paris, with green meat till King William aspires to that sky of which, to judge by his telegrams, he has got the key.

It was a dead calm to-day, but we heard firing towards sunset at the east and north-east. No Prussian force, except through a volunteer panic—Châtillon, to wit, and there is our fear—can ever get into St.-Denis, Montrouge, or Vincennes. My idea is a bridge of boats at St.-Cloud, a great sacrifice of life, and an attack on Paris by the Bois de Boulogne.

We had an amusing walk—not an easy one, as we were stopped at every barrier, and but for my personal "friendly relation" passes even the Cross of Geneva would have been sent back. The cathedral is closed, and the headless Saint is taken under the protection of the people. Even that beautiful building is disfigured by a placard—like "This house to let, apply to citizen Sansculottes"—to assure us that Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité reign in that cathedral. They do not seem to reign much out of it at any rate, as I heard to-day, from one of their own profession, that so disgusted are all the Doctors of Paris with the way they are treated, that once peace is made they intend to follow their patients, and practise anywhere but here.

We walked through four miles of ruined petty traders' shops.

To be a little amusing, if one can be so now, I will repeat to you the speech of the Superior of a convent near Passy to a friend of ours :—"Thank the Virgin! I have got rid of all the good-looking nuns. I sent the last, a real beauty, chère dame, to Boulogne to-day. Those that remain are good, yes! virtuous, yes! useful, very! but I don't think even a Prussian soldier would look at them a second time."

An odd coincidence happened :—One of our party said, "Look at those two Line officers, are they not like Germans?" As we passed them they were both speaking German. Three weeks ago had they done so in Paris they would have been torn to pieces, and their Line uniform used against them as a proof they were Prussian spies. They were probably two of the ex-golden youths who had served in several campaigns against Benazet and Dupressoir, then in force at Baden, and who, in return for "severe losses," had picked up a few phrases of German.

Friday, November 18*th.*—Counting by my last London letters, I make it exactly two months to-day we have been invested. The rest of Europe may have collapsed like the Empire, or there may be

a republic in Ireland. We know nothing—not even what horse has won the "Cambridgeshire."

To-day is just fitted for a Prussian attack—a nice thick fog, which would hang heavily about the forts round St.-Denis; but I dare say I shall go forth to see, and see nothing.

At the Club of the Casino Cadet, on Wednesday, Death to Bazaine, the Guillotine for all Imperialists, and a general division of property was voted unanimously, barring one, who was at once denounced as an Aristo, and told that he sheltered himself under the ambulance Cross. "At least I do go to the front, and you and your friends stay here and lecture in perfect safety," was the reply; and the blow told.

Every one is talking of the sortie, but it will take some days to serve out necessaries to the war battalions. As the enemy is so distant, and they are not pressed for time, the Government of National Defence is going to take the leisure moment to change the colour of the trousers of the National Guard.

M. Jules Favre to-day pays a high compliment to Bismarck and his system of spies. The Count knew on the 28th all that would happen on the 31st, and who would occasion the outbreak. But papers were constantly going, and no doubt outposts were tampered with.

There has been a great row at the —— Ambulance, and one of the medical men says that he will never go out again with either of two German brothers, lately naturalized in France, as a terrible day of reckoning must come to them. I know nothing of the case, but I know that they are deeply interested in the price of European stocks.

The following notice was stuck up all over Paris yesterday:—

"CITIZENS,

"In this supreme hour, when the salvation of France depends upon the attitude of Paris, we should recall to mind what is a Prussian peace:

"'After the disasters of the first Empire, when Blucher, overrunning our museums, was appropriating our master-pieces, M. le Baron Denon, who accompanied him, made the remark that the objects he was taking had never belonged to Prussia.

"'This is the reply of Marshal Blucher, a true type of a Prussian: *Halts maul!* (Hold your tongue!)'

"*Walter Scott*, 'Letters from Paul.'

"Therefore, no illusions; to-day, as in 1815, the Prussian would be an implacable conqueror.

"If we have no wish that a new *Halts maul!* should cause us to blush with shame before our children, let

us remain firm in our defence, and prove to the world by whom we are watched that we are always. worthy of the name of Frenchmen.

" Vive la République !"

Victor Hugo has written another poem! Why does not some one give him a crown of violets, or a chaplet of parsley, and say " Halts maul!" and let us get our fighting done.

PAROLES DANS L'ÉPREUVE.

Les hommes d'aujourd'hui qui sont nés quand naissait
Ce siècle, et quand son aile effrayante poussait,
Ou qui, quatre-vingt-neuf dorant leur blonde enfance,
Ont vu la rude attaque et la fière défense,
Et pour musique ont eu les noirs canons béants,
Et pour jeux de grimper aux genoux des géants;
Ces enfants qui jadis, traînant des cimeterres,
Ont vu partir, chantant, les pâles volontaires,
Et connu des vivants à qui Danton parlait,
Ces hommes ont sucé l'audace avec le lait.
La Révolution leur tendant sa mamelle,
Leur fit boire une vie où la tombe se mêle,
Et, stoïque, leur mit dans les veines un sang
Qui, lorsqu'il faut sortir et couler, y consent.

Ils tiennent de l'austère et tragique nourrice
L'amour de la blessure et de la cicatrice,
Et, pour trembler, pour fuir, pour suivre qui fuirait,
L'impossibilité de plier le jarret.
Ils pensent que faiblir est chose abominable,
Que l'homme est au devoir, et qu'il est convenable

Que ceux à qui Dieu fit l'honneur de les choisir
Pour vivre dans un temps de risque et de désir,
Marchent, et courant droit au but qui les réclame,
Désapprennent les pas en arrière à leur âme ;
Ils veulent le progrès durement acheté,
Ne tiennent en réserve aucune lâcheté,
Jettent aux profondeurs leurs jours, leur cœur, leur joie,
Ne se rétractent point parce qu'un gouffre aboie,
Vont toujours en avant et toujours devant eux ;
Ils ne sont pas prudents, de peur d'être honteux,
Et disent que le pont où l'on se précipite,
Hardi pour l'abordage est lâche pour la fuite.

Soi-même se scruter d'un regard inclément,
Etre abnégation, martyre, dévouement,
Bouclier pour le faible et pour le destin cible,
Aller, ne se garder aucun retour possible,
Ne jamais se servir, pour s'évader d'en haut,
Pour fuir, de ce qui sert pour monter à l'assaut,
Telle est la loi ; la loi du devoir, du Calvaire,
Qui sourit aux vaillants avec son front sévère.
Peuple, homme, esprit humain, avance à pas altiers !
Parmi tous les écueils et dans tous les sentiers,
Dans la société, dans l'art, dans la morale,
Partout où resplendit la lueur aurorale,
Sans jamais t'arrêter, sans hésiter jamais ;
Des fanges aux clartés, des gouffres aux sommets,
Va ! la création, cette usine, ce temple,
Cette marche en avant de tout, donne l'exemple !
L'heure est un marcheur calme et providentiel ;
Les fleuves vont aux mers, les oiseaux vont au ciel ;
L'arbre ne rentre pas dans la terre profonde
Parce que le vent souffle et que l'orage gronde ;
Homme, va ! Reculer, c'est devant le ciel bleu
La grande trahison que tu peux faire à Dieu.

Nous donc, fils de ce siècle aux vastes entreprises,
Nous qu'emplit le frisson des formidables brises,
Et dont l'ouragan sombre agite les cheveux,
Poussés vers l'idéal par nos maux, par nos vœux,
Nous désirons qu'on ait présent à la mémoire
Que nos pères étaient des conquérants de gloire,
Des chercheurs d'horizon, des gagneurs d'avenir;
Des amants du péril, que savait retenir
Aux âcres voluptés de ses baisers farouches
La grande mort, posant son rire sur leurs bouches;
Qu'ils étaient les soldats qui n'ont pas déserté,
Les hôtes rugissants de l'antre Liberté,
Les titans, les lutteurs aux gigantesques tailles,
Les fauves promeneurs rôdant dans les batailles!
Nous sommes les petits de ces grands lions-là.
Leur trace sur leurs pas toujours nous appela;
Nous courons; la souffrance est par nous saluée;
Nous voyons devant nous là-bas, dans la nuée,
L'âpre avenir à pic, lointain, redouté, doux;
Nous nous sentons perdus pour nous, gagnés pour tous;
Nous arrivons au bord du passage terrible;
Le précipice est là, sourd, obscur, morne, horrible;
L'épreuve à l'autre bord nous attend; nous allons,
Nous ne regardons pas derrière nos talons;
Pâles, nous atteignons l'escarpement sublime,
Et nous poussons du pied la planche dans l'abîme.

VICTOR HUGO.

I was talking for a long time to-day with three gentlemen, who, from their talent and position (which literally opens all the cabinets in Europe), should be the best informed in Paris, and this was their opinion: No sortie, and no attack on the city by Prussia, who

is so well informed about the state of Paris that she is aware an assault would be useless; but they can starve us out, and they *will* if peace or an armistice is not concluded in a few weeks. As to the future of France, they were very desponding; but they all said that a republic can never last here. The remembrance of republics is not popular, and the present men are imitating in 1870 the dramatis personæ and the acts of the first republic; and, above and before all, there is not a *man* in France. Also, there were great complaints of the want of earnestness, and of the credulity of *canards* among the French of all ranks.

This is the official Prussian return of their French prisoners:—Four marshals, a hundred and forty generals, ten thousand officers, and three hundred and twenty-three thousand soldiers, while they declare that the French have only two thousand one hundred Prussian prisoners. It seems incredible, or would if anything could be so in 1870, that *annus carbone notandus*.

There is but one feeling, that of bitter contempt for the foul and indecent attacks on the Emperor, Empress, and the Imperial family—no crime is too gross to be published in a penny pamphlet, no imagined situation too indecent for a two-sous caricature. The Life of the "Princess Mathilde" is being

hawked about, and is so disgraceful that I suppose it has at last roused the indignation of the Government; indeed, the "Figaro" said that the indecent caricatures had been confiscated; if so, the idea here of an indecent picture is very different from mine.

The Princess Mathilde is at Mons, where a friend of mine saw her not long ago. She said she had selected Mons, as she wished to see nobody. Her (own) hôtel in the Rue de Courcelles is turned into a Mobile pigstye. The Moblots have a capability of filth exceeding even that of Spanish soldiers.

Saturday, November 19th.—We have lost a week—eaten seven days' provisions, and neither been attacked nor have attacked. We shall not, I fear, attack this next week, as the Nationals are getting equipped for the field, and we are to have a review to-morrow week, which will be the 27th of November—one month from Christmas, and the seventieth day of the siege. However, we must fight, or cave in from starvation before the end of this fatal year.

Favre has written an order, or rather a prayer, abjuring the male and female gleaners of all sorts of useful articles, from a cow to a cabbage, to stay within the lines, as the Prussian outposts, which are out of range of ours now, shoot men and women in-

discriminately. One would have thought that the French would have advanced their outposts, and given such stringent orders that it would not have been possible for "the inhabitants of Paris to have gone out and spread themselves in masses throughout the fields in every direction." However, they do so, and get killed, and then M. Jules Favre is "profondément ému!" It is all of a piece. The crest of the Republic of 1870 should be a tangled skein of blood-red cord, and the motto "Higgledy-Piggledy." And they talk of routine and red tape!

Letters from our poor friend Mr. Henry Wodehouse. The dear departed, who certainly will never *bon gré* be a "revenant," strongly advises those who are in Paris to risk Prussian balls and Belleville *émeutes* rather than attempt to get from Paris through the lines to Versailles. He was three days on the road, as they were compelled to go nearly to Fontainebleau, and the road had to be de-barricaded every half-mile. Why all the embassies and attachés did not wait here I cannot conceive. With their means they might have bought the Jardin des Plantes and M. de Persigny's establishment for making foreign beasts naturalized citizens of France, and with a good *maître d'hôtel*, and a little diplomacy, even the third secretaries might have had meat three times a

week, and fresh butter on Sundays and fête days. But it seems that his Excellency the Ambassador from the King of Wines—he wears the order of Grand Master of the Cachet Jaune—got bored in Paris, and so proposed, and indeed strongly urged, a tour to Tours.

It is an instructive fact, that out of the seventy-five persons who left Paris with the latest representative of old England, about thirty received four pounds each, and not one of them would have required assistance had communication been easy. Mr. Wallace, who seems to be the most liberal of good fellows, keeps giving money to the British exodus fund, and on that occasion started eight ladies in a carriage, giving the driver orders to sell the carriage and horses when he got through the lines, and divide the proceeds among his load. What became of the poor people who had four pounds given them to get to London, and who were three days getting to Versailles, goodness only knows. But this we know, three hundred nearly starving English are left here who should have been sent away, and who would have been quite starving but for the energy and kindness of Mr. Alan Herbert.

There was to have been a reconnaissance to-day, and the ambulances were ordered for daybreak, but at the

American Legation, where we went to see the English papers, we heard they had counter-orders; yet, from a movement which I saw, I fancy there must have been some game on the table.

By-the-way, every Englishman ought to record his gratitude to his Excellency Mr. Washburne, to General Hoffman, and the American Legation in general, for their kindness to us poor babes in the wood, whose wicked uncles have left us without at all covering us with leaves—"laissez-passers" they are called by diplomatic herborists—and, in a word, out in the street in the cold.

"La France" to-night states that Prussia has four hundred thousand men round Paris, and four hundred and forty thousand in other parts of France—a total of eight hundred and forty thousand *soldiers*, for the most part drilled and disciplined. In and about Paris we have five hundred thousand armed men; winter is approaching, and to-day the ration of meat for three people for three days was about three quarters of a pound—it only cost sevenpence. Can any one doubt what must be the conclusion?

The siege certainly makes people very agreeable. We had three distinguished writers with us last night —awful radicals I regret, for their sakes, to say; two ladies devoted to hospitals, a learned doctor, and a

distinguished diplomatist, and they were all, in spite of work, want, and politics, as jolly as the proverbial sand-boy. Then too, a siege produces such curious traits of character, and such droll scenes! For instance, we had a little transaction in waste paper and empty bottles with a lady in a cart. She wished to see Trochu's secretary on a trifling matter of exemption from service. I was able to help her, and this morning she appeared and begged, as she had seen our allowance of meat, to be allowed to offer us one of a brood of chickens which she had raised. If Gambetta had sent me, "per ballon monté," a haunch of Southdown mutton, I should have been more (materially) satisfied perhaps, but certainly not more astonished or gratified. She was an out-and-out Imperialist was Madame Gazzard, and I drink to her in a cup of café noir!

As for the scenes ever springing up before us in the streets, they are *impayables*. To-day we saw, at 3 P.M., a division of infantry doing skirmishing drill in the centre of the Champs-Elysées, one small child going round and round in that mechanical emetic which at Greenwich Fair was known as a "merry-go-rounder," and Bambochinet, the leading dramatist of Bobino, the open-air theatre in the Champs-Elysées,

in uniform, shutting up his puppets and going off to drill.

Sunday, November 20th.—Sixty-third day of siege, and the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Peace of Paris in 1815.

We are not fighting any one, nor are we likely to sign any treaty, because, unhappily, nobody will accept our signature.

An instance of how the Prussians get news. A girl of eighteen was brought into an hospital yesterday, badly wounded by a rifle-ball. She was told that they must amputate her leg, to which she replied, "Oh! *au diable* with the leg! For the last two months I have been getting sixty francs (2*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*) a day for the news of Paris which I sold to the Prussians. Je suis capitaliste, moi"—and so, with her wages of sin, one hundred and fifty pounds, she would be. Trochu is furious, but he barks so often when he dare not bite that his "orders of the day" are about as valuable as the "state papers" of Gambetta.

All the optimists are becoming pessimists, which means that Paris is coming to its senses. I was amused at a speech made to-day in the Rue Royale. A member of that small *Cercle* said, "I have just

seen Trochu. I congratulated him on having nearly finished his work, and on the approaching peace; but he said it is not over yet. 'I am Breton, and as obstinate as a Breton,' and so I fear he will persevere till we come to herbs." Then having spoken, and not wishing to lose time, he rushed in to put down his name for one of the still remaining dinners of Paris. But Breton or no Breton, the sworn adherent of the Empress, if he can write a book on military organization, cannot keep a garrison from famine unless he can get in food.

The French have got a sort of modern edition of Shaw the Lifeguardsman. The French translation of the British hero is one Ignace Hoff, a sergeant in the 107th regiment of the Line, whose mission in life is to "pot" Prussian sentries. He has bagged to his own gun forty-nine Prussians. According to a fable in the "Electeur Libre," he does not fight for France, but, like the Perth blacksmith, "for his own hand." Asked if he had a personal hatred of the enemy, he answered darkly—"Yes! they killed my father." No doubt he has also "la croix de ma mère" somewhere, and now he has got that of the Legion d'Honneur, and commands three hundred volunteers whose career will be more brief than pleasant if they once get into Prussian hands.

Nearly all the political prisoners of the 31st of October are let off.

Without wishing to be exacting, I do think we might petition that the republican police should at least ask for the certificates (permission de chasse) of the gunners who go out sparrow shooting in the Champs-Elysées, and even in more crowded thoroughfares. Life during a siege may be a burden, but still, what is mine is my own, and I prefer keeping it till I have done with it to parting with it on a crossing, because Mobile No. 110,115 wants a sparrow pudding. If they wish to shoot game in full uniform and spurs, like the lark-shooting officer of the Crimea, let them keep in the open country—the Place Vendôme, Place Royale, and such deserts. There's very fair small game shooting too still to be found round the railway stations; but I object to assisting unarmed at a culinary skirmish in the "Rue Jules Favre," for so the Government of National Defence has decreed that a street opposite to the underdone mansion of Brunswick's painted chieftain shall be called. I suppose when the Orleanists come in it will be rechristened "Gambetta," or settle down into a Thiers état!

A propos—Was für ein Plunder in the pink palace of the Black Brunswick!

It is proposed in future to chalk the new names of streets on a board, as the expense of changing the painted designations is getting a serious charge, and yet neither Orsini, Crémieux, Pyat, nor even Trompann, has been decreed his street up to the present time. The *facteurs* are fast peopling Charenton, and the great shopkeepers begin to doubt if this street-deification of the heroes of the 4th of September is worth the four or five hundred pounds which it costs them to change the heading of their letters, bills, cards, &c.

Monday, November 21*st.*—There has been more fighting, and a few more killed, but nothing of consequence. To-morrow, I am privately assured, "we are to make a reconnaissance in force." As to the probable truth of this report I shall form my opinion to-morrow night. Other strange reports too are abroad. One that there is a decided nostalgia in the Prussian ranks, which has led to consequences unpleasant to those homesick heroes and disquieting for their commanders; but about this no doubt London knows more than Paris, being now so much nearer Versailles. London also knows Bismarck's letter to the Prussian envoys on the subject of his interview

with M. Thiers—"the little old meddler," as the grateful Parisians call him.

It is sufficiently impertinent certainly, almost as bad as the remark (not quoted in the circular)—"Let me see—do you belong to the Tours, or the Paris Government of France?" Yes, impertinent is the word; but, alas! Jules Favre is going to reply. Can no one keep these men from bathing in inkstands when they cannot swim? It is truly, "Il governo del 'Decreto' ma senza 'Considerando.'"

A sortie of the Press is just as great a triumph for Bismarck as a sortie of Mobiles, such as will cause me to get up to-morrow at six, and being "adjourned sine die" send me shivering back to bed at dawn. But we shall have Favre's answer by return, and that great balloon—"The Scribblers' Joy"—will be kept back to-night to get to-morrow's "Official Journal."

Curious *facts* came to the knowledge "de qui sait attendre." This is one of them: When M. Jules Favre went to encounter Bismarck at Ferrières, he was accompanied by two secretaries—one a naturalized Frenchman from the Grand Duchy of Baden, and the other French *pur et simple*. The Minister consulted a friend of ours, a veteran in the Foreign Office, as to whom they could take as a useful courier, and the result was that a Government Messenger was told off

for this duty. From him came the truth; for on his return the Minister naturally held his tongue, out of respect for himself; the Baden-Frenchman out of respect to Germany; and the other Secretary went direct to Tours. Unluckily Fritz came back, and said to the son of the man on whose estate he was born, and who has been kind to him all his life—"Monsieur le Comte, it was terrible to see. The Prussian Chancellor treated M. Favre like a footman sent with a message."

We went down to Vincennes to-day, but were unlucky. The finest morning ever imagined for fighting turned out very wet and foggy, and we only heard five or six shots from Rouvray. We walked and drove down by turns. Destruction sets in as soon as you leave the Place du Trône, and it is not too much to say that the defenders of Paris have not allowed a single chance of destruction to escape them; that their effacing fingers have not been for one instant at rest; and that the whole efforts of the engineers seem to have been concentrated on cutting down trees which could not possibly interfere with the defence, and placing them horizontally in situations where they could not in any way be impediments to the attack. The defences—*i.e.*, barricades, curtains, fosses, earthworks, and bastions—are more or less

complete; but not one-tenth part of the required guns are in position.

In Paris it was thought that there would be a serious sortie at 10 A.M. to-morrow, which we all know might lead to an attack on some less-protected gate; yet there are no guns in the embrasures round Vincennes, and M. Jules Favre is, I dare say, now writing a "Diplomatic Circular." If he was publishing an opinion it would be another thing: it would be "de son métier."

The Bois de Vincennes, which was one of the glories of suburban Paris, has shared the fate of the rest of the "National Property" which has fallen into the hands of the Iconoclasts—no woodman has spared a tree. We went to the bridge of Joinville. It was a wretched scene. In that flourishing townlet there was not one house open, and although it was raining as it can only rain after a bright morning which produces oblivion of umbrella, we could not get into the least shelter. The bridge is broken, and the "Black Man's Head," where we were wont to consume the little lively gudgeon, was closed like a convent, and an order to drive there was met with "who goes there?"

A few months ago you would have halted and cried out "Friture," and the reply would have been,

"Pass Friture, and all's well." To-day we may indigest a ball from a needle-gun, but there is no possibility of a dinner from bastion 1109, and nobody cares for ourselves, our orders, or even our money.

We went to Charenton. All the people confined there are supposed to be mad. Just now I fancy that lunatic was right who thought that madhouses were places of refuge for the really sane. To-day Charenton was funereal. It was a promising place; the sort of village-town in which you expected to see a model cottage combining the dirt of an old Irish cabin with the flashy appearance of the wing of a workhouse. There they were. I fancy I know the builder, and see his face!—he invested money under the Empire. There was no sign of life. There were soldiers, to be sure, who stopped us every half-mile and asked for our "laissez-passers." After the first two we found that a Mobile, as a rule, could no more read than the *cocotte* whom Henri de Rochefort asked for her autograph (he had just seen her reading "Alfred de Musset" upside down, and said, "Wicked one, do you think I would compromise myself with you?"); so we gave them old cards asking us to eat, and larger ones telling us (to quote Dante) that we could mount other men's stairs and eat other men's bread, only it would be hard; and so we got through.

But, to tell the truth, the rule is not often so relaxed, only to-day it "never rained but it poured," and I could no more fish out my tickets than they could read them.

I fear we have returned with a depression of spirits. "Who can defend those who cannot defend themselves?"

The Palais Royal is turned into an ambulance, over which the Great Ladies keep watch and ward. They had a mass there yesterday, and an address from M. Le Gouvet. Many friends of the illustrious lady who was on the 3rd of September mistress of that house—I mean the Princess Clothilde, whom I had the honour of knowing, and against whom even Flourens, Pyat, or the man Mégy, who murdered the officer of justice whose simple but utterly stringent order it was to arrest him, could say not one bad word—were present, and were (in the very room into which they used to cringe for an entrance) favoured with the strongest attack on the Prince and Princess, on the "Augæan Stable," on the wickedness of certainly the quietest and most unpretending household in Paris; a house in which there were constant kindness, hospitality, and revelations of the future—*i.e.*, news. The smoking-room was the best evening paper in Paris.

I have a little proof of the reckless manner in which the absolutely necessary desire of popular popularity acts on the guardians of the Property of the People. This Government is above all (*soi-disant*) a government of saving—save a sou, and feed a soldier. Now, in the cellar of the Palais Royal there are bins so curious that, if known, and the blockade was broken, Tom Wallace would take a train, and Tod-Heatly race him down another line. I—moi qui vous parle—have there drunk 1820 port (out of liqueur glasses; but an enterprising guest, or aged diplomatist, who knew the chamberlain in waiting, was allowed and took a "back"), and hock to dream about! Two pounds a bottle would be cheap, and they are pouring out these pearls before swine, and giving them, as "a little weak wine and water," to Mobiles accustomed to "small blue," which is like ink consumed with a glass instead of a pen.

Two National Guards told me to-day that it was all right, and that they were on guard at the Hôtel de Ville, where they are fed like "Castle guard" at Dublin, only better. I find they have Château Yquem, presented by grateful sovereigns (in six-dozen cases) to Haussmann the creator, at their morning mess. Now Haussmann's Château Yquem (as everybody knows) was a thing to drink and

remember—even to pay for with the gratitude which deserves more, and its net value was a pound a bottle.

The Eclaireurs of the Seine are charming people—Dukes, Marquises, Counts, Knights, Gentlemen, but as a rule they are private soldiers; and why should the Duke of Cognac, or the Marquis Très-Vieux, who is really "private 83," have twenty-five-franc wine at his déjeûner, when, if he was at home, his morning potation would cost tenpence an Imperial (no, national) quart, twenty centimes for the bottle which is returned, and an allowance made if a quantity is taken? Had not the economists of the new era better have sold their "curious old" to Tod-Heatly or Wallace, and given the balance to the poor?

Tuesday, November 22nd.—As I expected, we are not fighting, and M. Jules Favre has published his answer to Bismarck. He points out, justly, that an armistice without revictualling would have been simple suicide; but in this, as in all his circulars, there is a pervading spirit of appeal to the politeness of Prussia—a sort of declaration that really Bismarck is too bad. Here he is with a large army ready to fight to-day, and he will not grant us three or four weeks to give our fellows a chance!

People are very depressed to-day—it is very wet. "Figaro" has a most lachrymose article entitled "To-morrow," and Paris is put on salt rations. The truth is, we shall be starved out before Christmas if we do not attack successfully, and I have just heard that we must wait three weeks for the guns! My concierge also tells me that he is drilled with the old musket, which is taken away from him when the drill is over, and serves for several battalions.

It is quite refreshing to meet with an optimist, as I did in an *épicier* (literally, but he is *en gros*) who speaks English fluently, and therefore thinks it necessary to swear as they "used to do in Flanders," and who declared last night, savagely shaking his fist, that they were sure of success, and that in a few weeks there would not be one of "those — — — of Prussians in France."

There was one on Saturday, not only in France, but in Paris. They are very cool and clever, those cabbage-consumers. Imagine one sitting quietly at 7 P.M. eating his dinner at the Café Riche. He was suspected by a waiter—waiters know everybody, and possibly this one had passed several seasons at the "Restauration" de Roulette-ville; moreover, everybody now in Paris is so well known that I have not been arrested for several weeks. While our Prussian

was eating his dinner, and no doubt thinking that they fared much better at Versailles, he was arrested. He is a field officer in the Gardes de la Reine, and must have come into Paris dressed as a vegetable marauder, and had friends and clothes in the city. Poor fellow! according to the laws of war, under which we are supposed to exist, his journey through this valley of tears should be over; but I believe that the Provisional have not shot a single spy up to the present time.

This poor Prussian's dinner brings me back to the serious question of food. We are to-day on half-rations of salt meat, but how long will that last? Horses too must come to an end. They are already, to use a stud-groom's expression I never expected to hear so applied, "going very short;" and notice has been given to the omnibuses that their horses will be required for the guns—when there are any. There is great illness in Paris, and the poor suffer extremely from cold, but not so much from want of food as might be expected, as neither they, nor indeed the smaller class of shopkeepers, live as a rule on meat. They miss their eggs terribly however, and vegetables are getting impossibly dear. It is a curious fact that since we have been "rationed," more people have applied for meat than ever ate

it before: the fear is they get it to sell. What to eat, drink, and avoid is to-day more a question of life and death than ever, and the conversation in the rare and scantily peopled *salons*, which last year would have turned usually on the dress and misdoings of the "petite dame" who was the houri of the hour, now turns perpetually to the kitchen.

We have deserted Duval, the great Giblet of Paris, and gone over to the keepers of the Zoological Gardens, consulting Buffon and Linnæus as to our *róti* instead of Ude or Soyer; so you hear:—"Parbleu! dog and cat?" "Yes." "And rat?" "Not yet, but Madame la Marquise has some for Sunday." "I assure you," says a grave statesman, "I wrote to the Minister for an order for the Jardin des Plantes, and he said my butcher had bought them all." "Comtesse, can you give us a little Chilli-vinegar, or lend us some sardines till Sunday?" "Perfectly! and perhaps you would let me have a cabbage." "Come here," says a diplomatist (one of the few who are not *Tour*ists) to a friend. They retire into a corner, and he whispers, "Hush! I've got a leg of cassowary to-morrow at 7; come, and speak not." "Willingly, but listen! there are anchovies at Cuvilliers."

At the Hôpital du Midi there is a placard on the door to this effect:—"Whoever will bring a cat, a

dog, or three rats, will receive an invitation to dinner and breakfast. N.B.—The animals must be brought alive, and the donor can have the skins." The following is the bonâ fide menu of M. de Grandhomme:—

Potage:

Soup of horse flesh, with millet.

Relevé:

Minced loin of cat—sauce mayonnaise.
Dog's liver on skewers.

Entrées:

Dog's shoulders—tomata sauce.
Ragout of cat with champignons.
Dog cutlets and green peas.
Salmis of rats—sauce Robert.

Rôts:

Hind legs of dog flanked with racoons—pepper sauce.
Begonia in gravy.
Salad, &c.
English plum-pudding with horse marrow.

Again, I have the return of the keeper of a restaurant. He sent to his Maire this paper:—One pound of ass, two pounds of mule, three pounds of horse—Total, six pounds of *beef*, three cats, three rabbits.

I go on with my prices. I take them as I get them, but I will assert that they are true. Dog, 20*s.* sterling; cat, 6*s.* 8*d.*; porcupine, boar, bison, cassowary, kangaroo, and reindeer (please spell this carefully, or we shall have torrents of repressed rain), 8*s.* 4*d.* a pound. Eggs cost sixpence; a cabbage, 2*s.* 6*d.*; butter, 16*s.* 8*d.* a pound. A small fish which, if fishing like a fool with a float, you would have thrown in, was put up at fourpence—with a Jewish speculator waiting to fry it in oil; a jack of a quarter of a pound, which must really be the very wooden spoon of spawned fish, commanded 3*s.* 4*d.* Onions, a centime the smell.

At Potsdam they used to conjugate the passive verb to be "bored." We are conjugating the active-passive verb to be "starved;" nor is it any consolation to know that "Nous conjugaisons tous le même verbe." I feel more ready to decline than conjugate.

It is said that a servant—an old cavalry sergeant—announcing dinner last week said, "To horse, sir; to horse!"

A man asked on Friday for a Château-briand. "But, my dear friend," said Baron Brisse, "it is impossible; moreover, I do not know what it is." "Not know!" thundered the other. "Why, it is a beef-

steak so good that they have made it stand godfather to a moderate writer."

The gas is to be cut off us all—private houses, clubs, and restaurants, after the 30th of November. I trust that we all love darkness rather than light, because our deeds are so little evil; but I hate the dark as a mere individual going home to dress for dinner, and so pray for a "light to lighten our darkness" more regularly than is now usual.

One word "à propos du gaz." A man well known in Paris has still three dozen chickens, which are the thirty-six apples of his stomach. He went down to his stable—now vacant of horses—to-day, and found eighteen chickens with their beaks tied tight with string. "Jules! what on earth is this? Are you starving all I have to live on?" "Ah! non, monsieur, but I have seen the Republican decree that we must shut up one beak (*bec* de gaz) in two, and I did so."

Wednesday, November 23*rd.*—No signs of any movement, and a military friend thinks that we are in for three more months. I cannot believe it, for I see that there is a very rapidly increasing feeling of weariness and discontent. The salt rations served out yesterday, too, will be a stronger argument in

favour of peace than any M. Thiers can advance. I never did dine off the sole of a shoe pickled with villanous saltpetre, but I should say it would be better than the ten-pennyworth of meat which they gave three people for three days.

To-day a small wild rabbit cost twelve shillings and sixpence. I saw some preserved tongues in a shop, and asked the price. "Three and fourpence the pound, monsieur. This is mule, the rest are horse. I had four hundred yesterday, and those six only are left."

In the Marché de la Madeleine—the arsenal of ammunition of the mouth—which is quite a fashionable resort early in the morning, a little crowd was collected round a stall, examining a pie suggestive of the late lamented Strasbourg, and while passing I heard the stall-keeper say, "Excellent, madame; I assure you it was quite a young ass."

A Paris paper to-day publishes a letter from some gentleman or lady—it was neither the Duc de Trevise nor Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps—who was present in the Tuileries on the 4th of September, and there took leave of the Empress, who seems to have shown both coolness and courage. Her one order to Palikao was—"anything but street fighting. Never mind the dynasty; save it if you can without bloodshed, but think of France first." This report confirms

all I wrote at the time. The tendency of the "Figaro" article is strongly reactionary, and I saw and heard a Paris tradesman who was reading it stop and exclaim—"Bravo! Vive l'Empereur!" and he threw up his National Guard's *képi*, no doubt thinking of past gains and present losses.

It does not appear to be so "awful jolly to be up in a balloon," as the Prussians blaze at and sometimes hit those ambulances of the dead-letter office. Three have been taken, and the seven balloonatics who were on board them are now in a military prison, or making the Metz and Paris line.

It is reported that our official legate and his young friends "fell among thieves;" and having got through the Prussian lines, fell into still harder lines among the French marauders, who, to use the phrase I heard to-day at a club, "left them nothing but their garters and one or two hats." I believe there is a mistake, and that this act of communism was perpetrated on the lot which preceded that headed by the Honourable Henry. The great agent for the exodus was an undertaker, and superstitious people did not like being reminded of another long journey they will have to undertake in carriages of his hiring.

I find that Mr. Wallace gives two hundred pounds a month in English charity while the war lasts.

It is a dull day; only heard one amusing speech:—"How is it, Charles, that you always walk about now with Frisette? You used to say you hated dogs." "So I did, but I am trying to get over the prejudice, for if I don't like my dogs, how can I eat them?"

The Avocats à la Cour Impériale have changed their cards to "Cours d'Appel."

The order of the day is to laugh at the Defence Government. "I have no doubt," said a man last night, "that it is a Government of Defence, but I am quite sure that it is not one of attack." "Wait, mon cher," said another Frondeur; "wait till Favre has sheathed his sword, and Trochu laid down his pen, and then you shall see!"

It was proposed to-day to name the street which used to be "Dix Décembre," and is now "Quatre Septembre," "La rue Trois Septembre," in honour of Trochu and the professions of homage which he lavished at the last Cabinet Council of the Empire, which he was luring to its ruin.

I could not help smiling to-day at a "thought which just entered my head," to quote Theodore Hook in his "Address to Mr. Hughes." Two men in a café were literally revelling in rat: they had eaten it last night, and had ordered six for Friday. I thought of a glorious damp, foggy, unwholesome day

which ushered in a thaw, when Whitworth L——, poor G——, of the First Life Guards, who was killed by his charger slipping upon the crossing by St. George's Hospital, and myself were fishing in the lake in Ascot Place. The fish bit like mosquitoes, and took anything, and we caught three wonderful basketfuls. We went back to dinner. The cook sent for me and said, "Monsieur" (he was decorated by some citizen government, but found cooking more aristocratic and lucrative), "see what I have found in your 'brochet';" and he showed me a large water-rat which had been bolted whole. I told the story, and no pike was ever eaten again in that house. Now to-morrow I am asked to dine with a cunning native, who says that he has "annexed" a dozen rats!

Thursday, November 24th. — Another day, and nothing particular going on. If we are to believe Gambetta, and the news which a pigeon has been a week bringing from Tours, the accounts from the provinces are good; but I have a feeling that Gambetta is not "un homme sérieux," only one of those mushroom statesmen who, failing in that line, will go into diplomacy and finally sink down into commanding a volunteer corps.

A fatal sign for French Ministers:—Paris has

begun to pelt the present men with epigrams, and they are all hashed up with ridicule in a sort of "macédoine" of the 4th of September and the 31st of October men. They declare that the Vicomte Henri de Rochefort is the ugliest man in Europe. I must say that, in this case, the spirituel writer of the "Lanterne" has the worst of the argument, for you might say to him, as the late Lord Valentia said to the man who opened the gate out hunting, "By Jove, sir, you are uglier than A—— P——!" M. de Rochefort is exactly like the busts of "Nero."

Then they say that Trochu waves his hat instead of his sword; that Jules Favre pleads instead of commands; and that the worst walkers have been elected field officers of the National Army.

Among other *on dits* of the day it is said that Bonvalet, who as Maire has something to do with the Nationals, has ceased to speak of, or command, "entrées" (in that he was perfect), and now only hints mysteriously at sorties, of which he is profoundly ignorant. Then we have little hard lines like the following:—

"On dit que dans la Loire un jour qu'il se mirait,
Glais-Bizoin tout à coup s'écria plein de rage:
Je n'ai jamais vu Dieu, mais je le crois bien laid
Puisqu'il m'a fait à son image!"

Or this pretty little thing:—

"Dieu fait bien ce qu'il fait,
Dit-on en aphorisme.
Or, c'est bien Dieu qui fit le nez qu'on dit si laid
Du délégué Crémieux.—Donc, par ce syllogisme,
Le nez de Crémieux est bien fait!"

I have just had a long "conference" (republican style) with an old friend who is a cobbler, a concierge, and an Imperialist. He is seventy years of age, and has never been out of Paris, so he ought to know something of "la vie intime" of that sometime capital of France, and he tells me that he has never known such bad feeling as exists in some parts of the city. Peace, or a defeat, he declares, will bring about street fighting, and blood will run like water down a stream. He does not think that the Extremes will triumph, but he says France will march to that peace or retreat from that defeat (I cannot say a "reverse" when writing about a campaign which has unluckily been all one way) through rivers of blood and over hecatombs of dead. From this cobbler-concierge I have discovered where the present politicians of Paris most do congregate. It is at the butchers', where they go to get the baseless fabric of a ration, for which they usually have to wait three hours.

There was a hot debate at the Marché de St.-

Germain, and my cobbler gave a lady a bit of his mind. "What does it matter who reigns over you? The best sovereign which ever fell from heaven on France you hated after eighteen years, and, as a rule, you will only endure a ruler from ten to fifteen years, et alors bail résilié pour cause d'expropriation."

We met Baron de Beyens, the Belgian Minister, who told us that he has fourteen hundred starving Belgians here, whom Bismarck will not allow to pass if Trochu would, and he will not. He and the Messrs. Rothschild are horribly outraged at the idea of Bismarck shooting the balloonatics, which they firmly believe he will do.

Mr. Not, proprietor of the "Splendid Hotel," which I fear, for Mr. Not's sake, has been a "splendid failure," as I believe Lord and Lady Granville were the only people who ever stayed there, applied to the North German Chancellor for permission to go to see a sick relative (relatives are chronically sick during sieges), and has received the following answer, which, though short, is contradictory:—"You—may—not." It is a law of the Medes and Prussians.

I think I know one who will get through to-morrow. The Minister of Peru said he would go out if they shot him, and then the "bully Bismarck" gave way.

The following is a fact:—A lady well known here, and more known for her general friendship than her constancy, kept a friend waiting yesterday, and pleaded the usual excuse—"My aunt has just come in from the country!"

In the Rue Auber we met Auber. Now Daniel-François-Esprit Auber was born on the 29th of January, 1782, and will have a fair chance of being eighty-nine or perhaps ninety years of age before the siege is over. He said to me, "I hear you are keeping a diary. How amusing it will be to read a hundred years hence!" I could not help saying that he seemed to have got into the habit of growing younger, but that I feared I should be engaged elsewhere. His power of living is wonderful. When Meyerbeer died, he said, "Poor fellow! cut off." When the Swan of Pesaro sang his last note, he exclaimed, "Ah, quel caro Rossini morto giovanne; it will be the turn of Ambrose Thomas next."

Again, we met a diplomatist, one of those "rari nantes in gurgite vasto," and he was so depressed that we thought William Emperor of all Germany was at the Tuileries. On examination it turned out that this sincere, and so most undiplomatic, grief was caused by the almost sudden death, from virulent small-pox (petite vérole charbonneuse), of poor dear little

Giuseppina Bozzacchi, who only a few months ago made such a successful début at the Grand Opéra as a "première danseuse." She has "gone from our sight like a beautiful dream," and so diplomacy, arts, science, and literature wear mourning—and wear it well and wisely. We could have better spared a regiment of Prussian cavalry than this pet infantry officieuse.

Antelope cost ten francs a pound to-day, with the drawback that you could not get it except through agents, who jotted down a few francs for expenses.

There was a conversation about food at the —— Club to-night. "You have eaten dog!" said the Vicomte de ——. "Yes," said Doctor Blanc de Cormier, "and very good it is; almost as good as *man*." Then he went on to say how he and two "confrères" had eaten a "biftek d'*homme*" cut from the corpse of Uhlman, the well-remembered murderer.

Friday, November 25th.—A very wet day, and Paris duller than I have ever known it yet. Horse was the government allowance to-day, very cheap and extremely nasty. I eat no more meat without having known it ever since it was a child, or being sure that it comes out of Powell's tin pots or the Zoological Gardens. Curious culinary episodes come out every

day. For instance, in the middle of dinner some one said, "By-the-by, X.'s uncle and cousin are dining with him to-night, only they have nothing to eat but bread and sardines. Won't they all wish they were here, eating this pudding!"—"Let's send them half," said somebody; and so we did, amidst loud applause: and that dinner giver has the best cook in Paris.

Madame de B—— has chickens running about her kitchen waiting till their turn (of the spit) comes, and the Honourable Mrs. C—— had a regular attack by Mobiles in her house, the object being to carry off and roast "Frisette" and "Caxie," the two handsomest poodles in Paris, worth at least forty pounds each.

Bismarck has to-day told the Government of Defence, that if he catches people in balloons he shall try them by court-martial, and shoot them. The Parisians are astonished; but you know the people of Paris are not serious, if they were they would see that a man like Moltke never makes war and water. He and M. von Bismarck say their desire is to kill as many French as possible, and if they cannot kill them in "tierce," they will kill them in "carte." It's a bore for the balloonatics, certainly, but then they are not forced to go up in the air.

I myself have made an experiment of the aerial post, which I did not intend. Living about a hundred yards from the Grand Hôtel, it was hardly necessary to send a note to Mr. Labouchere, who is staying at that caved-in caravanserai, "par ballon monté," but that is what my concierge did. I hope that the document has not fallen into the hands of the cruel Count. There were hints in it, and suggestions of concealed macaroni, and I see Jules Favre (through Mr. Washburne) conducting Mr. Labouchere and myself to Creteil, and giving us up to the enemy as contrabandists of war. I shall be shot, and the ex-M.P. will be employed in repairing a railway.

Saturday, November 26th.—Weather hot, wet, and depressing. I suppose the "something" which we have been so long promised is really about to happen, as to-morrow the gates of Paris are to be closed, and I have just seen some six thousand National Guards march to the front. There is a perfectly ludicrous military report to-day. There was a reconnaissance yesterday, and the officer in command writes to the Government that "the enemy, sheltered behind barricades and in houses, did not for two hours cease to fire with *precision* and *vivacity*."

Unluckily he had written a few lines above, "In this affair four men were wounded." That would give a wound every half-hour inflicted by the "precision and vivacity" of Prussia!

The publication of the fourteenth series of Imperial letters only proves that for which I have been waiting for weeks. When the French army blundered last July into war, against the wish of the Emperor, there was nothing ready—shoes, bread, clothes, ammunition, medical stores, all were wanting, and the collars for the artillery horses were so small they would not have passed over the head of a Shetland pony. But it is only just to say that the Emperor was deceived, and put faith in Le Bœuf, which we who have had to do with him never did. Also this fact should be recorded—they used to shout it into our ears every hour—"See, messieurs, this is not the war of the Emperor; it is war against Prussia. It is the war of the people, voyez-vous?"

They take 50 to 1 freely on the bastions that the Emperor or his family come back. The Empress seems to have behaved like the kind, good-hearted lady she really was.

I have just heard that the "four wounded" of yesterday were not the victims of Prussian pre-

cision or German vivacity, but of the National Guards themselves, who kept firing into a wood in which there was not a soul but a few of their own skirmishers. One fellow shot the officer in command, and is mentioned in general orders for having "retrieved" him.

Five P.M. The six thousand men who marched out at 11 A.M. to-day, headed by a vivandière (one of eight) dressed like a Marshal of France, have just marched in again. What they have done all day no one knows. Well—enfin! The gates are to be closed against all comers, or rather goers, to-morrow. Up to the present hour the effect has been to raise the price of vegetables fifty per cent. Also, mutton cutlets were much "inquired after" to-day; but, as they cost two shillings and threepence a cutlet, or about fivepence the mouthful, they remained in the hands of the holders.

There was, or is, or is to be, a duel to-day. V—— is very savage, and De B——, his second, will stand no nonsense. But really, with mutton and beef worth their weight in silver, and every other house a hospital, and having the most exorbitant weekly bills of mortality, we do not require people to be "fighting like furies for conciliation," and hating one another for the love of God.

The sickness is awful here, but we hear it is still more terrible among the Prussians.

So ends another week—the eleventh of the siege.

Sunday, November 27th.—I borrow the following five words from the "Figaro"—unluckily I might have borrowed them any day these eight weeks:—

"*Pas de Rapport militaire aujourd'hui.*"

"No military news to-day!" Why, there never is.

From blunder to blunder, and the Emperor blamed for all; but, as somebody once said at Brookes's, "you must trust your butler and your banker." It was before the days of Courvoisier and Sir John Dean Paul.

Our news to-day is very bad, but, as it is chiefly copied from the "Morning Post" or the "Standard," it probably refers to the last revolution—1848—no, the penultimate; the last was the 31st of October, 1870.

Have we any armies in the provinces, and if so, what are they going to do? Help themselves, or us? We want somebody to help us, heaven knows! and when I read that the returning heroes of the outposts give a supper with "a punch and toasts" to the out-going heroes, I confess that I feel as if I had eaten horse.

Paris having so long asserted itself as "France," having got itself knocked into a cocked hat, leaves much to be desired.

"Doit-il être riche, ce Désiré!" said some one.

"Comment cela?"

"Comment! Vous ne lisez donc pas les journaux? —La république de 1848 a laissé beaucoup—à *Désiré*. L'empire a laissé encore plus—à *Désiré*. Le gouvernement de la défense national, lui-même laisse encore pas mal—à *Désiré*. Vous voyez bien qu'il doit être archi-millionnaire!"

I fear that William the Desirous is the residuary legatee.

Well, France used to bore our grandfathers; and now we shall have a new map, and instead of the tricolor, we shall have the "Rouge foncée" of Belleville, or the black and white of Bismarck and William of Berlin.

The document of which the following is a copy will some day be curious. Figurez-vous! the clever people of Paris starving themselves to feed their horses. We laughed at Londonderry when they allowed saddles but no girths nor stirrups. Et enfin! we read:—

"The member of the Government delegated to the central mairie has just addressed the following letter

to the mayors of the twenty municipal arrondissements and to those of the suburban communes:—

"'Paris, November 26th, 1870.

"'Monsieur le Maire,—The Minister of Commerce calls my attention to an abuse which has troubled him in his mind for some days—the use of bread as food for horses. There is in this a culpable waste of the sustenance of the place, a grievous injury to the defence. I beg of you to inquire seriously into this matter, and immediately to transmit to me whatever information you may obtain. The detestable speculation which prompts this squandering does not deserve consideration, and with the object of putting an end to it, the Government will adopt whatever measures you may judge necessary.

"'Accept, Monsieur le Maire, the assurance of my brotherly feeling.

"'JULES FERRY.'"

Monday, November 28th.—News of the day! Trochu, who is a military writer, not a soldier, is to head the coming sortie, and Vinoy, who is a soldier, is to stop in Paris, probably to receive the Prussians.

General Clément Thomas has issued a general order, begging the National Guards not to go out

with drums beating and colours flying to the outposts; a discreet reserve being required in that advanced position.

Mr. Odo Russell is said to be trying to patch up peace at Versailles. Once again I say, "nothing is changed; there is only one charming person *de plus*" —only I don't think he will make peace on Prussian terms, or on any terms.

The French were furious with me last night because I said a regiment of Regulars was more likely than Nationals or Mobiles to drive the enemy back to their own side of that Rhine which has so disagreed with Europe for the last twenty-five years, and finally brought about a brutal war which has deprived the "punter," and indeed civilized society in general, of Baden-Baden. What a charming place! I see myself there, sitting under the trees of the Stefanien-bad, and breakfasting with a chosen body sent "express" from London! We shall never breakfast there again; and, indeed, once the war is over, I shall go disgusted into a convent, and think of the happy days when there were Conservatives on the earth.

"Yet another half-flask of Marcobrunner," says the gentleman in black. "And a pint of Bordeaux—first class," laughs out our James of Old Burlington

Street. "Argus," the many-eyed, then puts in his word, and there is a general laugh, for he seldom says a foolish thing, and often does a kind one. And our learned brother at the bar, who told J. B. Morris that "Oos" was "double zero" station; and he also who was "cretâ notandus," though it belied his name, and who dressed for breakfast as nobody since D'Orsay "got up" for dinner. Alas! they are all shadows vanishing away under the trees of "Stevens his bath;" mere memories—random, but not unpleasant or perhaps uninstructive recollections, as they bring back youth, play (a run on the red), and pleasure.

Ah! that "play!" it was "death" to many of the frogs of our generation. "Adkins, another ten of your nice clean fifty-pound counters." "No more to-night, Mr. H——; you've had two thou." "All right I suppose," lisped out the baby; "but yet, you know, credit is the true basis of all business." That baby could not always throw a four to a seven, but he could usually say a clever thing. I shall never forget his face when—speaking of a man who had gone out with honours when he himself was plucked—at the "Dolphin" at Chichester, one happy Goodwood, he exclaimed, "And you fellows will hardly believe it, he can't calculate the odds at hazard!"

A lady last night was offered some roast pigeon.

"Not any, thank you; I should think I was eating a postman."

The whole Bois de Boulogne is sown broadcast with the heads of dogs and cats which have been sold for lamb and rabbit.

Louis Blanc is writing a book about the revolution of 1870, which will be a bore for the general public, as many of them will feel forced to buy it, and some to read it.

We are to have a great battle to-morrow.

Tuesday, November 29th.—They have been firing and fighting all night in the direction of Chevilly, to the south of Paris. I got up early and saw that there was a great ambulance movement, and heard that there had been many killed on both sides, and that fighting was to last all day; so directly after breakfast we started with Mr. Labouchere, determined to make "our sortie" by the "roundabout" railway. At the station we heard that the *générale* had been beaten at 4 A.M., as it was thought that there would have been an *émeute* at Belleville; but it turned out to be a useless precaution. Then we took train, and started, intending to get out at the station nearest the firing. It was very fine, but a bad day for seeing. We went steaming away round the bastions amidst crowds of

people, all in some sort of uniform; all looking eager and anxious; while all the fortifications were in that quiet state when only those on duty are to be seen, and when they mean mischief. But lo! we heard no guns!

At the station of Vaugirard we got out, or rather down, and walked up the railroad of the fortifications till we came to the little Porte de Vanves, out of which they allowed us to pass at our own risks, evidently thinking that there were two more mad Englishmen, and one more lunatic lady. But they were very civil, telling us all they knew, which was little, and one young sentry, so got up and so "swell" looking that he must have belonged to the "Faubourg," insisted on lending us his glass, and showing us the Prussians. He might be twenty years old; was very good-looking, had been on duty all night, still looked as if he had just turned out for parade, and was so kind that I hope I may see him to-day to thank him. But in forty-eight hours, what may not have happened! His last words were, "Do not get taken, and get back before 5 P.M., if you do not wish to sleep at the hostel of the Beautiful Stars."

When we left him we passed out into the desert! For hours we wandered about the environs of the city lying between Issy and Châtillon; through utterly

"deserted villages," which in Goldsmith's time would have been counted as towns, and in which there was trade and such pleasure as suburban society affords. We saw "La Californie," but the Prussians had extracted all the gold. In one place I walked into (the doors off their hinges, and the shutters half burnt, having no doubt served to heat the flesh-pots of the Mobiles) the swell restaurant, where you could dine at table d'hôte in an arbour, or, if a case of Lui and Elle (which of course only means Louis and Eloise), in a cabinet. The plates in which he and she used to eat their dinner were in powder, and blank picture frames stared blindly from the shattered wall. There was a pile of lamps, a pyramid of crippled chairs, and, finally, the six "billards" were in thirty-six bits.

Issy, I read, was a cheerful village. I dare say it was

> "A pleasant place enough in time of yore,
> But something ails it now."

That something is soldiers' mischief: even patriots in their own country cannot resist destroying property.

Perhaps once in half an hour you saw an old man, or older woman, risking the small stake of their remaining lives at the dangerous game of gathering vegetables within the Prussian range. Vegetables

abound; indeed, little glass hand-frames cover miles of the country, and are forcing early spring vegetables into premature life—I fear for the Prussians.

Every now and then we were challenged, but our passes were pronounced to be "en règle," so we were saluted and allowed to go on. We now noticed heavy masses of French troops bivouacking with piled arms under shelter of the forts and rising grounds within sight, but no movement. It was a fine spectacle though! We strolled down the Western Railway, where the outposts, I do not know if French or Prussian, blazed away at us; so we left the rail and went back to the road.

Finally, we were crossing a field, when a French soldier, not on duty, rushed from his dinner, which he was eating in a ditch, and said, "Name of Our Lady of Meudon! where are you going?" "Round there, if you have no objection. We have passes." "Personally," he replied, smiling, "of course I have no objection; but you will be shot in five, or prisoners in ten minutes. That is Châtillon, and the Prussians are under that hedge." He walked back with us to put us in the right way, and *en route* we heard some particulars of the morning's fight, and the reason of the afternoon's peace and quiet. General Ducrot was, supported by General Vinoy, to have crossed the

Marne, the object being to get possession of Choisy-le-Roi. By all accounts, the troops, under the very effective cover of a terrible fire from the forts, rushed into action with great spirit and determination, and had carried two or three positions, when it was discovered that the bridge was some thirty feet shorter than the width of the river, so passage was impossible. The operation had to be deferred, and the French retired from the positions they had taken.

We were walking towards the Fort de Vanves, when we met three officers. They looked us over I perceived, and then one returned, and said, "It is my duty to ask who you are, and where you are going?" We told him, and produced papers and passports (the latter, I regret to say, are dreadfully against us just now); but he was cross, and would take us to the Fort de Vanves. There we found a naval officer in command, with two aides-de-camp. They were standing at the gate, looking dreadfully bored, as if they had been up all night, dared not turn in in the day, and wanted somebody to talk to. He was a capital commandant, while his two officers were polite, and eager for Paris news. I am sure that we should have had ten minutes' talk, and then parted "avec effusion," if it had not been for our captain, who insisted on the commander reading our papers, which effectually

puzzled him, as well they might. At last he sent us to a gate to get another "stamp." Then we conversed. "Monsieur is Italian?" asked the aide-de-camp. "No, English." "Then," said the captain, "let me tell you that England is very bad to us, and if I had had my way, every Englishman should have been forced to leave Paris before the siege."

One of us replied that he wished he had been forced to go, as then he should not be starving on sixpennyworth of bacon for three days in order to record the glories of France.

"Monsieur," said another of us, "I know that if London was besieged, I should have been of your opinion, and cried out for the expulsion of foreigners."

Poor captain! savage, but not backed up, he retired to his outpost, and we talked of the supposed visit of Count de Solms to Paris. "If," said an aide-de-camp, "the ex-Prussian chargé d'affaires here has come in twice lately to see Madame de X——, he must be fonder of her than of Madame de Solms.

We got safe back, and in the evening the *salon* where we were was invaded—the Gortschakoff treaty question having just arrived. It delights the Parisians, as they say that England cannot go to war, and if she does not, will sink into a fifth-rate Power. "Has Thiers got any understanding with Russia?" "Is

not a Russo-Prussian treaty a fact?" "Why does not the Republic make a treaty with Russia, and sacrifice Thiers, Italian liberals and republican sympathizers in general, and all former promises and professions, and save France from the Prussians?" was asked.

The answer was this: "We have no Man."

Wednesday, November 30th.—Bitter cold set in to-day, though the weather is very fine. I heard of a brilliant assault on L'Hay yesterday by the Finisterre Mobiles. They came up at the double to a great barricade, never firing a shot, and intending to escalade it. They found a fosse some ten yards wide, and when they halted on the edge, received a point-blank volley of musketry, which seriously shook them, and they retired to re-form. The second company passed them, and got over the barrier, but within a hundred yards a mine exploded, and killed nearly the whole front rank.

The losses are evidently very heavy, both last night and to-day, but as yet it is impossible to get any reliable return. Neither can we "internats" (in what a shoal too!) judge much of the actual result and influence of these serious fights for outposts.

I hope Moltke is not playing a game—trying to

entice the Paris garrison beyond the shelter of its forts, so as to crush it by numbers.

Fighting began at midnight, and never ceased during the night, or till 6 P.M. At ten o'clock we started for Montrouge, but for once we were refused point blank, as indeed were some, I suppose semi-official, ambulances; so we resigned ourselves to a walk round the ramparts. It was truly odd and entertaining.

The whole boulevards, streets, the line of military rail, were densely crowded with the good people of Paris, in holiday dress and high spirits (translated, I see, into a calm and dignified attitude). I am sure that there was not a single place where drink and smoke could be got that was not occupied by that wonderful "idle world" which never seems to have anything on hand to prevent a regular attendance on any performance, from a fair to a fight. Every elevation was held by a strong force of civilians armed with glasses; every other man had also brought his little dog with one or two children, and as the *gamins* kept perpetually skirmishing between your legs, the possession of a good place was no sinecure What struck me as very odd was, that although we were standing on some high place in a

most populous quarter, with a battle raging within sight from the Bois de Vincennes to Maisons-Alfort, not one of the natives knew where any point was, nor could agree with his or her neighbour as to what it was probable to be or be near. "Ah! there is Charenton." "Pardon, madame, but it must be Creteil." "It is Ivry," says an old gentleman with a stick, a snuffbox, and a telescope.

"Ours are firing jollily!" "Bah! those are the Bismarckians." "Mais, monsieur!"

"Look," cries a lady who is drinking coffee at a stall, to her husband, a National Guard, who is consuming a "grog" at his canteen—"Look, dear, there is the little Charles;" and as a train rushes by on the circular railway, innumerable good wishes and kisses were sent to the passengers by those above whose heads they were passing. Every train—that is to say, four an hour, was crowded like the boxes at the Porte St.-Martin, numerous family carriages, and one or two real Greenwich Fair vans—were driven and plied up the "fighting quarter." A great trade was done in sweet cakes and sirops (it was freezing). At the end of every street was a man with a telescope crying out with all his might, "Who'll see the Prussians? Prussians in position, two sous the

division." All was joy, harmony, noise, and reminded one chiefly of a 15th of August under the Empire.

So much for the civilians; now for the soldiers. In the first place, I should say that never before had so many soldiers in uniform, but unarmed and quite as amateurs, looked on at a great battle. That part of Paris is, I should say, impregnable, and the men actually on sentry looked like work, as did the rifles ready by every loophole, and the big guns which are now in position. Every now and then, too, an orderly or an aide-de-camp galloped past, looking in a hurry, and one or two superior officers with anxiety, if not care on their brow. One was a naval commander, going to the front in a brougham, and having a marine aide-de-camp on horseback—an odd sight to see in Paris.

All this made us reflect on the position we were in, and the solemn question then being decided before us. But turn our eyes inside the bastions, and we could but look and wonder. Gaiety in danger is excellent, and a sailor or soldier "down on his luck" during an action would never do; but there is a limit to all things. These men were actually a reserve, and an action was raging under the walls of their capital. They were drinking a good deal, singing a little,

talking immensely, and smoking like furnaces. Every vivandière had her reception, and at one two Mobiles favoured the society with a little dance. Fancy two men on guard taking off their side arms and having a turn at the polka, not in a barrack-yard even, but in the street. That is what it was. I do not wish "to turn out Nature with a pitchfork," and I believe that the Parisians will fight to the death; but I see it is in a stage-effect manner, and that death or a bad wound is covered by a grand tableau.

I was walking with a clever man, and certainly as quick an observer as you will meet in a month's march, and he said, "The same as ever. Government is a performance, country a great first act, seriousness the second act, patriotism a pretence for pleasure, and 'Mourir pour la patrie' brings on a great last act. The Goddess Discipline is disowned, Rashness rules, Strategy retires, and the curtain falls on 'Annihilation' or the 'Fatal Failure.' Do you wish to see bold frivolity? Then look here."

So it really was, though I, who like the good people, hate to say it. A French translation of Greenwich Fair was going off with great rapidity, and at the same moment the city, about which they make so much noise—the most splendid in Europe—was shaking under the condensed fire of French and

Prussian artillery, and every five minutes came the harsh, tearing noise of the mitrailleuses. "It is enough for to-day, and there is a theatre to-night, voilà!" and a man and his wife turn from the true to the mimic tragedy.

Just then an officer who had lost his leg passed, and was loudly received. They were about to cry "Vive la République!" to a stretcher, on which was deposited all that was mortal of another officer; but the bearers signalled, and the applause was turned to tears. All this time streams of ambulances, those white bearers of the dying, were trotting out or slowly passing in the gates, around which weeping mothers, agitated fathers, and distressed friends hustled one another in a curious and inquiring crowd.

As for the action, I have little to say, except that, like all artillery fights, it was a grand spectacle. If one could have "perused the features of a battle," I think I should say, by the advancing and retiring fire, that the French were beaten at first, recovered all they lost, were again hurled back on their extreme right, from which they had to retire; but on the whole lost nothing, while they won nothing of importance.

We dined with Mr. T——, the well-known adviser

of the British Embassy, who had been spending all his day with his clients and brother professionals in the different forts, and his idea was that on the whole the day was good for his country, and that the Prussians were driven back some two miles.

The following observation was made at dinner by a distinguished man who never supported the Emperor till he promised Constitutional rule, and though he does not approve of the present men, and indeed under their rule resigned the command of a battalion of National Guards which he has had for twenty years, because, he says, "they have added the terrors of revolution to the horrors of war," yet gives them great credit for all that they have done for the defence of Paris. Some one was speaking of the Emperor. "Reaction of course there will be; but first justice, for no Frenchman can truly say that France was ever so materially prosperous as during the second Empire, or that the majority of the population was ever so well off." "No," he added, "you may pull down all the 'N's and 'Eagles,' nay, all the beautiful buildings of that period, but you can never erase from the history of France the glorious reign of the third Napoleon."

I was just going to bed when a friend, who had been on the field ever since the action began, came to

give me his account. He says that in twenty battles in which he has been, he has never seen one so dreadful as that of yesterday. The French artillery fought admirably, and the mitrailleuses on both sides never ceased their broad-cast scattering of death. "I have never seen a fight so awful, nor a scene so harrowing, and hope I never shall again."

He was at Champigny-sur-Marne, where the brunt of the battle was. There was a retreat at first, or a hasty change of front, and men wounded and wandering came in rather disorderly. As usual, there was no organization. The ambulances were sent out to the field so full of attendants that there was only room for one wounded man, and when they got up to Champigny, were jammed up in a corner, and could not move on to the field. My friend estimates the loss at a very high rate.

It is curious, after what I wrote above, and truly wrote about the gaiety and frivolity of the Parisians, to have to record his experience of them an hour or two after. He came in with a train of wounded, and he says that the dense crowd which lined the streets was as silent as at a funeral—the men removed their hats, the women wept, the children were awed and silent. I fear thousands had reason to weep and be silent when the glorious sunset of the third day of the

Battle of Paris faded from scarlet to grey, and then merged into an obscurity which was only from time to time illuminated for an instant by an electric light, which told a gunner where to direct the next shell.

It was the most glorious day as to weather I have ever been out in, and was devoted to a destruction of life which, I fear, when known, will astonish even the callous members of London clubs.

DECEMBER, 1870.

Thursday, 1*st*.—Bitterly cold. No fighting. The living are burying their dead. The ambulances are full to overflowing, and the waggons are ordered for to-night, as the Prussians are expected in the night to bombard the heights above Champigny, which the French won and held yesterday.

Some talk of a suspension of arms, which, I confess, seems to me to have no possibility of "raison d'être," as that which would benefit the proposer must damage the accepter.

A Prussian charger was sold on the field to-day for a glass of rum. A few Prussian wounded, and a good many Prussian prisoners (chiefly Bavarians) are in Paris.

Two heavy guns just fired. I suppose the Prussian "to-morrow" has begun.

Friday, December 2*nd*.—Fighting set in heavily at 7 A.M., when the Prussians attacked in force the heights between Champigny and Villiers. I need not say that we have no official details; but we have official reports,

which are cleverly composed, and make the most of any small success; and no doubt the Prussians are again kept at bay. General Trochu says, "We fought three hours to keep our positions, and five hours to take those of the enemy, where we sleep to-night. This is the balance ('voilà le bilan') of this severe and glorious day. Many will never again see their homes."

This is a very fair diplomatic statement, and admirably adapted for the reading of young soldiers; but I must fill in a few details, on the truth of which I can depend, as they came from the mouths of men fresh from the early action, whom I saw before they spoke even to an ambulance, as I met them on the stairs of the Grand Hôtel. The Prussians took the French by surprise at 6 to 7 A.M. this morning—last night we in Paris were told that there was to be an attack at that hour; the result of this "surprise" was, that two battalions of Mobiles were taken *en masse*.

"It was the old story; they surrounded us," said one man to me. Another declared, that later a regiment was caught in a trap. The enemy, the stocks of their rifles in the air, advanced crying, "Vive la France!" When they had advanced within fifteen yards of the French, they halted, and poured in a

volley so fatal that hardly one missed his man. It seems as if I was not recording heroic fighting, but tricks and unfair murder. Yet I have this from two officers who were present.

Then reserves were sent for, and General Vinoy—whose men are fighting admirably—and Clément Thomas brought up strong supports. Then came a reaction in favour of the French, who, mind this, were fighting fresh old troops with over-worked young ones, and when the battle ceased to rage, the French had certainly slightly advanced.

One laughs at legal and eloquent generals and grocer regiments, and I confess I shall do so to the end of my days, as I believe in discipline, and allow that war is a practical science, no more to be taken up by the next man in the street than tailoring, diplomacy, playing the fiddle, or steering a steamer. But everybody must confess that General Trochu and Jules Favre (under the Empire, the steadfast opponent of the "Mobilization," which Niel so much desired, and which might have saved France) have created a wonderful army in three months, and that the grocers have been above avoir-du-pois weight in their service battalions. They had slept out too, without tents or blankets; but this was certainly unnecessary. They need not have taken everything into action, but surely

they ought, within ten miles of Paris, to have had a better covering. The French Line could effect this in the Crimea.

I must recall one incident; but I would not venture it, for fear of being accused of prejudice, if a Frenchman had not told us. A regiment of National Guards was drawn up out of range behind L'Hay, looking as warlike as Mars—it was their "baptism of fire." Suddenly a round shot came, and effected a dreadful slaughter. One man alone was left in the ranks, and he had both his legs shot off.

Now I am going to give a little sketch without comments, leaving the verdict to be drawn from actual facts by those who may chance to read it. Early in the morning I went to the Grand Hôtel, to see the most polite managers of the "International" ambulance, to ask where was the battle. I was told, Nogent-sur-Marne, and "there is your place in our cart." "But I knew nothing of the arrangement." "Ah! no, we forgot to send; but the carriage will not be off yet: it was only ordered for an hour ago."

Off we went, and when we got to the Palais de l'Industrie, there all that was known was that all the ambulances had left there, but for where, why, or when, no one could tell. Back to the Grand Hôtel. Wounded already coming in by dozens, and as each

arrived it seemed to me that there were about six attendants to look after him, and he was cross-examined as if he was culpable of being wounded in face of the enemy. I went up to Dr. Feuillard, and said that I was too late. Dr. Moreau and he debated. "What can we do for him?" Just then two aides-de-camp came galloping in from the field with this brief order: "Send linen to Nogent-sur-Marne; most urgent."

So it was, as I found there were fifteen hundred wounded lying round the spot from which the order came. "But we have no carriages, and no one to send!" "But, monsieur, it is urgent." Then Dr. Feuillard said, "Would you take this for us?" "Certainly." Then orders were written, and an escort told off. But the linen was at the Palais de l'Industrie, and the final orders must be given there. Off we went again to the Palais de l'Industrie, where we were received by about a dozen other assistants. We stated our case, and pleaded "urgent." "Oh! certainly, in half an hour all will be ready. Send away your carriage" (a first-rate cab); "we have so many." We waited half an hour; three-quarters; and then, after repeated applications by escort and self, I was asked if I would mind going to the Palais de l'Elysée, as the linen was there.

Started once more, and after several minutes was offered a bundle which I could have carried in my hand. I ventured to suggest that it was very little to send to many wounded by two men, one horse, and a mounted orderly. "If you want a larger quantity, you must go to the Palais de l'Industrie." I ventured to suggest that I had been there twice, and lost an hour; that they had talked of "two carts' full being enough for you, we suppose," but declined to give us a rag.

Day was advancing, and men dying by dozens, and suffering by thousands. At last an energetic Countess took me in hand, and back we went to the Palace of Industry. "I'll give you all you want," said Madame ——; and so she did. But then occurred another trifling difficulty: the driver of the hospital brougham declared that his horse was a three-year old, and would die if it went outside Paris. "I know the horse," chimed in Madame ——; "I have him for two hours every day, and I am sure he could not go." Well! unpack, and then

"Go, call a cab! And so a cab was called."

We started, having lost three hours. My orderly gave the route to the driver. Whether that mounted orderly was tired or not, I do not know, but being a

soldier of the people he did as he liked, so he mounted his horse and rode after——his dinner! I never saw him more. We did not know where the ambulance was, and it was getting late. We met miles of ambulance conveyances, and thousands of troops coming into Paris, and passed by a line of artillery waggons and horses going out. Then a general and his staff; then fifty very smart Eclaireurs de la Seine, more troops, some prisoners, led chargers, and through Paris the road was lined with curious idlers.

But "Halt! who goes there?" was the cry at the Barricade of Vincennes. "Linen for Nogent." "Too late." "But I have been kept waiting three hours, and it is of extreme urgency." "Too late."

At last they let me through with my private pass, and we proceeded through a pretty scene, a sort of sunset and moonlight review, and reached the great ambulance of the "International" at Nogent. I asked for the directress. "It is I," said an old lady of eighty, very deaf. "But the doctor?" I asked. "We have no doctor!" "How many wounded then, and what do you do?" "Oh! monsieur," said the deaf, but no doubt trustworthy dame, who had been ten minutes trying to open a door with two bunches of wrong keys, "we have no wounded here!"

Another half-hour lost. Then in the pitch dark we blundered about Nogent—which is a ruin, with a few horses led about by orderlies, and some lost Mobiles for inhabitants—and found nothing except one other "International" ambulance, come out for wounded to the same address, to which they had forgotten to appoint a doctor.

The fact is, the wounded who "urgently required" the linen had been removed three hours before. So I drove back and restored my freight.

Five hundred ambulances were congealed together at the barricade, and we waited there one hour and forty minutes. It was freezing very hard, and even above the lively conversation of the drivers you could hear the groans of the wounded.

This is a true story of the organization of the "International" on the third day of the Great Battle of Paris, on December 2nd, 1870.

"In fact," said a Frenchman to me, "we cannot organize anything."

The loss of to-day, given to me *privately*, is five thousand French, and fifteen thousand Prussians. All I know is, that at this (midnight) hour every ambulance is rapidly filling.

Saturday, December 3rd.—Very cold. Paris very

dull. All here are looking after wounded, and the wounds are very severe.

Fighting was going on early, and was severer than was told. I had a friend there. I do not think that reasoning people are satisfied with the material, actual, and practical gain of the "triumphs under the walls of Paris;" but there is no doubt that they have done a great deal of good. It is said that Prince Frederick was in the action on Friday, and that the French fired two hundred and fifty rounds of artillery a minute. At any rate, they expended 212,500 pounds of powder.

The superior officers are suffering very much. They really lead on their young soldiers, and are picked off accordingly. Seven generals and a long list of field-officers are killed and wounded. Trochu was nearly taken, and Ducrot had his horse shot under him.

George d'Hérissen d'Irisson is hit badly, and Saillard dangerously. Both are in the Foreign Office, and the latter was chef de cabinet to Rouher "in the good old times." The Foreign Office is likely to have rapid promotion, for De Billing and Viel-Castel have been at the front as aides-de-camp for the last three (hot) days.

Ducrot retired to bivouac last night in the Bois de Vincennes—I hope only to rest his men. The Prus-

sians, who do not seem to be particular, fired point blank on the ambulance of the Press, though the flag of Geneva was displayed. As two members of the English Press were present, Prussia is likely to hear more of this. I should say, however, that doctors differ on this affair.

About four hundred and fifty Prussians are prisoners in Paris. The ambulances are getting very full already, and a requisition for rooms in private houses is about to be made for the slightly wounded and the convalescent.

The "Official Journal" tells us to-day of an awkward act of insubordination, which took place on the 29th of November, in the 76th battalion of the National Guard. They had been operating during the day round the fort of Rosny, and when about to re-enter Paris, Colonel Latappy gave orders that all the cartridges should be returned into store—a very wise precaution—upon which one Lieutenant Montfilière rushed out of the ranks, called his colonel all sorts of bad names, and excited his men to seize and disarm him. A section of his company joined him, but the colonel succeeded in keeping the battalion from mutiny. Montfilière was made prisoner, and is referred to a council of war. The men are not even noticed individually, but the war companies

of the battalion have been deprived of the honour of serving in the actions of the week. It is scarcely a severe punishment for "mutiny before the enemy."

Two of our last balloons have been truly "wides"—one fell in Holland, the other in Norway.

The "man of Orleans," an amateur postman to the provinces, risking his life each delivery, has made twelve hundred and eighty pounds by carrying epistles at twenty francs each.

I have been out all day, and the news I hear confirms the worst I have anticipated. It seems that the fall back on Vincennes was a retiring on Paris to prepare for an attack on Tuesday between Rosny and Neuilly. Twenty thousand men are left to hold the positions which have been the object of the last battles, and the generals have now discovered that the Prussians do not want those positions, as they are all commanded by their own batteries in higher situations, and that they could have shelled out the French whenever they liked.

"All is over, but we shall make another struggle," was openly said last night by some aides-de-camp of Vinoy and Trochu. The Line and some of the Mobiles fought well; of the National Guards and others the less said the better. The Prussians have caught four

"Amis de la France," tied them to trees, and *shot them.*

Sunday, December 4th.—A lovely day, with gloomy reports. I went to the American ambulance, and found it clean and neat as usual; but, very wisely, the tents were closed, and nobody except medical men and relatives allowed to enter. One hundred and thirty patients were there, many very badly wounded, and nine have died since Friday. The wounds are awful; and no wonder, if all the Prussian balls are like one which Dr. C. A. Gordon extracted on the field on Friday. It is a small, long ball, like that of the chassepot, but, as I think, cased with tin.

It was bitterly cold, but I was assured that the tents were as warm as a library. They are also perfectly clean, and about a score of Americans, who understand in every detail the first duty of woman ("d'être jolie"), dressed in the most common and yet becoming costumes, ministered to the wants of the wounded, till one almost began to think that a wound—a very slight one, a flesh wound from an extremely spent ball—would be a sweet pain.

Ambulances when well managed like this are very good things, but the competition system does not suit such institutions. There are ten times too many

ambulances, and two hundred times too many ladies to manage them. At evening receptions—such as exist now—Deputy Bandage-Mistress taunts First Poultice with having less "serious cases" than she has at her place. "I don't know," says First Poultice; "we lost three last night, and we have had five 'legs.'" Then First Linen Lady says, "Fifty-five mètres of bandage, and ten kilos of ——." "Two tubs full, all alive," says our Lady of the Leeches; and this I wish to assert as having occurred last week. A charming young girl said, "Look in that basket, and you will see the most delightful little foot you ever saw, just cut off a drummer."

On the battlefield there is a rush, not to succour the suffering, but to fill ambulances; the consequence is, that severely wounded men are carried past (let us say, to save susceptibilities) the Timbuctoo ambulance, which stands close to where the poor fellow fell, and is taken half a mile on to the Feejee Island waggon, as he was captured by a member of that society; and all this in order that next day Madame —— may say, "Eh! eh! I got more than you."

I dare say you think I exaggerate, but then you were not at Nogent and Joinville on the 2nd of December, when, at the end of the battlefield, there was such a scrimmage of artillery, cavalry, infantry,

baggage waggons, and bewildered ambulances, that it forced from a French staff officer the expression—"Why, Dieu de Dieu! it beats the worst mess of the worst days of the Crimea!"

We dined as usual at the Cercle des Frondeurs, which has now become a picnic. The servants too are all in the *x*, or unknown category, so we cook for, wait on, and announce ourselves—"Madame la Duchesse X—— with a potage;" "M. de P—— with the potatoes;" "Le Baron de Y. and the goose." "Dear me, the third course and dessert are very late," says the proprietor of the club. But they come together, Mrs. W—— with the curry, and the Marquis V. C—— with the cheese. I dare say when the gates are open, and we stray away into the land of plenty, we shall, when dining with little appetite and everything to eat, recall the duck of the duchess, the salad of diplomacy, and the appetite of the siege.

What we heard was that Ducrot was gone to proclaim—indeed one of the party had read the state paper—that things were very fishy.

Two of the party had slept on a billiard table at Brie, their horses tied up in the hall. They had been attached to a service of flying batteries. Their leader took them straight into the Prussian lines,

and when the order to retreat was given, seeing Spandau before them, the picket "sat down and finished at a tremendous pace." I use the words of one of them, a very old denizen of Newmarket.

"We passed a whole night sending you to the devil," said one of the two billiard-table keepers. "He kept saying the war was just and right. I wish he was here, sleeping in the draught of this chimney. Right! What is a dynasty to a dinner? What is our country to the coverture of our bed?" They are two imperial Imperialists.

"Ma, più," then that dynastic affection is hunger and cold. They had sent out a *fourgon* from the club with a "trifling foolish banquet" of wine, coffee, and cigars, only it went the wrong way, while an English stable-boy—poor fellow—who was carrying out the clothing, got into the Prussian hands and was nearly shot. Luckily they took a broad, north country accent for the German of some newly annexed province, and so he got off. He gave warning this day.

Another of the party had passed his day on the extreme outpost, the Plateau d'Avron, where he found Captain Charles Walewski in command. Most of us remember him at Albert Gate. Where he was yesterday was not so comfortable, though in one

sense a good deal hotter. He is a capital fellow, whom everybody likes.

A duel is to be fought on Wednesday (if the division comes in) between M. de Viel-Castel and M. G. de Pompignan. Baron de Billing, an authority, has done all in his power to prevent it, as it is futile; but "he who will to Cupar maun to Cupar."

Monday, December 5th.—Queer weather for young campaigners. It froze so hard that we could not cut our preserved meat; and our vegetables, though very pretty as specimens of crystallization, were certainly when thawed as innocent of taste as a general public. You had to knock at your bath before you could enter; and as to towels, another time give me boards.

I fancy this is a bad day for France. M. Viel-Castel was right, and to-day the "Government of Proclamations" has again rushed into printers' ink! Listen to the eloquent Ducrot:—

"Soldiers—I have caused you to repass the Marne after two days of heroic fighting, because I was convinced that fresh efforts against a position where the enemy had had time to concentrate all his forces, and to make all his preparations for action, would be sterile.

"In persevering in that plan, I should have uselessly sacrificed thousands of brave men, and, far from aiding the deliverance of our country, I should have seriously compromised it, and might even have brought about an irreparable disaster.

"But you understand this, the struggle is only suspended for an instant. We are about to re-enter on it with resolution. Be then prepared; hasten to complete your ammunition, your food, and above all elevate your hearts to the height of the sacrifice required by the sacred causes for which we must never hesitate to give our lives.

"A. DUCROT."

It is a fatal fiasco! The Parisians, who are *malins* if anything, say "that he has come back to them! not victorious—and not dead! only his horse!"

All the afternoon Paris was busy with the passage of troops changing front. I saw a very large division of cavalry came down the boulevards. All allowance being made for a campaign, I cannot think that either man or horse ought to have been in so unsoldier-like and unfit a condition. The men were dirty, though they seemed jolly enough; the horses by no means looked jolly, and were sweating in a walk on a day when we should have been skating. Also, under all circumstances had I been the com-

mander of that division I would have halted them at the gates of Paris, and brought them down the boulevard in review order. The Parisians are very impressionable, and the effect of this scrambling entrance from a barren campaign was not good.

Mr. Wallace has given eight thousand pounds for coals for the poor.

Sir Culling Eardley is in Mazas for all manner of misdemeanors.

Tuesday, December 6th.—A bitter bleak frost. I can conceive nothing so trying to National Guards: —your *épicier* as a rule lives in a perfectly German atmosphere—if that can be called atmosphere which is generated of a stove.

"Cave in," that seems to be the last advice.

Orleans retaken after a fight, that is the news from the son-in-law of Nélaton to-night.

Wednesday, December 7th.—The news of the recapture of Orléans confirmed by a very politely-insolent letter of Moltke to Trochu:—"If you do not believe it, send somebody to see. I will give him a pass."

It is with a sort of savage satisfaction that I see that it is necessary to disband the Belleville National

Guard. When not engaged in quarrelling with the division of Villette, or stealing each other's rations, they are running away. A Line colonel requests that they may be immediately removed from the neighbourhood of his men, as he does not wish his regiment to be "gangrened;" and a non-commissioned officer of the Line who commanded them resigns, and says, "I shall re-shoulder my musket and act as a private, to purify myself from the effects of the contagion of the Bellevillists."

The Bellevillageois have three days to give up their arms! Three days! Why not a parade, "pile arms," and men dismissed? You see, it is mutiny before the enemy. Somebody must shoot somebody, or there will be no discipline, and so no army. To be sure, if you shoot a soldier or behead a murderer you are interfering with the liberty of the citizen.

We were present to-day at the funeral of Colonel Franchetti, who originated and commanded the "Skirmishers of the Seine," horse and foot. M. Franchetti was a Tuscan Jew, known to every one in Paris society, and since the war has been one of the darlings of Paris. He was brave, and yet cautious enough to keep up discipline. If he had a fault, it was that he was lavish of his person. M. Franchetti was carrying an order from General

Ducrot on the 2nd of December, when he was hit by a shell. He contrived to ride to head-quarters, and then he fell from his horse. He was wounded in the hip, and no operation, I believe, was possible.

Poor man! he was only thirty-six, very rich, had a wife and one child, and enjoyed life as a man under such circumstances should do. He was a volunteer in 1858-59, in Italy, where he distinguished himself very much, was badly wounded, and was in hospital at Milan for months. When I say that every Italian and every Jew in Paris were present, I think you can imagine the aspect of the Grand Hôtel. As the great cortége, decorated with the flag of a republic which the deceased despised, moved on through a dense crowd of people really weeping, three other coffins were marched off from the back of the same building—no honours for them. Yet they might have been as brave, good, and patriotic as Franchetti. So we thought as, bareheaded, we stood back to let the humbler convoys go past. I suppose we are in bad spirits, but the sight was dreadful; and I never shall forget the "Bah! I can stand no more of this," which broke from the lips of Don Diego, a Spaniard who has lived for years in Paris. The natives were all more or less weeping. "Don't cry

too much," said some one; "remember we have a week of battle yet to come."

Thursday, December 8th.—The official return of the last "campaign" gives us one thousand and eight men and officers killed, and five thousand and twenty-two wounded. We are assured that the Prussian losses are much greater; but I really do not see how the Provisional Government, which could only publish its own loss to-day, can possibly know that of the enemy.

We have a heavy fall of snow—another awful trial to young soldiers; but somehow fighting seems to have gone out of fashion, and yesterday F. L——, who knows a good deal, said, "We should fight no more."

There was nearly a "regular row" at Notta's last night. A party of Prussian prisoners were dining, got very noisy and very abusive. Government has relegated them to Mazas.

Friday, December 9th.—Miserable weather—"melted snow," as a poor early visitor has just feelingly described it. I hear that there was a great exodus of pontooning materials yesterday; but guns are silent this morning, and in spite of the reports that those

wonderful armies of the provinces are at Fontainebleau, I think that our hour has come—the "hour of resignation," as the late Earl of Derby said to the Archbishop of Canterbury at the railway station, when the Tories were once again shunted to make place for Palmerston.

We have got, too, another very serious question to the front—that of food. They talk of taking bread into the hands of the Government. Now, bread and wine were to be our stronghold, and were to last till June, 1871. If they fail us, it is all over. Wine has been concealed somewhere, no doubt. Of meat, the less said the better. Many persons cannot eat horse, and we are in that category. We can live on bread or vegetables, but on horse—no! So we have had no rations for six days. This does not perhaps very much affect the particular set to which we belong. Many of them have roughed it all over the world, and if they can get nothing to eat, go quietly to bed and, like the pupils at Dotheboys Hall, dream of a good supper with something hot after it. But the lower class is suffering, and grumbling with a hundred horse power. It is serious when a pigeon costs ten shillings, and a goose four pounds; when eggs are a shilling each, and when a dinner in a private house—the fish being pike! mon Dieu!

pike! — costs four pounds a head, exclusive of wine.

They have bolted all the animals of the Zoological Gardens, save the monkeys, which have been spared, as it was thought that eating them would be a reflection on Crémieux, and so bring the Government of National Defence into contempt.

Gambetta, as it seems to me, also apes the monkey very cleverly; but he is one of the sons of the Republic, whom his mother is sure to devour. I hope she will make a hearty meal.

The defence of Paris is now no longer a question of curtains, bastions, guns, traverses, or trenches, but of bread and wine, meat and coffee, of "de quoi vivre;" and for my own part I more than ever "en vois la nécessité." If we get into the habit of starving, we may perhaps overdo it.

Mr. Unthank keeps the most useful of hotels in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré; to-day he was arrested for keeping a Prussian house. Now really I should think that no Prussian had ever crossed the threshold of "No. 28;" but some fond familiar friend owed the landlord a grudge, and so he was denounced. The truth is, no Englishman is now safe in Paris, and we are all deservedly contemned for our exquisite littleness, which should never have come to the front.

"Apply to the Embassy," was said to Mr. Unthank. Unluckily there is no Embassy; and the concierge, though a burly and a worthy man, can hardly rescue us from the horrors of civil war, which are the next developments of liberty that experienced men seem to expect.

Heavy firing from Mont Valérien.

Saturday, December 10*th*.—Terrible weather—frost and snow. Our breakfast was frozen so hard that it had to be thawed before we could masticate it. This state of the thermometer, combined with the limited supplies of the markets, will, I fear, prevent our holding out till we can extend the hand to our brothers of the province!

In fact, we had better shut up, for I find that our losses are enormous—over ten thousand (the Prussians twenty-two thousand) last week; and worse then that, I learn that the "spicers" are not warlike, and have been very little engaged. 'Tis a muddle—a muddle—a muddle. Three men, very stern and practical, were talking it over last night—and a good deal of the night too—and that was their deliberate opinion.

Oh! my Paris, friend of my youth and companion of my mature age, I fear you are for our remaining

years a gone coon! I can find nobody with any hope.

I fancy I detect signs of reaction. The Comte de Chambord's speech fell flat; yet I think they must win the first heat.

We must return to eating! Well, we do so twice a day when there is no siege. I send therefore the *menu* for dinner on the eightieth "jour du siége" at Vachette's. To paraphrase a little, I should say, "Çà n'est pas magnifique, mais c'est la guerre."

Parmentier soup.

Butter demi-sel.
Hors-d'œuvres: Horse sausage.
Seine eels en matelotte.
Saddle of young donkey en relevé, sauce chasseur.
Croquettes of rats à la duchesse.

Sorbets au rhum.
Roast loins of rabbits.
Salad de barbe de capucin.

Galantine of hashed beef.
Macaroni à la napolitaine—without cheese.
Stewed fruits.

Small cakes à la graisse.
Wines, coffee, liqueurs, &c.

Sunday, December 11th.—Eighty-fourth day since we have heard from our friends. Our letters do go out somewhere in the "mounted balloons," but not an answer comes. I know for a fact that Messrs. de Rothschild are as destitute of news as we are.

We have been idle for nine days—ever since the retreat from Avron, and I cannot help fancying that the Prussians are laughing at us, though they too have had severe losses. The mitrailleuses literally sweep away regiments.

It is freezing very hard, and if we were "in statu quo ante bellum" we should all be skating at the "Circle of Pigeon-shooters;" the Imperial family would have been gliding round in "eddying circles," with a kind word for every one; Mrs. Moulton would have waltzed round us; the Princess de Saigon would have delighted us by being so handy with her feet; the Misses Simms would have gladdened the eye and heart of many of their noble army of martyrs; Mr. Atlee would have shown us the way over the water—all the people would have been jolly except possibly our Anglo-French Marquis, who probably would, like Sir Barnet Skittles, have gone so far as to d—— the frost, and have said, "When it's over, let you and I, old fellow, go to Tom Percival and get a bit of hunting." Well, it would have been a gay day

instead of a weary dull one, and we should have been going to dine, to talk, and to dance instead of going out to eat, carrying our food with us in a brass pot. We are assured that then it was all vice, and now it is all virtue. I do not say No; but, as a foreigner in Paris, I confess I prefer Imperial vice to republican virtue.

They have caught Flourens, and are going to try to try him. He ought to be shot, but the Defenders of Republican Faith dare not do it, and so he and the lieutenant who was in open mutiny before the enemy will be let off.

Monday, December 12th.—If anything can be more unpleasant than a frost, it is a thaw; but when you get both together they are unbearable. Such was the case to-day: it rained ice, and people were falling about like ninepins.

The attack will not take place to-day; many Parisians say not at all.

The wounded are dying very fast, as the Prussian balls are very destructive, and the air of Paris is pronounced to be very unwholesome. There are four hundred wounded in the Grand Hôtel. I am sorry to say that Mr. George d'Hérissen is badly hit in two places, and M. Saillard was yesterday in a delirious

state at the ambulance of the Foreign Office. This gentleman was, as I have said, the private secretary and chef de cabinet of M. Rouher, and so he was anything but honoured by a visit from M. Jules Favre.

Two letters arrived to-day, of course through the Americans. They are from the Duchess of Grafton and Mrs. Henry Baring, to M. de Bassano. From them we learn that Mr. Wodehouse was eleven days between Paris and London. This is a pleasant prospect for Lieut.-Colonel Claremont and Captain Hore, R.N., who started yesterday with the Russian military attaché.

The Prussian prisoners, who were not insulted, only asked for their papers by a friend of mine in uniform, have been exchanged. They were having a very expensive dinner, with Rhine wine, champagne, &c., and it got known that they were dining with an agent of Jules Favre, whose mission was to extract information. It was foolish to let them go at liberty in a city in a state of siege, but all is pretty well that ends pretty well! They should, too, have shut their doors, and not have "carried toasts" to the success of Prussia.

The Government of Defence has found out, a little late, that they have not mills enough to grind corn

for Paris: they are to-day erecting them (eighty-seventh day of siege).

There was a good deal of disturbance yesterday at the bakers'.

Bignon, at the Café Riche, bought on Saturday a wild boar—a "solitary" in history, I should think—for one hundred and twenty pounds. He gave ten francs a pound for it as it stood: he will sell it for twelve francs a portion, or thirty-six francs the pound.

The Belleville, a very self-asserting, district is better supplied with food than any other. *A propos*, Rochefort has entirely gone from the scene.

I thought I had never seen any body of men—horse, foot, or dragoons, regulars or irregulars—so utterly uncomfortable as the National Guards at drill to-day; and their dress, I cannot say uniform, was a motley spectacle. For instance, one man had on I presume his regimentals, then shoes and black cloth gaiters, then high leather gaiters, a brown great-coat, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief tied over his képi; add to this, spectacles and a cigar. If the men could be taught not all to talk at once—not to quarrel, shaking their weapons at one another, and calling to a man who is only doing his duty in preventing a crowd of curious Nationals stifling one of their

dying comrades—it would at least look more soldier-like.

Tuesday, December 13th.—A wet thaw.

What is Trochu waiting for now? The great sortie, when will it be? It reminds me of the old glee—

> "Which is the bettermost day to drink—
> Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
> Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
> Saturday, Sunday, Monday?"

only here they do not begin on the Monday. We were all ready, waiting for the ambulance, but it did not come; neither did the orders. It is said to-day that Prussia is preparing to act on the offensive.

Under the title "The First Fruits of our Misfortunes," the "Electeur Libre" has a curious article, in which it attempts to prove that, examined from a moral or material point of view, the disasters of the last six months are really of benefit to France. Not only have they killed Imperialism, Legitimacy, and Orleanism, but have crushed the Red, and started for good and all the Serious Republic of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. This is possible, though, as far as the eternal duration of any government in France, it is permitted even to the most credulous to doubt.

Whether the Parisians will quite *in extenso* agree with the "Electeur Libre" is doubtful, but I wonder what they will all, in and out of Paris, say to this:—"The prolonged presence of the enemy in the country accustoms us to living with them and *loving* them."

I have just heard a piece of news, which I hope is not true. The Marquis de Castelbojac is reported killed, not in action, but taken and shot by the Prussians as a spy. He was in the Francs-Tireurs, and as I know that the Prussians said they would treat all that corps as marauders, I fear it may be a fact. The news came to M. Daru. The Marquis de Castelbojac will be remembered by all the English who came over to shoot pigeons "in the good old times," or who assisted at the English festivities given at the return matches. It is said that M. Cartier also has been shot.

This is the twelfth day we have received (not being equestrians) no rations. There is trouble about bread, and a talk of allowance. Coals, coke, and charcoal are not to be got, and wood costs six shillings and eightpence the two hundredweight. In the most crowded and most industrious quarter of Paris—not Belleville, nor Villette, where food is plentiful—but down in the little streets south of the boulevards, the distress is immense, and the

illness is in proportion. Those little dark, old-fashioned streets are peopled by families who make the useless necessaries of civilized life, known as "articles de Paris." Poor people! Republican virtue has done for them; and their occupation is as much gone as that of the Moor of Venice. If you think I exaggerate, I will bring up a reserve of facts. I have seen within a few hours at least a dozen wholesale dealers in the same "articles de luxe," and they all sang in chorus, "When the siege is over, we go for ever." This chapter of exodus is not confined to any class. All are going to leave Prussian or republican Paris who can, and England will see the revival of the French immigration of the time of our grandfathers and grandmothers.

I saw De Moltke, Danish Minister—the representative of Holland—and the Austrian Military Secretary here to-day. Even Italy has left a consul.

Wednesday, December 14th.—When, very reluctantly, I got up this morning, I made three discoveries. The first, that it was the wettest morning, and had been the wettest night we had had, yet as hot as June ought to be: the walls were really running down with damp, and when you opened the window it required no doctor to tell you that you admitted, not fresh air,

but typhus fever. The second, that I was asked for a subscription towards the defence of Paris; this being about the nineteenth. They are usually presented by a corporal's guard of the "Grocers," to whom no non-combattant can refuse his franc. If they would only charge the enemy as they charge the dwellers, *nolentes volentes*, in their tents, what soldiers they would be! I think in future of putting on uniform, and meeting them in the doorway with a sword and a sou—the illiberal translation of "more kicks than halfpence." The third was, that Dr. Adolphe Moreau (the son-in-law of Nélaton) had sent me the Order of the Red Cross—that is to say, the *brassard* of the International Ambulance. Now, does this mean battle? Chi lo sa? Nobody should, that is evident.

Poor Baron de Saillard is dead. He succumbed to his four severe wounds just as he was (rather *malgré lui*, for he disbelieved in this fountain of honour) gazetted Commander of the Legion of Honour. He was a rare specimen of a diplomatist who was successful, and who still ought to have been a soldier. He started in life as a Foreign Office clerk, and died—almost on the field of battle—as Minister Plenipotentiary and colonel of a battalion of Mobiles, which he literally *kept* to the front. I knew him well. He was charm-

ing at the Foreign Office, telling all that he could tell—and I think we demanders of news are not over-addicted to delicacy—with a kind frankness, and fighting on the field like his ancestors. On the first page of this Letter-Diary, I mention a visit to him, and it was first from him that the fatal shadow of Sedan fell upon those who paid him that visit. In such a record of revolution as this, perhaps it is not too trivial to record that, on the 29th of August, Baron de Saillard, being then at Vincennes, in command of the "First Seine Battalion," we were all engaged to dine at the "Tête de Noir" at the bridge of Joinville. Mutiny arising in the head-quarters caused the party to be deferred. In this instance, that which is put off is lost. He is dead, more than one of the party is wounded, another prisoner; the ladies, lay-sisters of charity, and the *auberge*, where we were to have "discussed the prospects of the coming campaign," a little ruin amidst a ruined town.

It is curious to note that the littleness of republicanism will not allow any reference to the cleverest Frenchman now living *out* of France to be made in its published panegyrics. The great test of Saillard's ability was, that Rouher selected him for his chef de cabinet. If Mégy had done anything, Favre would have signed an order about the man who

"was lost, but is found again," and Trochu would have countersigned it.

We come back to our *defences*—our true trenches, which should be called "trenchers," for I venture to predict that starvation will take Paris, and that starvation has "put in position" its fatal guns. In spite of the decrees of this decreeing Government, the *people* do not get bread. I can instance a poor woman—representing a district—who has not eaten meat for four weeks, nor bread for three days. And, listen to this, my dear friends who are going to dine out very well, or at the club, better; this is not from want of money to buy that bit of the staff of life that is put on your plate, and about which you say, "Stokel, give me brown," but simply the essence of existence, which now Lord Hertford, if he was alive, could hardly get, and which Mr. Wallace gets with so much difficulty, and distributes with such noble liberality.

I was interrupted while writing by another applicant for a subscription. As I do not even know his name, I may say that I have seldom met a greater gentleman. He came to ask for clothes. "We have found," he said, "starving families naked."

We told him that we had given everything to a family which was both naked and starving. "I know

it," he said; "but what are we to do?" What are we to do! What is the population of Paris to do! What is Paris! What is France! And a year ago it was the happiest capital in Europe.

Thursday, December 15th.—We are not talking so much about fighting as we were, but then death is very busy among us. Not only does it seem that the Prussian bullets are venomous, but that the air—or want of it—in the hospitals, joined too to most unhealthy weather, is very fatal. I am assured that unwholesome atmosphere hastened the demise of Baron de Saillard, from whose funeral we have just come back. We met at the Foreign Office, where he breathed his last in the *cabinet* where I have so frequently seen him. His suffering was intense, but he stood it like a hero, and I fully believe died the death he would have preferred. He had, to use his own expression, "pinned his faith on the Empire, which was the great future of France," and I think he regretted not having fallen before the collapse of the dynasty.

Jules Favre, the man in France who must have been the most opposed to each of his cherished views, was, by one of the wonderful turns of this revolution, his chief mourner—the proof that the citizen had

deserved well of that Republic which he so detested. An escort of the Line, dirty and untidy to a degree which even those who remember Balaklava could scarcely realize; an elaborate hearse; the baronial escutcheon; the revolutionary flag; his own *corps d'élite*—the Mobiles of the Seine; a long line of carriages, and there you have the prelude to the sad performance, for sad it truly was.

I should say that it is years since such sincere grief has been felt at any funeral ceremony at the Madeleine. There was weeping; women in fits. Everybody knew Saillard, you see, and just now tears are turned on at high pressure. It was a striking scene; the long dusky church lined with troops, and crowded with men in every sort of dress which a tailor can conjure into "uniform." There were a few ladies present in the deepest mourning, and some Sisters of Charity. Of course a crowd of priests, who would be better dressed in uniform and in the trenches; the Portalés family, who are the republican relatives of the departed Imperialist; and I should say the whole press reporters of Paris, so about the day after to-morrow we may have details.

The service was inordinately long, and the music good in quality, but very little in quantity. There was, however, one unexpected point, which produced an

effect that I shall not easily forget. The sacred bell had sounded, and the order "ground arms, and kneel," had been given; there was an instant of dead silence, and then Mont Valérien opened fire (I believe on some works), and sounded a requiem, such as everyone said Saillard would have wished.

It was curious to note who were present. Jules Favre was there, with that awful aspect with which an unkind Providence has afflicted him; the Portalés family; the head of the house of De Rothschilds; the Duc de Trevise, lately Imperial Chamberlain; M. Edmond Fould, in the dress of a "full private" soldier; another private, Baron de Billing, of the French Foreign Office; M. du Buisson, aide-de-camp to Prince Napoleon; the Hon. Mrs. Carnegie, the only English lady present, and a very old friend of De Saillard; Dr. Gordon, Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals; M. de l'Aigle, erst of Albert Gate; M. Jean Lemoine—but I might go on for an hour. I noticed that all the great Orleanists were present. The women were weeping, the guns firing piteously, and the rain falling heavily as we escaped from this sad ceremony. "It is two o'clock," says A——. "So late! then let us take a cab at once."

We change the scene. A level greensward in a private garden of the faubourg where duchesses used,

I dare say, to make jealousy, which they called love, and where Clive Newcome used to meet his cousin. It is a small party—six in all, but there is the greatest politeness—I had almost written, the sternest etiquette.

"So many feet?" "Perfectly." "And the ground is level?" "I think so, Baron." "But," says the Baron, "that cross light displeases me; and I will not stand in a furrow." "No, nor I against a tree." "A lovely day for it, Marquis."

Stripped to the shirt they go at it, two good fellows whom the tittle-tattle and *cancans* of a club have driven to do their best to kill one another. I know them all—principals, seconds, doctors, and believe everybody did his best to prevent a duel, which, if fatal, as no one could escape, must have led to the guillotine—the great glory of republicanism—and the death of an aristocrat.

Saillard, whom we had buried at 2 P.M., had a duel in abeyance; but this one was so bitter, though about nothing—non c'era anche la donna!—that fight they would, though De B——, one of the best men on the ground in France, strove night and day to stop it.

For forty-five minutes they fought like tigers. V. C. got it right through his shirt once, but it glanced his side. P—— caught it nearly. V. C. is stout and near sighted, but he fought like a man,

tired out his antagonist, and at last got home on his sword arm. "Je suis touché," said M. P——, and the foils were knocked down by the umbrella of the Baron de B——, who I fancy (P——'s wound is not dangerous) slept better last night than he has done for some time, for he has had great responsibility.

I confess to have been awfully anxious about the affair, as the men were all opposed to the Government, and it would have made great capital out of a desperate duel of aristocrats in a time of siege.

Friday, December 16th.—We have volumes of evil tidings, and no news of fighting, which I think has lapsed. Amiens and Rouen taken, and Havre threatened! In the mean time the roads are bad, and the artillery horses worse.

The Line ran away at the last battle saying, "We have no officers, and cannot fight one to five."

We took a long walk through the deserted village, and found that our gas had gone out (like the grocers) "en gros et en détail," and though petroleum is useful it does not make a city look gay. There was nobody about but beggars.

A bear—an old friend—was being sold and fought for at the shop door. One carrot cost one shilling and fourpence, and both carrots and turnips were

sold wholesale in the market for two shillings the pound. Onions fifteenpence a dozen. Horse-eating does not seem to be satisfactory: after a day or two the consumers get sickness and irritation of the skin. Dining out is impossible, as St. Thomas himself was not more incredulous than we are about food. "A cat, a dog, a rat has life"—it can also be roasted. Voisin's price for a cat's head (rabbit) is six and eightpence.

Saturday, December 17th.—General Clément Thomas reports that the 200th battalion of Grocers went to the front so drunk that they all had to be recalled! And yet they talk of fighting the only army in Europe!

The Empress and Palikao are at Wilhelmshöhe, and I foresee a return to the Regency, a peace, and an abdication. Vinoy says Paris can hold out till the 10th of March. I am not of the opinion of Vinoy. We have little food, no gas, bad weather, worse news, and general depression.

I was asked to-day what we should have for dinner. I said, "Oh! just give us a calf's foot, parsley and butter, and potatoes." "Perfectly," was the reply; "I've got the parsley." Some National Guards thought proper to laugh at an American asking why,

as he had lived so long in Paris, he was not fighting for France. "Join us," they said. "No," replied my Yankee, who is almost a cripple, "I can't do that, for I cannot run away, and you would all be off in a hurry and leave me alone."

Baron de Rothschild and Mr. Blount calculate that the war has cost half the amount of the National Debt of England.

Sunday, December 18th.—Some rather obscure news from Gambetta. The main point seems to be that one division of the army of the Loire has effected a masterly retreat, but somehow it is always a retreat. D—— said to-day that the French on the whole had been victorious since Sedan. "Dear me," said Dr. G——, "how like a French victory is to a defeat!"

The Vicomte Henri de Rochefort is about to republish the numbers of "La Lanterne." He has written an introduction, in which he calls the Emperor a brute (sic) and a coward. Now I presume that the Belleville Vicomte means these as abusive epithets, and would not like them applied to his noble self; but for those who have seen him in the flesh (and black dress clothes in the morning), and recall his conduct of the last year and a half, it is instructive to reflect on the deception of appearances.

Blunder the last. The Defence gentlemen have stowed away in the Halles quantities of potatoes and cheese, only they packed them damp in damp places, and so to-day they are "demded damp, unpleasant bodies," more fitted for "top-dressing" than food.

A very dull day, and I hear that for want of ventilation the wounded are dying by dozens. Wounds and disease are rapidly destroying Paris. There were 2728 deaths this week. The population of Paris to-day is 2,300,000.

"Le Combat" treated us to a sensation to-night:—

"Citizens!—I affirm that on Wednesday last I saw at the National printing office a typographical sketch waiting to be set up, containing the proposition of a plebiscite placing before the public this question: 'Will you continue the defence? Yes, or No?'

"Steichley, printer, 203rd battalion, 3rd company, Rue Aumaire, 37."

The idea was not considered impossible to-night. There is to be a great attack, and then if defeated—as every Parisian to whom I have talked says they must be—some such question must be posed.

M. Treitt dreads the rows in Paris which, he says, must follow victory or defeat. He has lived in one

quarter of this city for thirty years, knows rich and poor, is very popular, and he says the discontent is very great and increasing. A *femme de ménage*, too, told me to-day, that at Courcelles and Batignolles the people say, "Why should we work? We do not wish to labour for the King of Prussia."

Monday, December 19th.—At midday all the gates of Paris were closed for good. I presume that this does not apply to those who have the stamped orders of the governor. All the ambulances were ordered for this morning, and, as usual, every opposition company was running against its particular enemy. I hope they do a great deal of good, but they do it in a very middling, not to say muddling, way.

The very weakest official circular I have ever read appears to-day "officially." It is written by Chaudordy, who is really the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Tours or Bordeaux. It is the old story, complaining of the savage conduct of Prussia during the fiercest war which has raged for years—a war embittered by the strongest international hatred. Imagine writing an official circular to tell your agents that not only property—shawls, lace, and wine-cellars have been looted and ravaged— but "human life has

not been respected!" The fact is, M. Chaudordy had a strong case, but was not equal to plead it before the court of Europe.

The sortie is put off till to-morrow. As the gates of Paris are closed, we presume something will happen; but I hear that Vinoy ignores Trochu and abuses Ducrot.

The allowance of food in the Haussmann quarter was yesterday seven potatoes for five people for three days. Last week it was a handful of bones!

Tuesday, December 20th.—Ninety-third day of siege. The sortie is put off till—to-morrow.

"To-morrow! falser than the fleeting day!"

If the "fight does not come off" (old Limmer's language) in a day or two, I shall morally throw up the sponge.

We have another Jules Favre document, telling the Parisians not to be impatient, and assuring them of final victory.

The "Electeur Libre" calls attention to the Eastern Question, and suggests that as France must be represented at any Congress, England by its navy and Austria by its army should force Bismarck to accept the Republic. The "Electeur" forgets that it is

Imperial France which must be present at the Congress. The French, should the god of arms declare himself on our side to-morrow morning, will make great capital out of this same "question d'Orient."

At the ambulance in the Evangelical Chapel, Rue Namours 16 (Ternes), I saw to-day a little hospital, the very cleanest in Paris except the American. I only spoke to one of the eight patients. He was hit below the knee on the 30th of November. The bone is shattered, and it will be necessary to remove the splinters. The patient, however, looks as well as if nothing had happened, and says he is doing well and suffers little pain. A new system is applied; it is, I believe, the American suspension system. The leg is supported horizontally by slight wires, from which depends the linen cradle on which it rests, and the whole is attached to a wire depending from the bed, and having a swivel. The patient has a "gouty-bed" rope, with which he can pull himself up, and with his hands and his sound foot can change his position,—the maimed limb remaining in constant rest.

The 201st battalion of National Guards went utterly drunk to Issy.

A very small cabbage to-day cost four shillings and

twopence; in England you would give it to the rabbits!

Midnight.—We are in for it to-day, and are under orders for 6 A.M. I suppose an attack from our north-east. Unluckily there was a notice on Sunday that the gates were to be closed on Monday, and so for forty-eight hours the Prussians have known—their spies being legion—that there is something up.

Wednesday, December 21st.—We started from the Nouveau Collége Chaptal at six o'clock on the very coldest day I ever felt. It was not difficult, however, to awake, as the troops had murdered sleep from a very early hour. All night, indeed, there had been one *broken* line of National Guards, marching north-east by the boulevard and the Rue Lafayette. If making a noise and walking—not marching—"at ease" is a sign that you are going into action with a real good will, these should be the boldest soldiers that ever left the walls of a beleaguered city.

It was still dark, the petroleum lamps casting, not light, but shadows over the streets, when I called out "cordon," and passed through the gate into the utter dampness. I found myself in the midst of a mobilized National Guard corps, which had lost its way; nor

did there seem to be any officer to inquire for it or direct the men. Somebody halted them, and when the officers had taken their early coffee, they came up in no hurry, asked, "Citizens, where are we?" and lounged on to their laughing, singing men. As for stragglers, had they marched from Beauvais instead of Batignolles, there would scarcely have been more. The whole of Paris had been disturbed all night, and the *rappel* was beaten throughout the city at all kinds of ungodly hours.

Charity now does not stay at home, even if it begins there (if I was commander of an army, perhaps there are times and places when I might wish it did), and it is a sad preface to the coming battle to see the melancholy convoy of ambulances which now follows each army to the field. There was a sad procession, a mile long and two or three ranks deep, halting for final orders when day half broke over Belleville. We went off at last, after an hour's unnecessary shivering, and passing by Pantin, the driver cheered us up by little anecdotes of Tropmann, pointing out the field; then along the bleakest road possible in this temperate zone, crossed the Strasbourg railroad, and arrived at a four-road-way, which once, I am told (*once*, being six months ago), was a very pretty spot. At present it consists of a broken windmill, a deserted

garden, and "La Folie," a villa from which this village delighted in by Sunday citizens took its name.

As we were halted there for final orders for some three hours, we had an opportunity of learning the history of the place. "La Folie" was once the residence of one Rigolboche, a lady addicted to animated dancing, and to the giving of Sunday parties. The remaining skeleton is still the property of her family, and one of the respected race was then nailing up creepers on the front of the ruins of the house, while the basement was occupied by an Etat Major, and they were harnessing the horses to two new mitrailleuses in the courtyard. These new and improved mitrailleuses are deadly weapons, twenty-one large-bore rifles discharged in as many seconds by one turn of a handle. I hear that for a certain distance the charges "ball," but at about a thousand yards they spread out to a most deadly circumference.

We were kept in this bleak spot while contradictory orders were sent from Trochu to Favre, from Ducrot to Vinoy, for three hours. We were in a demi-desert, the few remaining trees, shrubs, railings, falling under, or rather into, fire every moment. Before us was Bondy, deserted and ruined; on our left, Bobigny, deserted and destroyed. Is it odd that

some wished to go home to bed? I think not. Just then an official told us we were attached to the reserve (when I say "we," I mean an ambulance corps for which I carried the Geneva Cross flag), and should not be wanted till late. Five minutes later there was an order for immediate advance, and indeed it needed no experienced ears to know that it was growing hot. We went on by one of those long, dreary, straight roads lined with poplars—only all the poplar trees were cut down—and arrived at a curious cross-road. There were ranged ambulances, staffs, ammunition-waggons, waggons which should have strictly speaking been at the front; while field officers on omnibus horses galloped wildly, utterly impotent of guidance. I met one whose saddle had turned round. (Some of us know what that may be.)

"Put your saddle right," cried a trooper. "Your girths," bellowed a soldier. "My orders," cried the field officer, who had put his boots and brass spurs the wrong way into his stirrups. "Such a muddle!"

On our left was evidently a strong body of cavalry, and artillery were said to be advancing.

Under the screen of a ruined village ranged up one of the battalions which were to support the defences of Paris. They were picturesque, and should be effective.

Somebody said, "Get on! get on!" "Halt," said an official; and because I have nothing to do with them except wishing them well, I can say "Why 'Halt' these charitable hospitals if they are to exist? If they are of any use, use them, but do not play with them." At the hottest point of one of the attacks they were shut up for an hour in a small bricked-up sort of garden, when, as they fear not at all for their skins, the ambulances and ambulators might really have gone about at their own risk doing the good they intend.

After a time we went forward to Drancy, that being the point attacked on our part of the line. We found the reserve with piled arms in a very good position, sheltered from Prussian fire, though, as I thought next day—when I saw the opposed position—not very much sheltered.

French soldiers even as a reserve force, but as near as possible in action, seem to wander about when not standing actually to arms, like any crowd at any spectacle. I must say it—The sight of the long line of carriages going out to the "Porte" of battle, the place arranged as it used to be for a prize fight, and "kept dark," the crowd of boys offering papers, all reminded us sadly, yet seriously, of fights and races.

We were advanced again, and got into rather a warm position, and then somebody—General Some-

body commands the republican army—sent us back. Then again "Forward!" was the word, and on went the *brancards* of every description. We went right on to the village of Drancy. You never heard of Drancy, probably; no, more did I, and yet I have spent two days there.

Drancy must have been a very "prettily-situated hamlet in a well-wooded district"—I quote the late Lord Byron's (some of you must have heard of his writings) late friend, George Robins. It is now a treeless heap of bricks and stones. There is a church with a most artistic monument, the lights and shadows being miraculous. The body of the building has as yet been spared, but the spire has been reduced to a very low level, and the clock is fairly "knocked out of time," as a round shot has gone clean through the face. As you look down from the sort of terrace on which the marine battery was mounted, you really look over a very lovely landscape for France, which is more celebrated for the meretricious attractions of its capital than the pure and serene charms of its country.

It was now about one o'clock: there was a lull in the firing; soldiers looked cold and disgusted; officers disheartened. "Encore une autre journée de cette façon," said an aide-de-camp.

Suddenly they went at it again, and if heavy firing, as quick as file-firing, is a sign of good artillery, the republican gunners should be, and they are, promoted to the "A 1 Battery." But still, a great artillery action, such as lasted to-day from one to two o'clock, and at the end of which I could count the French wounded on two peoples' fingers (I do not say their dead, for nothing will convince me that in spite of official reports they have not lost a great number), must surely be a gigantic mistake. It seemed to me that they permitted the French to "squib" away as long as they liked; but when they got serious, the Prussians, who have no doubt the range to an inch, dropped their shells in the very centre of the village. We were shivering under a wall—waiting for wounded—when some shells dropped into a field on our side of the church and village.

And now I must record a fact. It is thought, and believed even, that the French *soi-disant* Government has bought a quantity of shells from the English Government. It is even said that Dr. Russell has seen shells with "W."—for Woolwich—on them. On Wednesday many shells exploded in the air. "Tiens donc," said a lot of French naval gunners, "those unhappy English have purposely sold us bad shells! Let them look to the East."

"But," said M. de l'Aigle, looking through his field-glass, "the Prussian shells burst just the same." I fancy some of those "bad English shells" burst rather seriously over "Queen Elizabeth's regiments."

Prussian shells now burst rather near us. Suddenly there was a movement. "Why," observed one of our party, "they are limbering up!" "Ain't we retreating?" asked another; and then at two o'clock our side ceased firing, and—let us say, "fell back." I read officially that it was night which put a period to this noisy strife. If so, night set in at 2·15.

There were few wounded, and fewer killed, but the army was damaged. In fact, nothing was effected. The new corps were kept under arms for hours, and had no opportunity of warming themselves. The Line was in a very bad temper, and the gunners asserted that they fired for nothing.

To describe this or any other battle is impossible, but I can give to any one who knows Paris the exact range of this action, about which the authorities lied with several circumstances. It was a feint to-day for an attack to-morrow. The fighting on the "right" was nothing; the serious affair was on the "left." At the "left" they reversed that statement. The truth is, and they have acknowledged it officially, that they tried to take Bourget—a terrible bone of

contention—and "although we failed in our object, we cannot too highly praise," &c.

Bourget, I should tell you, is a little flat village commanded by a French battery on one side, and a Prussian redoubt on the other, and neither side can hold it for twenty-four hours. It was the turn of the French to try and take it: they tried, and failed.

The French and Prussians played a rattling duet for the last hour, and the latter must have got our range to a yard at least. How so great a fire could have been sustained for so long a time with so little loss of life is a wonder. I saw about twenty slightly wounded brought in on mules. The American ambulance took back seventeen, two of whom are since dead, and five were taken to the Foreign Office. A general was killed, and I saw one dying man carried off the field by the Frères Chrétiens.

The history of this day, which is of extreme importance to France, is very simple. It was a pretended attack on the whole line, from Mont Valérien on the west to Ville-Evrard and the Maison Blanche on the east of the lines of Paris. Fighting went on for eight hours. Two little places were taken by us on our extreme left; but the real attack—Bourget, on our extreme right—failed. It was a day, and some life lost, and another proof, if another was re-

quired, that an armed mob without officers can have no chance against a regular, disciplined, and well-commanded army.

The cold was intense too, and that is a deadly enemy to the wholesale army of grocers, who live in rooms as innocent of fresh air as they themselves are of cold water. One of our party had his hand frost-bitten. The general order was, "All present at 7 A.M. to-morrow."

Thursday, December 22nd.—We started from the Rue de Rome at 7 A.M., drove directly to "La Folie," where we were kept shivering for hours, because evidently Trochu's plan of to-day was not Trochu's plan of last night. *A propos!* to warm our carriage they deliberately cut down three fine trees!

I heard two conversations as we sat round that reckless fire. An evangelical pastor said that he was a great republican, but, as there must be a head to any republic, he was also an Orleanist, the existing branches of that family having never intrigued *against* France. He said also that he had the most friendly relations with the present people, but thought they had done infinitely more harm to France by the *coup d'état* of the 4th of September than was effected by the Imperial measure.

"We are the vainest people in the world, and our vanity will destroy us. We should have made peace after Sedan, as Russia did after the fall of Sebastopol, and Austria after Solferino, but our conceit would not allow us. Since the 4th of September we have blundered from blunder to blunder, and if my friends do not take care, they will force the Emperor of Germany to reinstate the Emperor of the French."

"Then," I suggested, "an honourable abdication, a regency, and the Imperial Prince."

"Yes," was the reply, "that, or the Orleans dynasty, is the future of France, where a pure American republic is an impossibility. We are *not* a serious people."

The other conversation also poured in torrents towards a Franco-American from the mouth of a French Protestant preacher, who has just, at a very early age, obtained (as I was told) some great clerical position solely from his power of self-assertion—in plain English, impudence.

I heard him state that discipline ruined an army; that his disputant was one of those who "loved kings, the stranglers of peoples, and who wished soldiers to be ordered, and so become slaves! Next you will say that the Prussians are soldiers, that Moltke is a general, and perhaps that Bismarck is

a genius! Wait till you see the men and the soldiers which will spring up under the true Republic now dawning in France."

That serious Republic, which is now putting up stalls so that *Lui* can buy a new year's gift for *Elle*, is becoming uncommonly like restaurant champagne—"Frappés, mais bien frappés."

We suggested that if, as they declared, there was hot fighting beyond the hills of Dugny, we had better go there, and after several military councils and much telegraphing to Paris we started. I ventured to suggest that they were not fighting, as the men were intrenching their position, and the artillery, which had just been advanced in hot haste, was now returning at the coldest and most frigid of paces. But we went on. We passed exactly under our Drancy position of yesterday, and arriving at "Le Petit Groslay," found the French advanced outposts.

"Le Petit Groslay" must have been one of the largest farms in this part of France. A farm-house which would be good in Rutlandshire, two large gardens, the trees and shrubs of which were decorated "by the kindness of the French and Prussians" with the *débris* of the kitchen utensils. I saw two cullenders myself in an apple-tree, and a frying-pan

hanging on a dog-rose. There was a great court-yard, at the entrance to which was written, "Parlez au Portier," and in the yard a large quantity of agricultural implements, many from Howard of Bedford. The extreme ingenuity of the military destroying power must have been brought into action at this point of operation. The house and out-buildings have been shelled till nothing remains but the outer walls, but it must have required engineers and hammers to have broken, as they are broken, the innocent instruments of agriculture.

The gardens were of course really kitchen gardens, for soldiers were cooking all over them; and it is a curious fact that the private soldiers had rice to sell, and sold it to our driver, who drove with that rice a good deal better bargain than he did with us.

We were staring out of this sad ruin, which is crenated, when suddenly somebody said, "What is that flag?" Everybody examined it through his glass. Result—"Yes, it must be a flag!" "But," says some one, "why might it not mean a wounded man?" We went forth to see, and found a man slightly wounded, who had fallen in the trench which divided France from Prussia. He must have had just sufficient strength to have been able to stick up his tent pole in the ground, and tie his handkerchief to it.

Nobody saw it. We found him dead—frozen to death, unseen, unsought, unfound within rifle-shot of the French and Prussian outposts; and when I asked the French officer in command of his outpost at the ruins of poor M. Gilbert's farm to bury his own men, he said, "Well, I'll dig a hole; but it vexes me much; those animals will fire on us." They would not. The Prussians, whom I personally detest, are soldiers, and, what is better, gentlemen.

As we were looking at the frozen wreck before us, a white handkerchief was waved, and a Prussian officer advanced from a cottage. You saw several outposts when you got within the lines, and the men all looking at you through field-glasses, themselves being quite out of sight of the French outposts.

The officer advanced, we saluted, and he said, "We have more of yours here," and offered to send a squad to bring the French dead into the French lines. It was accepted, and I confess that I have never met a greater gentleman than the officer, though he would *not* talk of the Eastern Question, or better looking, better dressed men than the party he told off for the sad mission. It was the "Queen's Guard."

Ah! what a scene! There is a field below Drancy in which the French had a battery and a strong force of the Line. When affairs got serious, the

Prussians opened fire from an unexpected battery at Le Blanc Mesnil, which raked the right of the French advance. It was not, as it chanced, deadly, but since the well-known Woronzoff road, I am sure that so many shells have not been thrown into so small a space. The level of the Magenta station was nothing to it; yet that was hot.

I saw a scene. We picked up two dead, and "packed" them—you must excuse the expression, for it is truth—and went off to "pack" another. We halted the cart at the spot where a shell had lost this poor gunner the number of his mess, and were going to lift the corpse, when suddenly the horse bolted on to eat a carrot, the driver rushed away to cut two cabbages, and a hundred yards further three soldiers were cutting into beef a field officer's charger, which still carried the full dress head-gear. My cabbage cutter, an old dragoon, was grinning over his plunder, and the guns of Aubervilliers were thundering over our heads, and adding every minute other numbers to the returns of "killed, wounded, and missing."

We gave up our bodies to the Jesuits, who, under the command of Monsignor Bauer, are really working like men—not priests—for the soldiers.

By the side of that road by which we have all so

often driven to "La Folie," they sang a requiem over those poor frozen dead who knew no more about the cause or rights of the war than the next five men in the streets do of Constantinople or the Eastern Question.

Two of these Christian Brothers had been out for twenty-four hours without food (except a bit of chocolate), and were under orders for twenty hours more.

Friday, December 23rd.—A day of rest, and of intense cold.

I heard again to-day the vanity of the Parisians denounced by one who has lived among them for forty years. He said, "I was abused for saying that Prussia was better prepared than France." "It is not a war of the Emperor, but of the people, and France will rise like one man," said somebody to my friend. It is only fair to say that this loud barker declined biting, and indeed left France before the least danger arose.

Saturday, December 24th.—Very bad reports about the troops, regular and national, and an intense cold, which will be Moscow to both sides.

Sunday, December 25th.—A merry Christmas! I had to break the ice in my bath, and thaw my tooth-brush and sponge by the fire.

A merry Christmas! When a turkey weighing five pounds is worth sixty shillings, when a cabbage costs seven and sixpence, and an egg one and sixpence.

A merry Christmas! When there is nothing to make merry with, and nobody with whom to make merry. Hospitals crowded with the dying; heaps of dead on our surrounding heights; hardly a family which is not in mourning, and even in grief, which is quite another thing; starvation staring us in the face; fuel burnt out; meat a recollection, and vegetables a pleasing dream. Oh yes! by all manner of means a merry Christmas.

Not the slightest news. We went out to dinner. We dined in the Faubourg St.-Honoré, had a lean turkey, seven baked potatoes, and a plum pudding, and very good they all were.

Monday, December 26th.—Intense frost, and orders published for the return to Paris of all the National Guards who can be spared from the front—that galley in which they had better never embarked.

It is said that the cold is more severe than it has

been this century. I am certain it is more severe than it has been since the first year of the Crimea.

Mr. Wallace has again distinguished himself by his munificence. He has given about twenty thousand pounds in charity, and to-day receives the following address, which I record, as just now, when we English are so detested, it is good to hear a word in our favour :—

"To Mr. Richard Wallace.

"We are penetrated with the deepest gratitude for the fashion in which you lavish your fortune on our dear country.

"Permit us, a few citizens, yet the mouthpiece of all, to thank you for your sympathy with our wounded and suffering. The history of the siege of Paris will be an everlasting monument to the noble Richard Wallace."

No juster eulogy was ever evoked, only it should have come from the Government—and not from "ten tenpenny tinkers."

"Beastly hole!" said a Frenchman last night. "When I can get out I will shut my eyes and never open them till I am in England; and back to Paris never."

The French took a Prussian outpost at the Maison

Blanche, knocked down a wall which had sheltered the riflemen of the enemy, but in doing so lost several men wounded and missing.

The cold to-night was very severe, and we must expect the very worst effects from it.

The 3 per cents. are at 52,60.

Tuesday, December 27th.—We were awakened by the heaviest firing we have yet heard in Paris, and I confess that I thought the final hour was about to strike; but at 10 A.M. the fire ceased, and as yet nobody knows the cause of that great expenditure.

The official paper has yet another official article, in which it is clearly hinted that the weather (and no wonder) was too severe for the National Guards, and that Trochu was forced to send them back to their hearths.

The worst news I have heard to-day is, that bread is becoming very short, and in that case I fancy all is over. As beer to the Englishman, so is bread to a Frenchman; and, moreover, we are just entering into another unhappy phase of this siege—it is snowing fast.

I must now take you out marketing. I have just heard of a piece of fresh pork, but I find it is thirteen and fourpence per pound. There was a good supply of antelope, kangaroo, buffalo, and por-

cupine, but they cost eleven shillings and eightpence the pound. A turkey weighing five pounds was sold for sixty shillings; eggs are one and eightpence each; butter, twenty shillings the pound; antelope pie cost three and fourpence the slice, and is very good; and pickled donkey is beyond price. Next week all the omnibus horses are to be salted. Very stupidly they are eating all the horses "de luxe," instead of giving them to the cavalry, and roasting the troopers.

According to the papers, "Boidratcher," which I presume means "Birdcatcher," which cost the Martins two thousand pounds, has been "requisitioned," and will be cooked and eaten.

A propos of thorough-breds. I met two—a son and daughter of the "Flying Dutchman"—in the very thick of the action on Wednesday last: one of them was "Mousie," one of M. Lupin's string.

M. Grefulhe has given his stud to the Eclaireurs of that Seine. The corps to-day presented the Republic with two guns.

I wish some of his London friends could have seen an ex-attaché of Albert Gate as he appeared to-day as a private, and with his head enveloped in a knitted worsted helmet!

The wonderful desire of destruction which seems

to be inherent in a republican who really loves his country, has just been forced on me in the most unpleasant way. M. Verdier is the great rose gardener of Paris, and had a garden inside the walls in which, at proper times and seasons, some twenty thousand rose-trees bloomed. The "people" broke in, destroyed, and even uprooted every tree, and then passed on to the next garden and deliberately smashed some acres of hand forcing-glasses. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why to-day a small cabbage costs seven and sixpence.

The only person who keeps up his looks and his spirits is the Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps. He is very sanguine, and has become since the siege the happy father of a son and heir. Madame de Lesseps is here.

There are some feeble attempts to establish the usual "Day of Year" fair on the boulevards, but it will fail.

I call your attention to the following "Tableaux de Siége" *à propos* of Christmas boxes :—

NOËL.

Dans une froide et triste chambre
Dont les carreaux nus sont fleuris
Des grands bouquets blancs de Décembre,
L'an mil huit cent soixante-dix,

Un enfant, face enluminée,
Vêtu d'une robe en lambeaux,
Tout au fond de la cheminée
Cherche en souriant ses sabots.

Une femme au front plein de rides
Le regarde, le cœur serré.
" Oh ! mère ! mes sabots sont vides !"
Dit-il d'un air désespéré.

" Pourtant j'avais été si sage !
J'avais obtenu cent bons points !"
Et des pleurs mouillent son visage
Tandis qu'il sonde tous les coins.

Soudain, très-grave, il se redresse
Et dit : " Le bon petit Noël
Sans doute ignore notre adresse ;
Je ne l'ai jamais dite au ciel !"

" Hélas ! chéri," répond la mère
Pressant son fils sur ses genoux,
" Il la connaît bien ! mais la Guerre
L'empêche de venir à nous :

" Comme il sortait du bleu Royaume,
Son grand panier d'or fin au bras,
Les soldats du vieux roi Guillaume
Ont dit : ' Halte ! on ne passe pas !'

" L'Enfant Jésus aux lèvres roses
A répondu, d'un clair souris :
' Messieurs, je vais porter ces choses
Aux innocents nés dans Paris.'

" ' Au diable !' ont dit ces cœurs indignes,
' Jetez cela par les sillons ;
Vous ne franchirez pas nos lignes !
Vite, ou bien nous vous fusillons.'

"'Alors, je veux voir votre maître
Et ses généraux triomphants,'
A répliqué Jésus; 'peut-être
Ils feront grâce à tant d'enfants.'

"Mais cet Hérode à barbe grise,
Ayant bu plus que de raison,
S'est écrié: 'Quelle sottise!
Fourrez-moi ce drôle en prison!'

"Et voilà pourquoi cette année,
Noël, chez les gens comme nous,
N'emplit pas par la cheminée
Les sabots d'enfants de joujoux."

It seems that the Prussians attacked to-day on the east side, but with no especial object, and apparently with no tangible success. The French say that they silenced the enemy's fire, and probably the Prussians say the same. The firing was heavy for two or three hours, and evidently if De Moltke has unmasked his batteries it is for some serious attack. At any rate there is an end to any sortie having for object the capture of Chelles; nor can I believe that to-day's fire was the effect of fear, or an indication of any intention to raise the siege. Probably it was to try the range of their siege guns.

There were many wounded.

Wednesday, December 28th.—The cold continues intense, and the Parisians are hand to hand disputing

the question of "going on till the last man," or making peace. I think it is rather a question of the last loaf. No firing, no light, and no food—that is the actual state of about half the population by the showing of the "Defenders" themselves, and I think MM. Jules Favre, Trochu, and Co. will be much to blame if they hold out till actual starvation forces them to yield. Imagine the state of the population for the six weeks following the surrender!

It is now said that it is too cold for "Trochu's plan," and that when the thaw comes it will be too wet and the roads too bad for Trochu's plan. The lively general is, unluckily, a military man with an idea.

There have been two little stampedes—one of Line officers, who ran from Ville-Evrat to tell General Vinoy that they had been "surprised" and General Blaise killed; and another yesterday, when "only a few men left the trenches." Vinoy, however, is a soldier, and acted as no citizen commander can do, and so sent them to be tried by military law.

Thursday, December 29th.—The bombardment is going on in desultory fashion, but the two days have cost the French about a hundred and fifty killed and wounded. It seems that the officers suffer out of

all proportion. At Avron the loss was considerable, and four officers were killed.

A horrible episode marked the history of the bombardment of the opening day. A Colonel Heintzler and his wife were giving breakfast at Avron to several friends, a servant being in the room. One of the guests was laughing with the hostess, and said, "No butter, certainly, but there may be a shell in its place, and——" As he spoke a shell burst in the room, killed six of the party, wounded severely the host and hostess, and only the doctor of the regiment and the servant got off unscathed. The remains of the six came just now to the Val de Grâce hospital, but it was such a human ruin that no individuality could be recognized.

The Prussians are firing with eighty guns, some of them being 112-pounders, and ranging from three miles and a half to four miles.

More curious facts of this startling siege. Mr. Geisling, one of the great "scullers" of the Seine, and well known here in connection with Church and Charity, is in the Mobiles of the Seine. On Christmas eve he was on duty within five or six hundred yards of the Prussian lines, and the rifle shots—odd compliments of the season—were mutually passing like good wishes at a friendly party.

At midnight he left the trenches, advanced to the Prussian lines, and sang a Christmas hymn. The Prussians ceased firing, and did not recommence till the Anglo-Frenchman finished and coolly retreated into his own lines. Another true story:—A friend of mine went to-day to see an ambulance, and where do you think it was? At our old friend the "Closerie de Lilas," that garden of delight so dear to the "étudiants" and "étudiantes." Being a man of strict moral habits and customs, he had never been there before—had he, what curious, fantastic, weird dances of dissipation, what visions of lovers in arbours would have flitted through his brain as he administered the chloroform to that poor Engineer who bore the thoughts of amputation so bravely, but who awakening from the stupor and finding his leg really amputated could not refrain from tears! Yet another—a contrast, bordering on the absurd, but yet containing the element of the horrible, as next to starving women and men come starving domestic animals:—A gentleman sent yesterday to his butcher's for any possible scraps for his two favourite cats; the answer was this—"We will give no food to any cats, but we will buy any cats to sell for food."

M. Deboos, the butcher of the Boulevard Hauss-

mann, has just paid one thousand and eighty pounds for three of the elephants of the Jardin des Plantes, which he proposes to kill, cut up, and sell at sixteen and eightpence a pound as "bœuf de siége." This will keep certain cooks of certain capitalists employed perhaps for ten days, but it certainly will not benefit the poor and needy; and had the Government been that which they are not, they would really have taken all meat, normal and abnormal, to themselves and served out "rations;" as it is, their system is absurd, and the result a failure.

If we are really reduced to kill the elephants, the omnibus horses, and cut down the trees on the boulevards, Champs-Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, is it not time (having little else) to eat humble pie? Why not do on the 1st of January what you must do on the 1st of March, and so save two months' battle, murder, starvation, and sudden death?

The report of General Trochu was to-day quite touchingly naive. He says that his men were not even prepared for these final efforts of the disheartened and despairing Prussians. He proposes to "modify his system of defence." It is rather difficult to define the meaning of modifying a passive defence.

The following is literal and peculiar:—"In spite of serious losses, the troops, although at first a little astonished, stood with firmness this violent attack of a character entirely unexpected by them."

Unexpected! It is the one hundred and second day of the siege, and everybody has been expecting it daily since the "débâcle de Châtillon." A surprise after three months is hardly being "taken unawares;" besides, some two hundred thousand Prussians have come to Versailles to take Paris by shot and shell or starvation.

The French fell back to-day from Avron, and in fact have retired behind the forts, and guns and swords are now set aside by knives and forks. It is a question of who has most to eat.

Friday, December 30th.—Things look as bad as they can be. The truth is, Prussia has been playing with Paris as a cat with a mouse. The guns, which are thundering as I write, predict the fall of Paris presently, but I think the fall of Trochu directly. He is certainly a false, weak man, and a bad soldier; but those who elected or selected him forget that he has to command a republican army, in which the privates are as good as the officers.

The cafés which can give anything to eat—ante-

lope, camel, or kangaroo, for instance—were crowded with men in uniform, denouncing Trochu and his general orders.

Good temper was not increased by the spectacle of batteries evidently coming *from* the front.

The shops have taken alarm at the first notes of the overture of the new piece by Il Maestro Krupp, and are closing rapidly. In the Rue Castiglione there is scarcely one open.

There were some uneasy demonstrations—chiefly against Trochu, who will soon be Déchu—at the Hôtel de Ville, but they passed off pretty calmly after all, and if the Government will only keep the National Guard *en évidence*—marching them all over Paris—and really give us our promised "New Year's Gift" of potted meat, they may last in office till the 15th of January, when we are supposed to die the death.

Saturday, December 31*st.*—As hard a frost as I ever felt, and much harder than I ever wish to feel again. The suffering in the trenches, and even in the forts, must be perfectly awful, and I wonder that all the volunteers have not ran away to their own hearths.

Another proclamation from Trochu! He says that the wicked Prussians spread false reports, and really

are going to "add the bombardment of our forts to their other threats and intimidations. The French army require a little rest, and even this the Prussians try to prevent by the most violent bombardment ever experienced by troops."

The General then goes on to state that there is no difference of opinion among the ministry, and that they all agree to "face together the agony and peril of the country with the idea and hope of saving it."

I should say that General Trochu has written more nonsense than ever commander conceived before.

The attack on the eastern forts continues, and they were hammering away pretty heavily when we got up this bitter morning.

With that curious delight in ruin which seems characteristic of republicanism, the papers are in raptures to-day because Mont Valérien has entirely destroyed Malmaison. In war, if a sacrifice is necessary, it must of course be made, but it seems to me unworthy of the "most civilized people in Europe" to rejoice over the wreck. Malmaison, too, was one of the pages of the history of France. Napoleon and Josephine especially selected it as a quiet residence; many of the designs of the First Empire were con-

ceived there; and the Empress Josephine died there on the 29th of May, 1814. It then fell into the hands of Queen Christina of Spain, from whom Napoleon III. repurchased it in 1861.

Castor and Pollux died yesterday in their seventh year. They are being sold to-day on the Boulevard Haussmann. When alive they were elephants; now dead, they are beef.

It was much too cold to see the old year out, so, as residents in Paris, we drank, in the very coldest of water, confusion to the last hours of that fatal year 1870, and went to bed to the pleasing melody of minute guns from all the forts, which music lasted all night, and awoke us up to the new life of 1871.

JANUARY, 1871.

Sunday, 1*st*.—New Year's Day.—It may be a happy new year, but, judging from appearances, it is hardly likely here to be a merry one. "Le Jour de l'An," though, individually speaking, it was the greatest bore possible, was a day of dear delight to the Parisians. From the *cocotte* in her splendid apartment in Haussmannville, down to the grand dame in her dingy hôtel of the faubourg—perhaps a family residence for centuries—every one had received a present; and this interchange of good gifts was confined to no class: your very concierge offered you an orange (to-day they cost one and tenpence each). Then there was a mighty rushing of omnibuses, carts, cabs, coupés, and carriages, and everybody called on everybody, and there were several state receptions.

You sent cards by halfpenny post to all your acquaintances—it took about three days to direct the envelopes—and they all returned theirs. Ten minutes would be enough for the directing this year; indeed, I read that on New Year's eve, 1870, four million

cards were confided to the post, and they calculate that there may be about three thousand this year.

Then the *étrennes* were really curiosities of extravagance and "Paris work," and it would have been worth going back to a small private school to have been presented with some of the goodies from Siraudin's and Boisier's.

This year it is a bitter black frost. There are no donors or recipients of Indian shawls, or five-franc boxes of bonbons; if you wished to send cards, you might post them to the four quarters of the globe, and would not get one in return.

Instead of last night's bal masqué—and this morning's consequent supper—there was a political lecture at a blood-red club; and if you had gone to the Café Anglais, they would have offered you a cold monkey pie, or a lump of a brougham horse, which probably last year waited outside the door in the coupé of one of "those small ladies."

Finally, every ten minutes you hear the deadly dull sounds of a heavy gun which sends some poor fellow to his long account.

We have more proclamations, more complaints of the "harshness" of the enemy, and more appeals to the good feeling of the people.

The "Commune" party has been very disagreeable

again these last few days, and the Government of Defence will continue to take "headers" into their inkstands.

Louis Blanc writes to Victor Hugo that Paris has only to will to win, and it seems entirely to have escaped the notice of M. Louis Blanc that there is a point at which privation ceases and starvation sets in. With food, and care never to attack, Paris will hold out as long as that food holds out; beyond that, resistance would be criminal folly, and indeed I think that Paris is now an untenable position.

The Prussian attack on the east side is redoubled in intensity, and they have thrown shells into Noisy-le-Sec, which lies unpleasantly near to Paris, being about two miles from the Gate of Villette. It is thought that this may be a feint, and that the real attack may be on the west, Mont Valérien being the position to be assailed. It seems odd, and unless they have finished works of which we know nothing, that they should assault the strongest point; but probably De Moltke knows what he is about.

The suffering among the respectable classes is, I hear, fearful. The very poor are relieved, and the National Guard gets one and threepence a day, his wife sevenpence-halfpenny, and a great deal of parish assistance. The rich can buy—at a price—all kinds

of curious luxuries; but it is the class between which can get no food, even if it has got money.

The Administration blunders very much in its distributing. For instance, in the good "parishes" we have had horse for six weeks, while the Belleville and Villette districts have frightened the Government out of pork, rice, and preserved beef.

Horse will never do as regular food. To use a racing expression, "it has been tried, and has broken down."

Monday, January 2nd.—Nothing new. At least, only another proclamation from the Government, which is as usual of the Jack Horner kind, and that is nothing new.

The report is that the Prussians fired very heavily yesterday. It looked as if Belleville was to be the side bombarded, and indeed shells fell near the Pantin gate yesterday. The enemy also sent some of those *étrennes* to Vincennes.

The population of the twenty arrondissements of Paris, exclusive of sailors, soldiers, and National Guards, is, this second day of 1871, 2,005,709. What are two elephants and a few small monkeys among so many?

There have been two serious accidents from playing

with unexploded shells. Your National Guard finds a great cast iron thing like a loaf of sugar, drags it home, shows it to his family and friends; it slips through his fingers, explodes, and the Prussians wound several whom they have not fired at. The other day we were coming home in a most shaky cart belonging to an ambulance, when the driver proposed to bring home a fifty-pounder in the swinging shelf attached to his conveyance. Luckily we saw him putting it in, or we might all have been blown into imperial Germany.

There is a vague idea that another sortie on a great scale is imminent. They had better stay at home, especially this weather. No guns were to be heard to-day, but I met sixteen of La Presse ambulances, driving off somewhere in a string.

"La Presse" is the ambulance of which Monsignor Bauer is the head, and he has had two very active aides-de-camp in two Englishmen—Mr. Elyot Bower and his son.

I went to see other English at work to-day—Mr. Wallace, the Honourable Alan Herbert, with Doctors Shrimpton, Cormack, and Smith. They devote three hours every day to distributing relief to the English. They have now twelve hundred, each of whom comes once a fortnight for an allowance of food and money

from the British Charitable Fund. Unluckily food is getting scarcer, and every day they are applied to by new petitioners, driven less by want of money than by the impossibility of finding food. This committee works with a will, and the business is managed in a way which would give a good lesson to some of our municipal authorities here.

On my way I saw another kind of "out-door relief." There was a rush as for the pit of a theatre, of eager purchasers of elephant, which was sold at forty shillings the pound. Voisin, buying wholesale, paid one pound eleven and eightpence. This will spoil the Jardin des Plantes, but it will hardly help any of those to whom two ounces of really fresh meat would perhaps be a shield to ward off typhus and small-pox, now raging fearfully.

As to the appearance of the "most sagacious of all quadrupeds" before he is cooked, I can only say, as the man did of Daniel Lambert, "He is very big and very fat." And so he well may be, when I read that his daily consumption was one hundred and twelve pounds of rice, and a quarter of an acre of green stuff, which he washed down with forty gallons of water.

Tuesday, January 3rd.—The Prussians threw six hundred shells into Nogent, and only wounded one

man; but I am told that Rosny has been a good deal knocked about. People are getting alarmed at the illness, sickness (over three thousand died last week, and this does not include those in the hospitals, where, as a rule, every operation means another death), and want of food. In the ninth arrondissement, for instance, which is a respectably conducted quarter, in spite of a pompous announcement that New Year's Day was to be fêted by distributions of preserved beef, chocolate, and rice, the disappointed housewives returned with a minimum portion of wretched horse.

I trust we shall not hold out as long as was predicted to-day by an Englishman long resident here. After finding great fault with the French for accusing Prussia of doing precisely that which France should have done, that is to say, "preparing for this war for ten years," he said, "I know them well: they will hold out till they have eaten human flesh, just in order to say they have done so."

If they eat the thirty thousand cavalry mounts, they can last till February; then I suppose we should (according to this gentleman) come down to the infantry, beginning by the right and eating the Engineers first.

I was amused to see that one of the best saddlers

in this city has closed one of his windows over his saddles and bridles, and filled it with the preserved remains of the noble animals for which those trappings were originally intended.

The elephants having been sent to their large and long home, it is now the turn of the hippopotamus; but the buyers rather hold off, as the lowest price is three hundred and twenty pounds.

The military officials made a nice little blunder yesterday; they sent orders for the Ambulance de la Presse to send down two hundred waggons to remove the wounded from St.-Denis, which point is thought to be the next for attack. Rather astonished, they got together as many conveyances as they could, and went off to the last resting-place of French kings. When they got there they found that wrong directions had been given: the wounded had been carried into Paris by the "Intendance Militaire," and instead of two hundred carriages being required, it was intended to say there were two hundred wounded.

A curious fact: each ambulance has to send in fifteen "States" to fifteen different authorities, and yet we are told that there is no nonsense now.

Wednesday, January 4th.—The bombardment still continues without much evident effect, but the

French will not allow, which seems to me perfectly possible, that as yet the enemy may have only been testing their ranges. If St.-Denis is to be their point of attack, I think that their spies must have deceived the Prussian authorities, for to the north it is as strong as can be conceived, and of course the French if forced out of the town would blow up the bridge and retreat behind the river.

An infantry soldier was arrested yesterday in the act of open desertion from the advanced outpost where he was on duty. He was shot at once; the only true act of strict discipline yet to be recorded. In future any one trying to pass the lines who does not halt at the first call, is to be shot "sans mot dire." But what will republican virtue say?

The deserter's name was Weiter, which certainly was against him. When I remember the scores of Germans which we knew in the offices and shops of Paris, it ceases to be a wonder that the army of the enemy is full of spies, or that there are dozens of soldiers now round Paris who know that city better than Berlin. Trochu, having military authority, should have sent all foreigners out of Paris, and suppressed the press. Then he would have been the "tyrant" required for such a crisis. As it is, he is the essence of military milk-and-water.

Look how the Prussians conduct "Moltke's little game;" they never make a false move. Here are two instances come to my knowledge to-day. When a Prussian soldier goes on outpost duty, the captain of his company inquires what is the nature of his "faction." If in a wood, he has a heather-mixture capote (grouse-shooters will appreciate that provision): if against a wall, he is clad in a stone-coloured garment; on a hazy day all the men are dressed in grey. These perhaps are minor details, but if you, being in Paris, had tried from the advanced outposts to discover a Prussian whom you know to be in sight, you would admit their value. Again, when the Prussians send trains full of food and ammunition, as they do from one army to another, they send with every train a French official well known in the district, and publish the fact.

All is fair in war; but when we read the same day "officially," that the assailed made a "petite expédition en avant de Groslay: several Prussians were wounded" (though how the deuce the French, who never know their own loss, got at the "return" I cannot conceive), "six prisoners, and three wounded on our side." We begin to ask, what are these futile efforts, and what are their effects? I wonder if

Napoleon or the Duke of Wellington made "little expeditions" with a corporal's guard.

We are favoured to-day by the Paris papers with a letter from England. Now, I chance to know something of the difficulty of getting news, and also know how easy it is for the patriot "cis-Seine" to indite the views of the "citra-Seine" friend of France, and so I may be allowed to doubt the authenticity of a letter addressed by one Monsieur Holyoake in England to Monsieur de Rohan here. If it is authentic, I should immediately order large supplies of "red caps" for the London market. I do not think I shall do so though! I think I shall wait.

It is curious how names turn up at different critical periods, when "devotion to your country," or to somebody else's, is as it were in the market. Why, I remember a De Rohan—a Jersey man—always offering patriotism in the shape of contracts to Garibaldi in Sicily in 1860. But it cannot be he, for he sleeps with his island ancestors. Light be his contracts over his grave!

To return to the great question of the day—the ammunition of the mouth. Government is cutting down literally all our best horses: with a republican spite, they are selling the last reserves of the stables of the Emperor and the Prince Napoleon.

They are selling them of course from "pure virtue;" yet, allowing the Emperor and the Prince to be demons in the virtuous eyes of Jules Favre and Trochu—who swore the very latest allegiance to the Imperial household—I will defy the reddest radical to deny that the stable was nearly perfect. I have ridden a good many of the Compiègne hunting stud myself, and I thought they were good enough for others in England. They are going to kill the horses because they were Imperial, while the staff of the Paris generals, who have a circuit of some thirty miles to traverse at a moment's notice, are going to be mounted on hacks which even butchers cannot buy. They would be even bad "chops."

Eighty more omnibuses are taken off the road. To be sure, nobody was left to go in them. Eating their horses will be trying digestion very high.

A man going down a street was asked for sous by a child, who said, "I have not eaten a morsel since this morning." It was then twelve o'clock. "Then you have four meals a day?" asked the médecin. "Yes, sir," said the starved boy. "Then I won't give you a sou." The angry man (who *is* charitable) went on, but hearing a noise, turned round, and heard these words:—"Animal that you are! I told you to

say not since *yesterday* morning." What is lost by want of tact!

Thursday, January 5th.—We have had the first really bright frosty day of the season—one of those days which are called "nice bracing weather" (not "embracing weather," as I once heard an Essex nurse say), and which are indeed phases of cold obstruction, which Dante should not have kept out of his list; and all the persons still remaining in Paris were out with the lark, which in siege time means about twelve o'clock, to "assist at the bombardment." Every good place was taken before 1 P.M., and there was a perfect rush for the Trocadéro, and other elevated positions. The performers on both sides did their best to amuse the audience, but an unkind nature kept a curtain of fog down all day; and so, except the cannons' angry roar, nothing was seen or heard. I have also "assisted" at several hot days, but I never, except once for a few hours, under Gaëta, heard harder firing than to-day. What are the results we do not know, and probably never shall know, but I should say not very great.

The Prussians are playing a game with the army of Paris, and I expect that some day we shall be assaulted where we least expect it.

As for the official returns of killed, wounded, and missing which are published, I consulted the best military authority in Paris to-day, and he says they are simply absurd. It is a curious fact too, that we, who never know our own losses, are so wise about the losses of our enemy. According to *our* information, the Prussians have fired twenty-five thousand shells and shot at a cost of sixty thousand pounds, have killed half a dozen men, and wounded three times that number. I sincerely wish I believed it true, but I do not.

Could any one compile the contradictory reports circulating here from frigid morn to frozen eve, he would have the most extraordinary coop of *canards* ever exhibited to the public. The provinces are victorious all along the line; Chanzy has cut Prince Frederick's army in two, and is eating the two divisions leaf by leaf, like an artichoke. (I wish I had one.) No! Chanzy is knocked into a "chapeau à trois cornes," but has "retired in good order."

We have discussed the question of food very often; but I must relate one little anecdote. I was walking through the Marché de la Madeleine with Madame de W——, who stopped to ask the price of twelve larks. Are not four sparrows sold for a farthing?

No, they are not: they ask more. The lucky holder of this stock said, addressing me—he is a citizen-greengrocer of my acquaintance, and I believe a field officer—"Take them for seventeen and sixpence (here he saluted; he was in full uniform); and were I you, citizen brother, I should not miss this opportunity of paying this little New Year's homage to madame."

This citizen brother did nothing of the kind; but between us we bought and shared two pennyworth of shallots.

One ambulance has done a wise thing: that of "La Presse" has requested Dr. C. A. Gordon, Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, to accept the "brevet" of honorary member; which means, they will work him to the bone if they want him. They are in earnest though, and do not blunder like the wiseacres of the Grand Hôtel.

Friday, January 6th. — Shells fell in the city of Paris near the Pantheon, the Luxembourg, and in the market of Montrouge; but no lives are reported lost. The unjustifiable proceeding of bombarding a beleaguered city after some one hundred and ten days' investment, seems to have astonished, and rather shocked, our simple-minded rulers, for they met

together at once and produced this innocent epistle :—

"The bombardment of Paris has commenced.

"The enemy, not content with firing upon our forts, hurls his projectiles upon our houses; threatens our hearths and our families.

"His violence will redouble the resolution of the city, which will fight and conquer.

"The defenders of the forts, exposed to incessant firing, lose nought of their calmness, and know well how to inflict terrible reprisals upon the assailants.

"The population of Paris valiantly accept this new token. The enemy hopes to intimidate it; he will only render its bound the more vigorous. It will show itself worthy of the army of the Loire, which has caused the enemy to retire; of the army of the North, which is marching to our relief.

"Vive la France! Vive la République!

"GÉNÉRAL TROCHU, JULES FAVRE, EMMANUEL ARAGO, JULES FERRY, GARNIER-PAGÈS, EUGÈNE PELLETAN, ERNEST PICARD, JULES SIMON."

There is a childish simplicity in the second paragraph, which says quite as much for the hearts as the heads of the composers.

To-day all seems very calm, and I have not heard a shell.

It is calculated that the Republican Government has given away since the 1st of October more decorations than Napoleon I. distributed after Austerlitz. If an amateur wounded-retriever gets in the way of a shot, he is knighted on the spot. There is a slight drawback to the dignity of these decorations—a cross is, as it were, placed against the recipient, for the Fountain of Honour rises from an impure source.

Cavaliers bring to my mind the wonderful riders which we see every day—infantry officers promoted to the staff. If somebody does not take away their horses they will do themselves a mischief. I saw a major to-day trying to go north when his charger wished to travel south. The horse had the best of it, and finally ran away with his rider in a walk.

Messrs. de Rothschild have given a noble gift of warm clothing to the needy classes of Paris. If properly managed, eight thousand pounds will clothe a wonderful number of people starving as much from cold as want of food. This is another proof of the great charity of this house, if such was required; but no proof can be requisite to those who know anything of Gunnersbury or Mentmore, or who saw, as I

did, the thousands of weeping poor who followed the funeral of the Baron James.

We consume six hundred and fifty horses a day, so I think we may judge of the length of our tether: we can judge by "half a head." The seventeenth and eighteenth editions of the Imperial Correspondence are out, but there is, with the exception of the following interesting letter, nothing in them worth the fourpence they cost. If the Government wished to prove that the Empress was an affectionate wife and mother, they were wise to print her letters.

Note by the Emperor on the affairs of Spain.

"La révolution de l'Espagne c'est faite au cri de: 'A bas les Bourbons!' et cependant il y a un parti à Madrid qui, ayant reçu de fortes sommes du duc de Montpensier, travaille à le faire arriver au trône. Nous avons un profond respect pour les décisions de la volonté nationale, et si le duc de Montpensier est régulièrement élu par la nation espagnole, nous n'aurons rien à dire. Mais avant que cet événement se produise, si toutefois il doit avoir lieu, nous tenons à dire notre opinion. Si la nation espagnole ne veut plus de Bourbons, tant mieux; mais si elle revient sur sa première impression, il me semble qu'elle ne pourrait pas faire un plus mauvais choix que d'élever

sur le trône un d'Orléans, répétant en Espagne l'usurpation de 1830, et donnant à l'Europe le funeste exemple d'une sœur détrônant sa sœur. D'ailleurs, la situation de l'Espagne, dans ce moment, ne nous semble pas faite pour admettre le choix d'un prince ayant déjà des antécédents accentués et des opinions faites.

"Si l'Espagne pouvait supporter l'état républicain sans courir le risque de voir son unité nationale compromise par la reconstitution de royaumes indépendants, c'est ce qu'elle aurait de mieux à faire : car cela donnerait le temps à la nation de faire son éducation politique et d'apprendre à se connaître elle-même ; mais, puisque la république n'est pas possible, tout ce qui en rapproche le plus nous semble ce qu'il y aurait de plus profitable. Or, le hasard a voulu qu'il y eût un jeune prince, le prince des Asturies, sur la tête duquel reposent tous les droits monarchiques. Il est d'un âge où ses opinions personnelles ne peuvent pas compter, et peut être élevé dans les opinions du jour, loin des flatteurs et des intrigues. Son âge permet une régence, qui serait probablement exercée par les hommes qui ont donné le plus de gages à la révolution. Et ce régime ressemblerait fort, pendant sept ou huit ans, à une république, où les agents pourraient être changés par le vote des Cortès, et le prince

des Asturies ne serait que l'enfant chargé d'occuper un poste auquel aucun ambitieux ne peut prétendre."

Siege scenes are amusing. Madame la Duchesse X——, with a pipkin in her hand, and her child carrying a *botte* of carrots; M. de S—— coming to dinner with the compliments of the new year and a mutton chop for madame, and a Knight Commander of the Bath paying the homage of a pat of butter!

"I don't see 'Fifine.' Dear little dog, where is she?" "You'll see her presently," with a sad look towards the kitchen, from which comes a strong smell of roast "siege lamb."

Saturday, January 7th.—Fourth day of the bombardment of the city.—Shells have fallen as far as the garden of the Luxembourg, and in the Montrouge district have done some harm. I was up at the Luxembourg to-day, but though the fire was heavy there was neither alarm nor even excitement.

At this critical period the Communists have again appeared, as if they especially wished to serve Bismarck. It is impossible to deny that there is truth in some of their allegations against the actual Govern-

ment; but no one—no serious person—thinks that the hundred and thirty-nine signers of the following address, nor M. Flourens, who writes a supplementary letter from Mazas, are able, if they are willing, to do any better. We have five hundred thousand armed men, and not a soldier; a very strong military and political staff, and not one man.

The Maires and their secretaries now meet and give their opinions on military matters, and it was proposed to have a triumvirate—Trochu, Favre, and Dorian, and a sort of Board of Aldermen to assist at their councils.

I do not the least admire the existing Government, but I believe M. Jules Favre means well; and truly they are to be pitied, for as yet they have pleased nobody, and have worked like slaves. What I dread is the *contre-coup* of Favre's stupid "not an inch" speech to the cleverest man of the day, who held at the time, not inches, but miles of French territory. This is the Communists' address:—

"THE DELEGATES OF THE TWENTY ARRONDISSEMENTS OF PARIS, TO THE PEOPLE OF PARIS.

"Has the Government which on the 4th of September took upon itself the national defence fulfilled its mission?—No!

"We number five hundred thousand fighting men, and two hundred thousand Prussians invest us! With whom is the responsibility if not with those who govern us? They have thought only of negotiating, instead of casting cannon and manufacturing arms.

"They have resisted a *levée en masse*.

"They have left the Bonapartists in office, and imprisoned the republicans.

"They did not agree to act against the Prussians for two months, till after the 31st of October.

"Through their dilatoriness, their indecision, their indolence, they have brought us to the verge of an abyss: they have neither known how to govern nor fight, even when they had at hand plenty of resources, food, and men.

"They have not comprehended that in a besieged city all who support the struggle to preserve the country possess an equal right to receive subsistence. They have not been able to foresee anything: where abundance might have been, they have caused misery; people die of cold, and almost of hunger already; women suffer; children languish and succumb.

"The military management is still more deplorable: sorties without object; murderous struggles without result; failures repeated, sufficient to discourage the

bravest; Paris bombarded.—The Government has shown its capability; it kills us.—The safety of Paris demands instant decision.—To expressions of opinion the Government replies by menaces only. It declares it will maintain ORDER—like Bonaparte before Sedan.

"If the men at the Hôtel de Ville have any patriotism left, it is their duty to retire and let the people of Paris themselves take means for their deliverance. The Municipality or the Commune, by whatever name it is called, is the only salvation of the people, their one resource against death.

"Any association or admixture in the actual power would be only a bungle, perpetuating the same mistakes, the same disasters.—Now the continuation of this *régime* means capitulation, and Metz and Rouen teach us that capitulation is still not only and always famine, but the ruin of all—ruin and shame.—It means the army and the National Guard transported as prisoners to Germany, marching through towns exposed to the insults of foreigners; commerce destroyed, industry dead, war contributions crushing Paris; that is what is prepared for us by incapacity or treachery.

"Will the great people of '89, who destroyed bastiles and overturned thrones, wait in sluggish despair till cold and famine have frozen the last drop of

blood in their hearts, whose beats are counted by the enemy?—No!

"The population of Paris will never accept this misery and shame. It knows that there is still time; that decisive measures would permit the workers to live, and all to fight.

"A general requisition,—gratuitous rations,—attack *en masse*.

"The policy, the strategy, the administration of the 4th of September—a continuation of the Empire—are sentenced. Room for the people! room for the Commune!

"The delegates of the twenty arrondissements of Paris:—

"Adoué, Ansel, Antoine Arnaud, J.-F. Arnaud, Edm. Aubert, Babick, Baillet père, A. Baillet, Bedouch, Ch. Beslay, J.-M. Boitard, Bonnard, Casimir Bouis, Léon Bourdon, Abel Bousquet, V. Boyer, Brandely, Gabriel Brideau, L. Caria, Caullet, Chalvet, Champy, Chapitel, Charbonneau, Chardon, Chartini, Eugène Chatelain, A. Chaudet, J.-B. Chautard, Chauvière, Clamousse, A. Claris, Clavier, Clémence, Lucien Combatz, Julien Conduché, Delage, Delarue, Demay, P. Denis, Dereux, Durins, Dupas, Duval, Duvivier, R. Estieu, Fabre, F. Félix, Jules Ferré, T. Ferret, Flotte, Fruneau, C.-J. Garnier, L. Garnier,

M. Garreau, Gentilini, Ch. Gérardin, Eug. Gérardin, L. Genton, Gillet, P. Girard, Giroud-Troullier, J. Gobert, Albert Goullé, Granjean, Grot, Henry, Fortuné Henry, Hourtoul, Alph. Humbert, Jamet, Johannard, Michel Joly, Jousset, Jouvard, Lacord, Lafargue, Laffitte, A. Lallement, Lambert, Lange, J. Larmier, Lavorel, Leballeur, F. Lemaître, E. Leverdays, Armand Lévy, Lucipia, Ambroise Lyaz, Pierre Mallet, Malon, Louis Marchand, Marlier, J. Martelet, Constant Martin, Maullion, Léo Meillet, X. Missol, Dr. Tony Moilin, Molleveaux, Montelle, J. Montels, Mouton, Myard, Napias-Piquet, Emile Oudet, Parisel, H. Piednoir, Pérève, Pillot (docteur), Pindy, Martial Portalier, Puget, D.-Th. Régère, Betterer aîné, Aristide Rey, J. Richard, Roselli Mollet, Edouard Roullier, Benjamin Sachs, Sainson, Th. Sapia, Sallée, Salvador Daniel, Schneider, Seray, Sicard, Stordeur, Tardif, Treillard, Tessereau, Thaller, Theisz, Thiolier, Tridon, Urbain, Viard, Ed. Vaillant, Jules Vallès, Vieillet."

To this Trochu answers by another proclamation:—

"CITIZENS OF PARIS,

"At the moment when the enemy redoubles his efforts of intimidation" (a strange description of a

serious bombardment), "attempts are being made to mislead the citizens of Paris by deceit and calumny. Our sufferings and our sacrifices are urged against the continuance of our defence.

"Nothing shall wrest our arms from our grasp. Courage, confidence, and patriotism!

"The Governor of Paris will never yield!"

Yet when writing this, the "Governor of Paris" knows perfectly well that unless relief, military or commissariat, come to us, in thirteen days he must capitulate.

We have wonderful reports of the armies of the provinces. M. de Rothschild has heard of a great victory, and Prince Frederick Charles is prisoner, wounded, or killed (*selon votre goût*). Of course all this may be true, and if the Chanzy or Bourbaki army can catch the Prussians in the rear, and we make a great sortie, Paris may break the steel circle "with which we are darkly bound;" but time is the essence of this bargain.

Less than a quarter of a pound of horse for a person for three days; no wood, except some very dear at any price, as "exit in fumo" is the end of any investment; no vegetables; a partridge worth one pound seventeen and sixpence; with managers who

have lost acres of potatoes, a hint at shortness of bread and wine—I fear the last day of French Paris must be at hand.

There was a good deal of excitement in Belleville last night, but on the whole I should say the commoners failed again. Yet there they are at Belleville and La Villette, a chronic opposition to any government, which would oppose the Commune itself in six weeks.

A Paris paper gives us to-night, in English, the opinion of a "personage" hostile to the Republic on the state of the provinces:—"These damned Frenchmen, in spite of their *assenine* quality, are getting the better of the Prussians."

I must finish by telling a true story of the ramparts. A sergeant having just placed his men, had gone into the guard-room for a minute. As he came out he saw a sentry returning to his post, where he had left his chassepot. "You have been drinking at the canteen," said the non-commissioned officer sternly. "Yes! citizen; it was so cold. Don't say ——" "Yes, citizen, I will say. You might have let a fellow know, and I would have gone with you."

We have a lovely thaw to-day: perhaps it will resolve, or dissolve, "le plan de Trochu." I fear it must be terribly unwholesome.

There was an advertisement for a charger to-day: the chief qualification was, that he must not be "apt to take umbrage."

Sunday, January 8th.—If noise is any sign of a heavy fight and a loss of life, somebody must have had a bad time last night, for neither side ceased firing, as I know to my sorrow, having slept like a top—which really means turning round and round incessantly, from 8 P.M. till 8 A.M.

It is difficult to read the strategy of the Prussians; as difficult as it is to get at the returns of French killed or the fact of French damage. To-morrow I suppose we shall have a *quasi* return, and more particulars of the loss of the Prussians. "Methinks they do assert too much."

I suppose this very rapid thaw, assisted by the threats of the Communists, will force into blossom the plan of Trochu; but for some days the cross country roads must be impassable for artillery with such horses as the gunners and drivers have at their disposal. The alternatives of the week to come seem to me to be the "Deus ex machinâ" of a provincial army—fresh supplies, or a sortie.

The supplies are the "vital point" though, and much as they may deride the "Red Address"—some

of the signers of which are to be tried by military law, and should be shot in the interest of public safety—there is no doubt that the total want of organization of the present people has generated a feeling of discontent, of the depth of which I think they are ignorant. If, unluckily, we should have a reverse without, we shall have a riot within the walls.

The papers are so full of *blague*, that I am ashamed to quote them. The Government is so far wise that it does not publish rumours. All the reports (M. de Rothschild and the London Congress sitting on the 2nd of January) seem to have died away this morning.

With a savage glee we are told that the whole of the Bois de Boulogne is to be sacrificed (to warm the Prussians I presume); but we are assured it is a real blessing, as it was a forest rotting away under the artificial care of an Imperial gardener; whereas, in ten years (short allowance) we shall have a real republican forest—that of 1871. You cannot burn the wood before 1872 or '73! *"Can such things be!"*

I saw a new stall to-day at the corner of the Rue Royale. A cloth was spread in the gutter, and a fine trade was being driven in bits of old iron, which I learnt, with some astonishment, were *éclats* of

the "celebrated, and heretofore dreaded, *brass* shells."

One of the amusing illustrations of this savage and unexpected siege (to quote General Proclamation Trochu), is the seedy appearance as to dress of the few foreigners here. Most of them came with their autumn suits, and no winter clothing. The first are nearly a splendid wreck, and you cannot get even a pair of boots repaired here now. So we all of us are out at elbows, knees, and shoes. It is not that there are no fine garments, but to go out decently dressed would now expose you to risk of arrest as a Prussian spy, or that which is worse, to be recognized as an Englishman.

Madame de Surville, the sister of Balzac, died last week.

Monday, January 9th.—We have received pigeon-news, which the Parisians translate very favourably. The despatch is rather confused, but as far as we can read it, Faidherbe has certainly driven back the enemy in the Pas de Calais, while Chanzy at Mons, and Bourbaki at Nevers, are watching on either flank the army of Prince Frederick Charles. At Nuits, a French general—name not known—has also triumphed, beating, with ten thousand French,

twenty-five thousand Prussians, losing himself twelve hundred, and killing or capturing seven thousand of the enemy, including Prince William, brother of the Grand Duke of Baden. Garibaldi is at Dijon. All this, if true, and not "Gambetta," is very important, but in my opinion will only hasten the fall of Paris. Paris must be taken before the Emperor of Germany goes back to his Empress at Berlin, and so if the French provincial armies are advancing, they will hardly wait till they get here, but attack at once.

Dr. Félix Sée, whose father was in Strasbourg, declares that the Prussians are doing here what they did there—opening with a quiet fire; they then demanded surrender, and being refused, attacked in serious earnest.

As yet we have had much cry and little wool, though for the last two days shells have fallen in some quantity in the Quartier Latin and the Faubourg St.-Germain, and I believe the Fort of Vanves is much damaged. Still I cannot fancy that De Moltke can have gone in in earnest up to this time.

It is now a question of time *versus* Faidherbe and supplies. If they arrive before the final and fatal hour, then we shall have at least the chance of a great fight before Paris, and may win. For my own part, I think whenever the great Prussian army meets the

young half-drilled troops of France, it is bound to beat them, and it will be no disgrace to France. I reason thus: as a sword to a stick, as Bismarck to Favre, so are soldiers to volunteers.

Fifty thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds was offered in my hearing to-day that Paris fell or gave in.

According to a paper to-day, this is the state of the forces out of Paris (I do not quite like the 210,000 men of the "armies in formation"):—

Chanzy	200,000
Bourbaki	150,000
Faidherbe	100,000
Briand	40,000
Bressolles	40,000
Garibaldi	30,000
Moulac	30,000
Armées en formation, francs-tireurs, &c. .	210,000
	800,000

Paris is in a fever of delight to-day, but woe to Gambetta if the good news is not confirmed! Not the least pleasing news which the Parisians have had to-day is taken from a rather obscure pigeon-telegraph of "Havas," which tells us that the Prussians have fired on some English ships at the mouth of the Seine, sinking five, and plundering another. We are so

hated that this news was as good as that of a victory. "Havas" also tells us that M. Jules Favre is invited to represent France at the coming Conference at London. How can the member of a mixed military and civil commission, established to defend a city, represent diplomatically his country? As he leaves the bastions his reason of existence ceases, and Dictator Favre becomes Advocate Favre. Surely the Government of the Empress Regent must at least exist till there has been an election.

We hear that the "Conseils généraux" are dissolved by, to quote "La Patrie," "one of those acts of dictatorship and despotism which the country will never forget." We have no details, but the effect produced here is very bad.

Prices to-day are curious. A turkey, five pounds; a goose, three pounds eight and fourpence; a chicken, one pound eight and fourpence; a pigeon, sixteen and eightpence; a rabbit (such old buck rabbits, evidently family pets, and fathers of many families!), one pound four and twopence; a duck, one pound eight and fourpence; a crow (excellent for "pot au feu"), two shillings; butter, per pound, one pound fifteen and tenpence; butter of cocoa (a new invention), one shilling; and vegetable milk—very good, one shilling a quart. Bacon, ten shillings the pound. The last

ham was sold for four pounds sixteen and eightpence. Turnips, fourpence each, and beetroots three and fourpence; potatoes, one pound the *boisseau;* a cauliflower, four and twopence. These are the quotations of the one hundred and ninth day of siege.

People who have money begin to say that they cannot get enough, and they begin to show it. Those who live at restaurants, go in and say, "Give me something;" then eat it "sans mot dire"—no questions asked, and no hints given!

Eighty omnibuses were taken off the road to-day, and the "Chemin de Fer de Ceinture" is stopped "pour cause du danger."

Tuesday, January 10*th.*—A thaw, with sleet, much dirt, and more cold. One of my best authorities tells me that we are to make our next great effort within a day or two. Another man, who takes great pains to be informed, declares that at the last Council it was decided that there was to be no sortie. Looking at the weather, and the condition of the roads, I should say the latter would be the wisest plan; but, on the other hand, I believe that something active must be done, or we shall have a famine riot. At many bakers to-day no bread was baked, because they could obtain no flour from the Government. The little bread

which we got after a struggle was nearly as black as Black Forest bread.

Chocolate too is to be swallowed up by a Government requisition, which means that it will disappear altogether.

Another grievance, but one which falls rather lightly on these worthy but not very saponaceous people—the *blanchisseuses* will be forced to strike washing, ironing, and the general getting up of fine linen for want of fuel.

All these are minor points to worthy unbesieged people in London, but many small things make up a great thing, and these make a *very great* thing in a siege.

We have little news of the siege operations to-day, but the shells have done some mischief on the other side of the Seine, and many families are coming over to this quarter, where we are safe till the Prussians have taken a fort, or advanced the works much nearer than they now are.

Everybody knows that war is a terrible scourge, and that the inside of a besieged town is one of the worst possible positions; the sympathy of all people too is with France. Still war is war, and the feebler it is carried on the crueller it is. Everybody admits this, and therefore it is annoying to the friends of the

French to read such plaintive petitions as the Paris papers address "to the charity and humane feelings" of Europe. Charity and humanity are as far from war as light from darkness. Londonderry, Richmond, Sebastopol, Capua, Gaëta, &c., have been besieged, but they did not plead for mercy *in formâ pauperis*. Imagine a serious paper, nearly connected too with the Government, writing:—"According to their custom, the Prussians have again to-night recommenced their work of brigandage and destruction. It is the delight of these bandits to scatter among us, the darkness of night assisting them, fear and death; and when they cannot succeed in striking our wives and children, to cause them to become pallid with fright. *Fortunately we know now for certain that the turn of these savages will come.*"

But the "Official Journal" is quite as bad. After complaining that children and women have been killed, and monuments injured, it gravely states that—"The Minister of Foreign Affairs has sent to his diplomatic agent a protest of the Government of National Defence against the bombardment of the city of Paris. This protest is to be submitted to the representatives of the European Cabinets." I fear that the "representatives of the European Cabinets" will smile at this naïve protest.

Like a door, a city must be *ouverte ou fermée.* If it is an open city, the law of nations says you must not fire on it, only summon it, and then take it by an attack. If it is a fortified city, behind forts, you may bombard it when and how you can.

The tone of the journals was to-day more than usually puerile, but woe to him who writes to England that such is the case, or indeed that everything is not going on charmingly. "La Liberté" is in hysterics about something which the "Standard" has said about it. It appears to me that all the correspondent of the Conservative paper said was, that the "Liberté" was not as good as when M. Emile de Girardin was here; that it was half its size, not very cheap at two sous, and that when people were "eating rats out of gutters" they were compelled to get as much as they could for their two sous. I fully expect a violent attack on the representatives of the English Press by some of the hot-headed gentry of the Paris papers. Truth is so very unpleasant at times.

Two officers, three non-commissioned officers, with three privates of the Mobiles of the Côtes du Nord, were discovered in correspondence with the enemy, but have contrived to escape. They are denounced as "deserters before the enemy," and General Trochu

innocently says, "They will find their punishment to-day in hearing of the success of the armies of the Loire and of the North."

The Paris papers declare that after midnight at Versailles, this week, the Prussians shot the keeper of a restaurant because he had no meat in his house to give them for supper!

Now I will tell my own little story about the "wholesales and retails." I was in a shop when a man in uniform came in and asked, "Well, where is the master? Is he in prison, that he is not on guard?"

"In prison! monsieur jests; he is here!" Enter t'other grocer, respectably dressed as to his shoulders, but basely ending in military trousers, which he was keeping from their proper parade.

"Well, my brave, why not on guard?"

"*Tiens*, are we on guard to-day? I forgot it."

"All that there is of 'Grand Guard' at the Palais National."

"But it is cold and wet. No; I rest."

"Yes, it is very cold and very wet."

"Truly! but I could not go, I have no rifle."

"Ah! my dear, I feel for you. Take mine, and I will abstain from the guard and go home."

"Not for worlds."

There was an effusion of excuses, but my pastry-cook held out longest, and did not sacrifice his friend's rifle and reputation as a sentry in a cold sleet to his own sense of duty. Perish the thought! He stayed at home by the fire.

Eight hundred wood-cutters are employed daily destroying the last trees of the Bois de Boulogne.

We have a scandal—a very mild one; "an elopement in low life." The last remaining domestic representative of a great embassy ran away on Sunday with a *cordon bleu*. When I write the history of Mr. N. and Mrs. B. I am sure diplomacy will be in a ferment. Even in our ashes live their wonted fires; even during a siege Paris cannot be faithful, moral, nor even respectful of conjugal ties.

We have just received a truly siege invitation to breakfast to-morrow, "at one o'clock, off a rabbit." We are told that we are to go up a court, get in by the kitchen door, and wrap up, as there will be no fire in the dining-room.

I love English coolness. I saw an instance of it to-day. An old servant wrote to a friend of ours to know what on earth she should do, as her street (by the Pantheon) was fiercely bombarded. Mr. —— went off and found that it was so, and indeed a shell burst so close to the house while he was in it, that

the proprietor ordered his tenants into the cellar. Mr. —— took away his old servant and stowed her in safety; then thinking he should like to see the shelling, took a bedroom in the quarter. He was rewarded by a great deal of noise, "and was I not lucky?" said he; "one shell burst in the house!" He spoke as men in London used to do after a "good night."

Wednesday, January 11*th.*—Severe cold again. Little news of our siege, and except that we hear the noise, and the Londoners do not, they are probably much better informed than we are. We are told that we have made several successful sorties—sorties en détail, çà va sans dire—and are going to make another; and we are also given a very long speech of Gambetta's.

I am so sick of speeches, flattering orders of the day, and victories in the provinces, that I can take nothing now till actual facts—victory, relief, and food—are served up.

Two odd stories are about to-day. One, that Hoff, whom I described as the "Shaw, the Lifesguardsman" of this war, never killed a Prussian sentry at all, but was a Prussian spy, who was supplied with trophies, knapsacks, needle-guns, caps, &c., as proofs of his

deadly aim, and he supplied the very latest Paris news.

The other *on dit* is more strange. They declare to-night that Schmitz, the head of Trochu's staff, is in the pay of Prussia. I should say one story was just as true as the other. But the names Hoff and Schmitz are of course German, and just now the Paris people are so savage against foreigners, chiefly on account of the articles in the English papers—that they declare no foreigner shall stay.

The papers openly demand our expulsion. We English, especially if we write, are worse than Prussian spies. "I confess openly," says a writer in the "Liberté," "that I prefer the Prussians." I have just heard too that we are all sure to be insulted and annoyed, if not injured. From the latter I should not be astonished if the English can protect themselves, and propose presently to go to bed very calm in my mind as to the insult or annoyance. Still I think it is not wise of British correspondents to put themselves "en évidence et même en masse," or to talk siege politics, even in English, in cafés crowded with National Guards.

I do not clearly see how they are to send us away, even if they wished it. Fancy twenty clever English (I am not going, and so may use the epithet), highly

indignant at their expulsion, dining off "turtle and fine linen" with Bismarck! and the chapter of revelations with the sixth bottle! You will think we have but to apply to our Embassy. Certainly we can do that; but then there is nobody there but the door porter, who is as useless as he is polite.

I heard curious details of the diplomatic elopement. The fair but frail one only went over the way. Next morning the "injured husband" appeared, and tracked the deceiver to his lair. In fact, he broke open a bedroom door. "Who are you, and what do you want?" asked a semi-somnolent voice. "Give me my wife!" says the injured one. "Get out of this," says one of the guilty pair, who jumped up and kicked him downstairs, while the voice of the sleeping partner in guilt cried from under the clothes, "It does not count. We're in free France. We were married in England."

Paris is a wonderful city, even when it is besieged, and when virtue wants bread, beef, wine, oil, soap, and water, we have still to record the quarrels of authors, duels, and elopements which must "give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe."

Thursday, January 12th.—Yesterday I saw a telegraphic despatch delivered. It was certainly dated

the 23rd of November, 1870, and to-day I have heard of letters *through the Americans.* We English are left without the most reduced Consul to represent our stock.

Allah il Allah! God is great, and obscurity is his light! I say the same of the diplomatic body.

We have a furious answer to the accusation of treason, of want of faith, of utter hopelessness, which some papers have made against the subalterns of General Trochu, beginning with his lieutenant-general, and descending viâ his aides-de-camp to his orderlies. The "Gaulois" attributes the desertion of the seven, three days ago, to impatience and disgust generated of idleness. The men have received the impression of depression, and the feeling of "all is lost now" from their officers.

General Trochu stands up like a man for his officers and staff, but the impression, true or false, has got abroad, and we all know how easy it is to get a verdict of guilty from the public, and how difficult to reverse it.

That this discontented spirit exists, and that there is evil feeling between the Regulars and the "soldiers of the shops," is as evident as that it freezes to-night. I know of *salons* in which staff-officers have openly said, speaking of the defence of Paris, "vastly heroic,

and utterly useless." It goes on, however, night and day; but we are officially assured "with no loss of life, and no danger worth naming."

The truth is, that they are losing about fifty a day, and the great buildings are suffering tremendously. I will defy any commander to keep his gunners off salient points. "That's a good mark," says William. "Baint it?" says Ben, and then they would fire on the very Coliseum itself if it stood out in good relief against the lovely Roman sky—as it often does. As for respecting ambulance flags, why, they must "respect" all Paris: it is one white wave over which ripples the "Red Cross."

Hospitals are hit, and ambulances annoyed; it is dreadful, yet it is the fortune of war. Fond as I am of Paris, I should hardly regret now seeing her fall, for wanton destruction is no more heroism than the words of Gambetta are victories.

To-day there is better, but unpublished news. It comes from Bordeaux to Favre, from M. de Geoffroy, a well-known diplomatist who was long at Washington. He gives real hope; but it is now a race between "attack" and supply with support—a question of time, and a very bad time for many.

But provincial victories are to us distant delights. Gambetta's eloquence is like blowing in a shell, and

beef and mutton at Bordeaux might, as it seems to me, as well be at Barbadoes. We cannot get any bread, and the horse-eaters are going out of training as fast as others are entered.

I went last night to the shelled quarter. It was stated that the façade of the Odéon was knocked into small pieces—"levers de rideau" in fact; but the effect was not visible to the naked eye. Two shells did, I believe, fall through the gallery and oblige the wounded to retire, or be retired to the lowest depths, which are lower even than the second stage from which demons arise.

We saw some houses hurt, and a balcony dismounted, but nothing more. Shells whirled about, but when you *hear* a shell you need not be afraid of that engine of war. If you don't hear him in time it is probable that you will never hear another. That which was curious to see was the flight over to this side of the Seine—men, women, children, and families. One mother with three small things said to me, "I have pinned my name and address to my cloak, so when I am killed they will know who I am."

I heard a good story to-day. Privates and captains are very friendly here. "Captain," said a Mobile, "it was deadly cold in the trenches last night!" "Yes, I know it was, Pierre; but hold

your tongue, perhaps the others have not found it out."

A little way back I hinted that probably the Prussians were better soldiers than the French—better handled in the field, and better worked in attack and defence. I have just heard that Avron, which the French held for a month and never strengthened, has, since the Prussians re-occupied it (a few weeks since), become one of the strongest positions round Paris.

There are awkward reports that the Prussians are now only "just going to begin." The 16th is King William's birthday. Paris would be a pretty present.

Friday, January 13*th.*—The siege continues, but again we are told with small effect, though Vanves and Issy are being severely bombarded. There is an impression that as yet we have only seen the smooth side of the Prussians.

M. Jules Favre has again taken an ink-bath, and the representatives of the defenders of Paris at foreign Courts have another circular, to tell them that Earl Granville (who in the "Official Journal" edition of his letter to M. Jules Favre is made to sign himself, "Yours, &c., *Lord* Granville") had asked for leave for him to go to England to represent France at the

Conference (which these our "Defenders" will confuse with a Congress). There was a hitch—Bismarck saying that a German flag of truce had been fired on, and that till that act was explained and apologized for he would send no Prussian through the lines. M. Jules Favre declined sending for his "pass," and applied *tu quoque* to the Chancellor's accusation of firing on messengers of peace. So the matter stood when the "mechanical god" of the American Legation came at the right moment and put all square.

It was impossible that our legal president could have got to London in time even for an adjourned meeting, and so he has accepted the invitation, retaining to himself the right of fixing the time of his visit. He puts his delay on the impossibility of leaving besieged Paris, but as he is legal, and even less military than Trochu, there never was a time when he could be better spared. The fact is—and I know it as a fact—it was resolved weeks ago that he should not go on any terms. The Government think they can support their dignity by no such efficient means as by upsetting a Conference which, without France, must be a nullity. Is there no remedy in Earl Granville's hands? and the Empress? and Prince Napoleon? and as representatives, MM. Rouher and Lavallette?

But England loves to be bullied, and I suppose the other nations have caught the contagion. As for M. Jules Favre's proposition to go over to London when things are quiet, it is rather like a man who is asked to dinner at 8 on Thursday, and says, "With great pleasure, only I will come to supper at 12 on Saturday."

Terrible difficulty in getting bread to-day: many persons get none. "But," says a Frenchman, "we have millions of sacks of flour in stock." Humble Englander suggests that he knows that Rothschild Brothers have millions in the Bank, but that makes him no richer, and that he cannot live on the statistical returns of the Halle au blé. If they do not settle the bread question we shall arrive at the terminus earlier even than we are due.

No horses but those absolutely required to do the business which cannot be transacted by wheelbarrows are now to be kept from the shambles. In times to come perhaps the statistics may be of interest. The twenty arrondissements are allowed two thousand horses divided in proportion to the population. The highest allowance is one hundred and eighty-three to the 11th; the lowest, seventy-five to the 8th arrondissement, where, not being rich, they do not "ride in chaises."

We saw a procession—a very Tyburn procession—of horses literally condemned to leave off drawing, and be drawn and quartered. It was a sorry sight, and if the people are to eat those spavined, glandered, miserable cripples, I think I would advise them to try starvation.

By way of a change, Dr. C. A. Gordon and myself went on to the Marché St.-Germains, and there we saw another siege sight, which, having beheld, I think we both vowed we would never knowingly place ourselves in the way of seeing again. A very clean stall hung with very (for France) fine lamb, and rabbits of a size only to be found at Antwerp and here. There was quite a scramble to get these very early spring delicacies, and in truth they were not very dear as siege times go. Lamb, the prime parts, two and sixpence a pound, and you got a capital rabbit for six and eightpence. "What's disgusting in that?" you naturally ask. I answer, nothing, only the lamb was "Dog Tray," and the rabbit, "Pussy!" Over the stall was written:—"Défense à outrance." "Boucherie canine et féline."

Well! everything changes. In my day dogs ate horses, and indeed I can't now pass a kitchen without "the chain by which we are darkly bound" taking me back to the "feeding-house," and I fancy what

Lord Alford, Mr. Magniac, and George Beers would have thought if they could have realized the idea that man could eat dog, and that a day might come when the "Oakley" would be cut up into cutlets!

"Ware hound" was early instilled into my mind, and so I will no more eat hounds than the animal on which we so often tried to ride over them. It is a sad day to me, and, thank goodness, Tom Sebright, Tom Smith, "The Squire," and Goodall have gone to ground before this time of another "French Resolution," as a Huntingdonshire farmer called that of 1848 to me.

We prosecuted our exploration into the dangerous districts. We visited the Odéon, where two shells really went right through the roof and plumped down on the wounded on the stage, but left no external signs; the description of the outward havoc being no doubt the conception of an "Illustration artist," who knows what should be if he cannot see what is. We saw the effect of many shells, but considering that the bombardment of that particular quarter went on all night at the rate of two guns a minute (official French report), the damage is but small.

On the Boulevard St.-Michel, in the Rue Vaugirard, but especially in the Rue St.-Jacques, the houses are a good deal damaged. In one house close

to the Val de Grâce we measured a block of stone which had been carried several feet. Its dimensions were thirty-six inches in length and twenty inches in height. The poor man who lived there was killed, every window in the court-yard broken by the explosion, and the whole building "spartled" over with vicious little splinters which had penetrated inches into the hard wall. No. 242 Rue St.-Jacques had two shells through the roof, killing a poor girl, and almost at the same instant the opposite "Bains de St.-Jacques" had two "obuses" which knocked that poor institution out of time.

The Abbé de l'Epée's college, and the Ecole de Mines are safe as yet, but their neighbour's house is on fire. In all that quarter the people have retired to their cellars, and casemated with mud the little barred window which admits the air. When a Prussian shell strikes one it seems to knock down houses of stone and mortar as children blow down those built with the leaves of the "Devil's prayer-book."

It was a depressing sight; but as yet the Paris papers have exaggerated the outward and visible signs of bombardment.

We heard two conversations to-day *en route*. "Eaten dog! and you so fond of them!" "*Que voulez-vous?* all is so dear. They asked me eighty-

five francs (3*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*) for two pumpkins in the market to-day!" (At this rate Cinderella's carriage would have cost the price of "Old Q's" *vis-à-vis*.) Then, when we were turning from the Rue de la Paix into the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, and passing the great window full of nickel-silver spoons which we all know, one blouse said to another, "Talk of useless mouths! that's useless if you like: all those spoons, and nothing to eat."

Saturday, January 14*th.*—The only thing of interest to-day is a squabble between Trochu and De Moltke as to who shot first on the flag of truce, and this dispute is only interesting as it proves the bitter hatred which exists between the two nations. Instead of puling about humanity and good feeling, the French and Prussian had better declare it a war of barbarism, only to be ended by the utter extinction of one side. It sounds awfully cruel, but after all will be in the end attended with less loss of life and treasure. If the siege goes on as it has done as yet for one hundred and eighteen days, unless we are starved it may last as long as that of Troy: a poetic siege in which Helen played the part of Hohenzollern, and to which we are indebted for the first introduction of "horse" as a means of support. The

Trojan animal was, I think, "instar montis," and must have afforded rations for a week.

Citizen Gagne, who wished for a universal republic, with William of Prussia as perpetual President, now proposes that all the men and women over sixty (it is only fair to say that he himself falls within this class) shall be crossed out of the ranks of life, and handed over to the human slaughter-house—"seront mis à la retraite de la vie, et livrés à la boucherie humaine."

M. Gagne's impression seems to be that the idea will be popular, and "se faire rôtir pour la patrie" supersede our old "Dulce et decorum." But Quinti Curtii are as a rule rare birds, and I do not think that many French bourgeois of sixty-one will leap into the pit of the stomach of hungry France. "Mais c'est une idée comme une autre."

The following comparison of prices between the years 1869 and 1870 are curious, and they are not taken to-day, when prices are five times higher:—

	In 1869.	In 1870.
	fr. c.	fr. c.
Potatoes (the décalitre) . . .	1 0	20 0
Celery (per head)	0 25	1 75
Beetroot (the kilog.)	0 20	1 20
Olive oil (the kilog.)	4 0	10 0
Milk (the litre)	0 30	2 0
Fresh butter (the kilog) . . .	6 0	70 0

	In 1869. fr. c.	In 1870. fr. c.
Eggs (each)	0 15	2 0
Beef dripping (the kilog.) . .	1 0	6 0
Horse dripping (the kilog.) . .	1 0	6 0
Bullock's head (the kilog.) . .	0 60	2 50
Rabbits	3 0	30 0
Pigeons	1 50	20 0
Poulets	6 0	55 0
Geese	7 0	80 0
Turkeys	10 0	90 0

The siege to-day seems milder, but at 1 A.M. the firing from our side was so heavy that I fancy there must have been a serious attack.

Among other damages by Prussian shells, the fine church of St.-Sulpice has been hit in two places, but is not much hurt; but to me it is infinitely more grievous to hear that the great conservatories of the Jardin des Plantes and the famous garden of orchids is shivered into specks and torn into threads.

There is some talk of a diplomatic protest against the bombardment, to be signed by the following ministers and chargés d'affaires who remain here:—Baron Beyens, Belgian minister; Count de Moltke, Danish minister; M. Kern, Swedish minister; M. Pereyra, chargé d'affaires for Spain; M. Proenza-Vieira, Portuguese consul, acting as chargé d'affaires, and the Duc d'Acquaviva, chargé d'affaires for Monaco and San-Marino.

I was caused to laugh to-day by an old woman, a very old friend of mine, who sells papers in a kiosque. She said, "Am I well, citizen? Yes, but so hungry! I can't eat horse, and so for three months have lived like one on green stuff. Yes! one day the Government gave me as four sous of pickled pork, one sou of meat, three of bone. It was my ration for three days, and I made it last. The first day I smelt it, the second I cooked it, and on the third I bolted it whole!"

Another story of the hour. Some French and English were discussing the retreat from Bourget. The French said "they fell back steadily," "retreated in good order," &c. An Englishman, an old soldier, whispered to me, "They did not retreat. I saw them. They only 'changed front,' and advanced."

Sunday, January 15*th.*—Quarter Day. Landlords are always paid three months in advance, and this is the second plea of "no effects," "pour cause du siége," set up against them, and I believe they make them pay the taxes. I know that the proprietor of the Palais Royal theatre gets no rent, as the performances have ceased, and yet has to pay heavy rates and taxes.

I am writing at 10 P.M., and for four and twenty

hours the cannonading on both sides has been incessant. We insiders possibly know less of what is going on than people in England, but if we have not on both sides a nasty bill to pay to-morrow, a great deal of shot and shell has been expended for nothing.

To-morrow is the King of Prussia's fête-day, and if we have a warm night and morning I for one shall not be astonished. Anything warm will be a change, for to-day has been, though pleasant, the hardest frost I ever saw in Paris, as indeed it has been the hardest winter. The Prussian boast that they have three new allies—Dissatisfaction within, Frost, and Famine —is only too much founded on fact. But what will kill Paris at last is want of organization and excess of vanity.

This morning's "Official" contains the diplomatic protest against the bombardment, sent to the Count de Bismarck. Practically it is quite useless, as the foreigners who remain here have either missions or property which they cannot abandon, or are so poor that—if they could get the two "passes"—they would have to walk to Havre through a country infested with the dregs of that wretched cohort of robbers which follows all fighting. Nobody could get conveyed away from here to Havre to-morrow (King

William's birthday) under fifty pounds a head, and such a journey, and such a time!

This is the useless text of this waste paper, but I suppose *diplomatie oblige*. It is a pity it did not oblige ten days sooner.

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,

"For several days shells coming from the positions occupied by the besiegers have penetrated into the centre of Paris. Women, children, and invalids have been wounded; among the victims are many subjects of neutral states.

"The lives and property of all nationalities established in Paris are perpetually endangered.

"These facts have occurred without the undersigned, who for the most part have no other mission than that of watching over the safety and interests of their countrymen, having received any warning, or being able to warn those whom *force majeure*, notably the great impediment placed by the assailants in the way of their departure, had obliged to remain here. In the face of such sad events, the representatives of the corps diplomatique still remaining in Paris have thought it their duty to consult as to what steps they had better take. The deliberation brought about the unanimous resolution to require of you

that, in conformity with the recognized usages of national right, measures shall be taken to allow the nationalities represented by them to place themselves and their properties in safety.

"Feeling sure that your excellency will appeal on this point to the military authorities, we feel," &c.

This is signed by M. Kern, Baron Adelswaerd, Count de Moltke-Hvitfeldt, Baron Beyens, Baron de Zuylen de Nyvelt, Mr. Washburne, Ballivian y Roxas, Duc d'Acquaviva, Henriquo Luiz Ratton, Julio Thirion, Husny, Lopez de Arosemena, C. Bonifaz, Baron G. de Rothschild, Baron Th. Voelkersahm, José M. Calvo y Feruel, L. Cerruti, Joaquin Proenza-Vieira, and Georges A. Vuzos.

The "Electeur Libre" remarks that "Le représentant de l'Angleterre est le seul membre du corps diplomatique étranger qui n'ait pas signé cette protestation."

It has been very much remarked in most circles that the signature of no English authority, even a vice-consul's under-secretary, is affixed to this document, which will be registered in the archives of every embassy and legation in the civilized world, and yet we have over two thousand English here, who would be starving but for the munificence of a private individual. By-the-way, private charity

as compared with government assistance, seems to be as twenty thousand pounds to five hundred pounds, the latter only to be used "in extremes." It would, indeed, have about buried the two thousand under the republican sumptuary law published to-day, which decrees (very wisely too) that a hearse must now be drawn by one horse, and when he is eaten, by two men. If all the laws of the men of the *coup d'état* of the 4th of September had been as wise as this, they would not have been called "The Government of General Offence."

Let me write of pleasanter themes as far as we English are concerned. Another magnificent donation from Mr. Richard Wallace, who starts a subscription for the sufferers by the bombardment with a gift of four thousand pounds! This will make this great philanthropist's subscriptions to war victims exceed thirty thousand pounds! and the good, "if not done by stealth," is so effected that there is less fuss than when a native makes a long speech—pardon, an oration—and gives five hundred francs towards a statue to Victor Noir, or some equally eligible patriot.

Yet we English are so hated to-day that we are openly told not to go to such and such a place, or we may be insulted! There is a deal of *blague* in this, yet some truth in the warning that we may

be annoyed, and not well able to annoy in our turn. After all, in the eyes of Europe, "Radical England" has fallen into considerable contempt, and the "bed-quilt," as the Yankees here call the flag which has braved a "thousand years," &c., is very feeble protection in republican Paris. "'Tis true; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The loss in Paris during the first eight days of siege is fifty-one killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded; this includes thirty-nine children and fifty-seven women.

A shell fell yesterday in the entrance to the Ministère du Commerce, which is unpleasantly near when your "own wall" is already shaken, as it is just now at midnight, for Bismarck is answering the diplomatic protest with more noise than politeness.

The Pantheon was hit to day, and one of the columns smashed.

Rumours to-day. Faidherbe has achieved a great success. Monsignor Bauer is a Prussian spy, and is denounced to Trochu. A correspondent of the "Times" is followed about by the police, because he has ridden in the wake of Bauer. An American gentleman was literally sent before "Judge Favre," to be tried as a spy. He was let off, but with a caution.

All these are the rumours of this evening's *salons*, and I dare say are not the least true. Truth, indeed,

I believe has gone off in a balloon, and the weather has prevented any pigeon bringing her back. When a friend now tells me any detail of the siege, I say, "Did you see it?" "No, but X. told me." "Halte-là! are you prepared to write your statement on stamped paper, and then sign it?"

Monday, January 16th.—One hundred and twentieth day of the siege. A wet thaw, and the Saint's day of King William of Prussia, who is said to have promised us a strong bombardment; at any rate, he is giving it us. Every minute the dead silence of Paris night, as it is now without conveyances, was broken by one or two explosions which shook your very tooth-brush in its frozen glass. The "Official Journal" is ominously silent as to what the effect, and there must have been some, of thirty-six hours of heavy bombarding has been.

What avails reticence—*cui bono*—publishing to-morrow instead of last night the news of the day? If good, the effect is improved; if bad, the shock is less than when a disaster comes after waiting. As a looker-on, whose inkstand may any moment be hit by an "obus," I can only say that if nothing has happened on either side after last night and this morning, war is a mere waste of time.

The following article from the "Electeur Libre" is so perfectly French, and so thoroughly exhibits the utter vanity of a clever pleasant people, which would rather perish in a striking attitude than "live happily to the end of their days" if nobody could see them, that I give it in its native French :—

"LA FÊTE D'UN ROI.

"*Ave, Cæsar!* C'est aujourd'hui la fête du bon Guillaume de Hohenzollern, premier du nom, roi de Prusse et grand empereur du Saint-Empire germanique!

"BONNE FÊTE, SIRE!

"Si vous joignez à la morgue de votre caste la haine et la cruauté naturelles à votre race, la fête sera belle et digne de vous!

"Largesse et liesse au peuple de Paris! Truands et manants, gens taillables et corvéables à merci, réjouissez-vous!

"C'est Guillaume qui régale!

"Guillaume fera grand! Le bombardement, la nuit; et l'assaut, le jour.

"BONNE FÊTE, SIRE!

"Mais, par vos ancêtres, chevaliers du Saint-Sé-

pulcre, ô roi mystique et dévot, vous avez commis une félonie : vos canonniers ont tiré pendant le saint jour du Dimanche !

" Le vol, le viol, le pillage et le brigandage, sont permis pendant la semaine ; mais un Dimanche ! ô roi ! couvrez-vous de cendre, et faites un *meâ culpâ !*

" Il est vrai que vous faites tirer sur Paris, Babylone impure, et que vous avez reçu de Dieu la mission de lancer les foudres célestes sur la rive maudite !

" D'ailleurs, vos soldats ont bien d'autres peccadilles sur la conscience : et leur conscience, comme vos canons Krupp, est à toute épreuve !

" BONNE FÊTE, SIRE !

" Pendant que vous festoyez dans le palais de Versailles ; pendant que vos brillants officiers se pavanent dans les rues de la ville en deuil ; pendant que vos soldats se gobergent avec des filles de joie dans les orgies où les veneurs du roi apportent le produit de leurs chasses, Paris se prépare à combattre ! Paris mange le pain noir de l'infortune ! mais c'est le pain des forts, et non le pain de la honte !

" O roi ! pouvez-vous en dire autant, et le pain blanc de vos riches festins n'est-il pas plus amer !

"BONNE FÊTE, SIRE!

"La canonade est terrible; l'orchestre de vos milliers de canons est digne de la maison royale des Hohenzollerns; vos obus font merveille, et chacun de leurs éclats laisse sur nos monuments détruits ou mutilés l'empreinte éternelle de vos forfaits.

"En face du Panthéon, criblée de vos projectiles, on lit, sur le fronton de l'Ecole de droit, l'immortelle devise de notre première République; un de vos obus a brisé la colonne qui soutient le fronton, mais la devise de '92 brille toujours!

"Despote brutal, autocrate absolu, animé d'une haine implacable contre notre civilisation, vous pouvez abattre nos monuments, détruire nos édifices, lancer le feu sur nos hôpitaux remplis de malades, éventrer nos bibliothèques, incendier nos trésors scientifiques et tout ce qui atteste la supériorité intellectuelle de notre race.

"Vous pouvez brûler Paris, si vos canons le permettent, quand le moment psychologique sera venu, mais vous n'étoufferez point le principe vital de tout un peuple!

"On ne tue point l'idée à coups de canon! et l'idée républicaine prenant sa source dans les sentiments de la justice et du droit vivra toujours!

"BONNE FÊTE, SIRE!

"Mais prenez garde que votre triomphe ne soit de courte durée, et que cette fête ne soit la dernière de votre brillante existence!

"Je ne voudrais pas troubler les transports de votre royale ivresse; mais il m'a semblé qu'une main fatale traçait sur les murs de la salle du festin les trois mots terribles qui annoncent des catastrophes épouvantables.

"O roi! avez-vous donc oublié les grandes leçons de l'histoire! Au milieu du dix-neuvième siècle, vous avez voulu jouer le rôle du grand Charlemagne; et votre main débile ne peut tenir ni son sceptre, ni son épée!

"Monarque de droit divin, vous rêvez dans Versailles la gloire passée de Louis XIV.; vous avez votre Colbert et votre Louvois; mais vous n'aurez jamais la grandeur du roi-Soleil, et les portiques de nos palais sont trop hauts pour votre taille.

"Vainqueur au début d'une guerre entreprise par nous à la légère et longtemps méditée par vous, vous avez cru, vous aussi, à votre étoile. Mais songez au sort du plus grand génie militaire ne notre époque. Roi conquérant, vous voulez marcher sur ses traces, et vous êtes impuissant à le suivre! Napoléon I^er^ n'a jamais été tenu en échec par une de vos capitales.

D'un seul coup, il brisa votre puissance; souvenez-vous d'Iéna, vous qui avez été confondu à la suite de son cortége de rois!

"Et pourtant la puissance de cet homme fut un jour détruite. La Grande-Armée fut battue pour la première fois par un peuple qui semblait ne pas compter sur la carte; le peuple espagnol, par sa résistance héroïque, fit capituler les soldats qui avaient vaincu l'Europe.

"BONNE FÊTE, SIRE!

"Mais entendez, entendez ce bruit lointain! Vous avez dit: *Nous irons partout, partout!* et déjà vos armées de provinces reviennent sur Paris, harcelées par nos troupes. Ce bruit lointain, est-il un chant de deuil ou un chant de victoire? Et Paris que vous avez voulu bombarder ne serait-il qu'un vaste tombeau où s'endormiront à jamais et vos espérances trompées et vos armées battues?

"*Ave, Cæsar, imperator! morituri te salutant.*"

Nothing can be worse taste than this "magging" at your enemy. Fight him fairly, and if he beats you, say, "Yes, he beat me; but did you ever see such a wonderful, brave, strong, daring opponent!" The Duke of Wellington did not run down those

whom he fought, and said openly that he considered the presence of Napoleon in the field equal to a corps of thirty thousand men.

Descending very low in the scale, I will add, that I have read an account of the battle of Bourget (for in these degenerate days it seems to have been elevated from the rank of "action" to that of "battle"), written by the Prussians, and I have never met with a fairer relation. De Moltke's reporters are far above the paltry weakness of depreciating their adversaries, and they say that they did not win easily, and that the French marines and some of General Vinoy's men were at unpleasantly hard work for several hours.

The Parisians deserve victory, for they have pluck, but they want dogged obstinacy and continued resolution, while their chiefs want military talent and organization. Then, too, they are so theatrical. If I were General Trochu I should say, "We have more guns than we require; for God's sake give us no more, because it is possible that they may fall into——

* * * * * * *"

We must be on the eve of a crisis, yet only yesterday a corps with everything, from a pioneer to a vivandière, marched past my room, drums beating,

colours flying, and trumpets flaring, and gave six more brass guns to the King of Prussia.

Mr. Wallace once more gives twelve hundred pounds to purchase three hundred thousand soup tickets. The "Electeur Libre" again is worth quoting:—bienfaiteur de Paris.—Ce titre pourra être certainement donné, après le siége, à l'honorable M. Richard Wallace."

M. Charles Grefulhe has given sixteen hundred pounds for clothing, and M. Jules Favre forty pounds for "soup."

It is proposed to christen a street "Wallace." I cannot say that I think it a great compliment. It is true that General Uhlman has an avenue and a bit of a boulevard; that "Jules Favre" is ticketed in damp paper over "La Rue Billault." Victor Hugo too has the section of a street "that Haussmann built;" but then, so has Victor Noir, and if I was in the place of Mr. Wallace I would as soon "march through Coventry" with Tropmann as with the bully who went to take a message "as between gentlemen" to another ruffian. *Noblesse oblige*, and should oblige the "men of the 4th of September" not to insult the benefactors of their city.

Wet, dirty, and nasty as it is, we have visitors, and each adds his mite to our stock of untruth. (I pause.

We hear a good many guns, but that at 3·40 P.M. was a rattler, and so near that I expected to see a regiment of Nationals, which was passing to the front, halt and "form line.")

I give you my return of "stories"—I will use no harder word. Six women were killed by a shell as they were waiting, "faisant la queue," for their daily bread. I suppose it would be profane to say that the virtuous Republic has amended the "Lord's Prayer," and made "give us this day our daily bread," a Lord Maire's prayer, which is rarely heard. But why keep the bread-seekers under fire? The people who eat that bread (when they can get it) form the bone and sinew of the Government of self-assertion.

"Sonat hic de nare canina," &c.

Despatches are being brought in by "collies," and the authorities have innocently announced in the papers, "dogs are expected." We are recommended bark for our young constitution. Don't hurt the "barkers." Now I believe that the Paris papers are at Versailles with the early beer of the German, so why put such an exposure of a clever, and I think practical, idea into a one sou print?

The Prefect of Police has found another vein of treasure; valuables left by the Emperor and Empress

—of course they say concealed. Is it not possible that they have private property?

Just one story. The Maire of Paris requests that, as "we are being savagely bombarded, and he finds that rats are undermining the pavements, those radicals may be at once destroyed." This "Vestry" law would be sufficiently absurd at any time, but now it is ludicrous, when the ratcatcher's daughter sleeps not, neither does she even doze, in order to keep a good grill of rats.

Tuesday, January 17th.—Still it goes on night and day—boom! boom! through the now silent city by the Seine, and we hear that the enemy has done little harm, and that we have done a great deal to them. Oxala! May it be so. The shelling is tremendous, and truly the results seem comparatively insignificant. The most advanced shells as yet delivered in Paris fell at the door of the studio of M. Dehodencq, in the Rue Visconti, close to the Seine. The public buildings are suffering a good deal. The Prussians evidently have mapped every inch of Paris, and no wonder they fire well when we hear that on a Prussian prisoner was found a plan of the quarters of Paris which are now under fire.

We go on night and day, and about this time a

siege with the gloss off it gets dull. I read with wild astonishment in a Paris paper that the English remaining here are under "the special charge" of Mr. Blount. I am rejoiced to hear it, for Mr. Blount is the nicest of men and best of bankers; only, many other English as well as myself were not aware that the god "Mercury" was invoked to our assistance. We look, I can assure you, remarkably small under existing circumstances.

The following extract from a Paris paper is instructive:—"The courage and carelessness of many of the National Guards actually in the field is admirable. Under a hailstorm of shells they go out lark-shooting, and the Lefaucheux guns make a running accompaniment to the bass of the cannon."

I hope they go out like our old Crimean acquaintance (and Earl C—— in his yacht), in full uniform and spurs. I am also informed that so bold are the Parisians that they plant lettuces round the forts. The salads resulting therefrom are excellent (if they do not put too much vinegar); but really I think that discipline is power, and only power can be victory.

It is said that many valuables and some curious private papers of the Emperor have been discovered.

If they are valuable, why did those whom it concerned *de droit* leave them?

I have just returned from the funeral of an Anglo-French gentleman—Mr. North Peat. He was English by birth, French by choice, employed indeed in the French "Home Office." He was for some time correspondent of the "Morning Star," and added, I think, both lustre and circulation here to that radical journal. He was very clever, admirably adapted for an Anglo-French correspondent, and a perfect gentleman. The ceremony was performed in presence of some twenty-four French and myself, English, in the Eglise du Saint-Esprit, Rue Roquepine. It is a Protestant French church. The actual ceremony took up about ten minutes. Then there were two short sermons, which were certainly striking. Poor Mr. North Peat had a mother and a child in England, who did not know he was even dying: that fact was feelingly alluded to. The second clergyman not only spoke of the man, but the hour, and as the guns were thundering with unusual noise above us, pointed out that after all life was but the affair of the hour.

At times the fire was so heavy that we could not hear the words of the priest (there is the most extraordinary echo in the building); when we heard them they were an appeal to Heaven to save the

country, which had great effect. It was a striking scene—the deal coffin, with its wreaths of lovely fresh flowers, the weeping widow in the gallery, the soldiers going straight to the bastions, who were then kneeling before the coffin as the clergyman gave his blessing; the "minute guns," differing from those we have so often heard at grand funerals, inasmuch as probably each shot entailed many such ceremonies. All was awful—all was siege!

As I went home I saw a crowd round a cracked window at the corner of the Faubourg St.-Honoré and the Rue Boissy-d'Anglas. A shell had burst in the last-named street. Now that was getting nearer home than we require such "dropping-in-without-ceremony" neighbours. On inquiry I found that a fiacre had run into the shop-front; but in five minutes, but for my inquiry and assertion, there would have been a row.

About five hundred people are now waiting on the Boulevard des Capucines to get their tickets for the charity of MM. de Rothschild. There was such a crowd that I thought it was a *pronunciamento.*

I could not help laughing, though I confess I was not very jolly, at the speech of an English servant at an hôtel where I called. "If you please, sir, we shall be blowed up, sir; sha'n't we, sir?" I assured

the Yorkshire lass that all the explosive particles had left Paris with the immoral Empire.

Wednesday, January 18th.—The only siege news published is that the Invalides has been struck by a shell. But I fancy that there must be other news come in, as there is, for the first time for some days, a regular movement, an evident concentration of troops for an attack on Versailles, or in that direction. There is a floating rumour that Chanzy is very near, and no doubt that the idea is to attack the Prussians in front and rear. I have two fears, one that the Prussians while I am writing this know as well as I do what is going on inside Paris; the second is, that they will let the French get through their lines and then surround them.

If, as I suppose from the movement now going on, the great sortie is about to be made, the supreme hour is at hand. Nobody can say that the people of Paris have not behaved and do not deserve well, but is it fair to ask the National Guards to fight the picked troops of Prussia? If they do so, they will prove that they are born soldiers. I believe, for my part, "miles fit, non nasciter."

Madame la Comtesse de Montfort is dead. She had two sons dead, or prisoners, and has herself

died of a broken heart. She was a charming and very handsome old lady—"très-grande dame"—and devoted to ambulances since their earlier days in the time of the war of Italy.

Hector de Callias is killed or missing, and the funerals to-day are perfectly heart-rending to meet.

"Oui, mon ami, je crois que l'heure suprême est arrivée." The crisis is brought on by one of two things, good news, or want of food.

In the mean time M. Victor Hugo has written a "Fable in Verse." I confess I have no patience with poets when "the barbarians are thundering at our gates;" and indeed I always consider poetry as good prose spoiled, but some people will like to read it perhaps. Ecco-lo dunque!—

"DANS LE CIRQUE.

"Le lion du midi voit venir l'ours polaire.
L'ours court droit au lion, grince, et, plein de colère,
L'attaque, plus grondant que l'autan nubien.
Et le lion lui dit:
'Imbécile! c'est bien.
Nous sommes dans le cirque, et tu me fais la guerre.
Pour qui? Vois-tu là-bas cet homme au front vulgaire?
C'est le nommé Néron, empereur des Romains.
Tu combats pour lui. Saigne! il rit, il bat des mains.
Nous ne nous gênions pas dans la grande nature,
Frère, et le ciel sur nous fait la même ouverture,

Et tu ne vois pas moins d'astres que je n'en vois.
Que nous veut donc ce maître assis sur un pavois?
Quoi donc! il règne, et nous, nous mourons par son ordre;
Et c'est à lui de rire, et c'est à nous de mordre.
Il nous fait massacrer l'un par l'autre, et, pendant,
Frère, que mon coup d'ongle attend ton coup de dent,
Il est là sur son trône et nous regarde faire.
Nos tourments sont ses jeux. Il est d'une autre sphère.
Frère, quand nous versons à ruisseaux notre sang,
Il appelle cela de la pourpre. Innocent,
Niais, viens m'attaquer. Soit. Mes griffes sont prêtes.
Mais je pense, et je dis que nous sommes des bêtes
De nous entretuer avec tant de fureur,
Et que nous ferions mieux de manger l'empereur.'

"VICTOR HUGO.

"15 janvier, 1871.

"Paris. Pendant qu'on bombarde."

George d'Hérissen says that we are to attack in several places—two or three feints, one real. He looks weak. He was hit through the shoulder, and his left ribs are grazed, but he says he will be in the saddle in a week. He also says that they have no news, so I fear it is a "sortie de désespoir;" a sortie for want of bread. We are now to be allowed one pennyworth of bread a day—about half a pound English weight, and as nasty as only fourth-rate bread can be.

What is that military law about resisting in untenable positions?

Thursday, January 19th.—"The Ides of March are come;" but they are not past. The great fight is supposed to be going on, or about to begin. The great movement of troops, of which I wrote yesterday, meant, as I supposed, the development of the celebrated "plan" and a general sortie. It seems to me a pity that troops were moved throughout Paris during the day, unless, indeed, the whole affair is done "pour rire."

The following is the last dying speech of Paris—at least I fear so:—

"CITIZENS,

"The enemy kills our wives and children, bombards us night and day, and pelts our hospitals with shells. One cry—'To Arms!'—has burst from every breast.

"Those who can shed their life's blood on the field of battle will march against the enemy; those who remain, jealous of the heroism of their brothers, will, if required, suffer with calm endurance every sacrifice as their proof of devotion to their country.

"Suffer, and die if necessary, but conquer! Vive la République!

"*Members of the Government,*

"JULES FAVRE, JULES FERRY, JULES SIMON, EMMANUEL ARAGO, ERNEST PICARD, GARNIER-PAGÈS, EUGÈNE PELLETAN.

"*Ministers,*

"GÉNÉRAL LE FLÔ, DORIAN, MAGNIN.

"*Government Secretaries,*

"HÉROLD, LAVERTUJON, DURIER, DRÉO."

Generals Trochu and Ducrot are gone to the front, and General Le Flô is in command in Paris. Nobody seems to know exactly who he is, and ribalds hint that he was a soldier of the First Republic, who has deserted from Père la Chaise. Well, I suppose it is all right.

The dullness of Paris to-day is oppressive; and people begin, if not to look on one another with hungry eyes, at least to be very thin; and if any sporting gentleman requires half a dozen riders—"hard enough" in their day—much below their usual weight, they can be heard of——"Post Office, Republic, Paris."

Dreadful atrocity. Two ruffians in human form assaulted a poor cripple, and took away his wooden leg, saying, "This will do to boil our pot-au-feu."

An Englishman and a Frenchman have quarrelled at the Chemin de Fer about the war—Englishman of course accused of Prussian sympathies. They cannot fight while we are in this agony, and I hope, for the sake of the English, they will not.

But for Mr. Wallace we should be in the "hole, upon my soul," as used to be said when "three throws a penny" was a game played by "plungers" between the races.

By-the-way, I read the following notice—it is a pity it is not singular:—"M. Stratt, l'agent roumain à Paris, et son secrétaire M. Vrana, sont partis dès le mois de Septembre, oubliant de mettre sous la protection d'une puissance quelconque les intérêts de leurs nationaux."

Groups are collecting at the different corners of the streets, and nearly one hundred waggons of wounded have arrived. I think I know the Parisians so well that I can read them like a book, and I judge that evil news has come.

Friday, January 20th.—Just as I feared: bad news has come! Over one hundred thousand men with a strong artillery force marched yesterday in three different divisions under the commands of Vinoy, Bellemare, and Ducrot, under the cover of Mont Valérien, to force the Prussian lines between Montretout and La Marche, the Prussians being in force on the well-remembered race-course. In the early part of the day the fog was so dense that aides-de-camp lost their route, and several hours were expended. When,

towards 9 A.M., the French began to fight, they did so well—"This is like old times," said a veteran—and several positions were taken, perhaps so easily as to raise suspicion in the minds of those who proverbially "see most of the game." Line, Mobiles, and Nationals fought like men. But *que voulez-vous?* the Prussians were again too strong for them, and the left wing gave way, but was rallied by Trochu, and then "night came."

The bulletin says, "Our day, commenced so happily, did not produce the result we hoped for." In fact, as I learn from the French themselves, they were allowed to go so far, and then were perfectly overwhelmed by the Prussian reserves and a force of artillery produced as it were out of the ground.

The loss is, I hear, heavy on both sides. Fourteen hundred killed is said to be the French return. It was another attempt, and a gallant one, but it is the struggle of the rabbit against the ferret. I fear we shall have a very intimate list of killed, wounded, and missing; indeed, I have already heard of several friends who will fight no more. Colonel de Rochebrune, distinguished in Italy and Mexico, was shot dead at Rueil at the head of his regiment. M. Séveste, a very rising artiste of the Théâtre Français, has lost his leg. He was carried to the Ambulance

du Théâtre Français, where, at the moment of his arrival, they were playing "Le Médecin malgré lui." M. Victor de Lesseps, son of the Baron Ferdinand, is hit in the thigh, and the doctors decline to pronounce of his chance of cure before Wednesday next; and finally, we have news that the Duc de Luynes, who was with the army of the Loire, was killed by a shot through the head as he was charging with his men in his own park.

Altogether I fear it was a bad day for France, and the news from the provinces, even if as good as they say, will arrive, I fear, too late.

Bread is rationed to-day: hours to wait to get one pennyworth of bread. It is worthy of notice that the German papers fixed this very day as the date at which bread would begin to be scarce in Paris. The Government is also about to appropriate all the combustible, edible, and potable stores to be found in uninhabited apartments.

Two German ladies who had especial permission to stay here, have been arrested as spies because they gave one pound sterling for a pound of butter!

All seems very calm to-day, and I fancy we are not severely shelled; but one has got so accustomed to the noise that it goes on minute after minute as unheeded as the ticking of a clock which is always close to us.

Here is the true, not the official, account of yesterday's fight. Under cover of a thick fog, the French assaulted and, as they say, carried Montretout. They got that position certainly, but so easily that it was evident that there was no resistance; and it did not require much of a soldier to discover that the French, enveloped in fog, had very nearly caught the Prussians asleep. They did not quite do so, but the Prussians, who are "as clever as two fools and a madman," concentrated their forces on a really tenable position—the Château de Buzenval—the property of Prince Murat; and this was the object of attack of the French. They could not take it, nor indeed could they make any strategic capital out of Montretout. All day the Prussians, while shelling us like men, kept out of sight. "By Jove!" said an English officer, who has seen more fighting than all the Paris generals, with Favre and Ferry added, "you never can detect a Prussian force, or see a Prussian soldier."

Alas! when the "fall of day closed the struggle," the enemy appeared in masses.

There was a horrid episode. A private in the 119th of the Line shot the captain of his company on the field. General Trochu ordered the man to be shot on the spot. He was shot at, and wounded. When an ambulance party went to pick him up, they

were told to —— ——; and then a man of his regiment went up, had two missfires at his head, then borrowed another private's chassepot, shot his brains out, and then lighted his pipe and fell back into his place in the ranks.

To-night the Nationals and, I fear, the Line are falling back on Paris—again "se repliant en bon ordre!"

Saturday, January 21st.—The worst day of the hundred and twenty-five which Paris has been besieged. First of all, the very worst I anticipated last night was the acknowledged result of the battle of the 19th. The Government report says, in so many words, that they gained nothing all day, and had, when evening came, to fall back on the trenches. It seems to have been a series of blunders. It was a thick fog, and the Right, under Ducrot, got on to a railway which was blocked up, and then into a road where a column of artillery, having lost its way, was wandering, and so did not get into action till the Left and Centre had been in action two hours.

Bellemare, lately deprived of his command on account of his blunder at Bourget, was intrusted with the command of the Centre—the main attack, and seems to have been left unsupported.

The whole affair was severely criticised in to-day's papers and at Belleville. There were meetings before the Hôtel de Ville, and the Government of Defence (?) sat in permanent council. I have just heard that Trochu is deposed, keeping his civil position, and that he is superseded by Vinoy, who is a soldier.

But this was not evil enough for the day. We had a miserable provincial pigeon, the very pioneer of collapse. Bourbaki so far off that his advance must be too late unless the sky rains food; and as for Chanzy, in a most "jaunty" despatch he announces a complete defeat, with the loss of twelve guns and ten thousand men!

Again, the bombardment of St.-Denis began to-day, and five shells hit the last resting-place of French kings. This should delight the true republicans. It was a very hot fire all night, and at 1 A.M. and 3 A.M. heavy bodies of troops were marching down the Rue Auber.

Sunday, January 22nd.—A heavy bombardment, but the fog so dense that you can see none of the effects. Issy is returning a "well-nourished" fire, but is also suffering severely. The troops moving last night were sent to protect the Hôtel de Ville, which was threatened with a "communist" attack *à la* 31st of

October. No attack was made, but some of the Belleville National Guard marched with drums beating, and crying, "A bas Trochu!" They marched on, and took possession of the Belleville Mairie, and finally broke open Mazas, and set at liberty M. Gustave Flourens and the rest of the political prisoners. They took or destroyed two thousand rations of bread, and drank a quarter-cask of wine which was left at a grocer's for distribution to the poor, and then this Parisian head-centre of scoundrelism, M. Flourens, said that he was not "in force," but would return to-morrow (to-day). The Mairie was easily retaken, and "order reigned at Belleville" during the night.

I was up at Belleville this (Sunday) morning, and all was quiet. As the fog was dense, and we could not see the destruction of dear old St.-Denis, I ran back into my hole, intending to feed my mind if I could not victual my body; but just as I was going upstairs I received a letter, brief as that sent by "France" to King John on the escape of Richard the Lion-hearted:—"Take heed, for the Devil is unchained." My message was:—"Row in the House. Go off to Hôtel de Ville." Which I did, and there I witnessed a scene as disgraceful to Paris as it was damaging to France and fatal to a French Re-

public—a fashion of government only fitted for serious people.

Another row—Belleville *versus* authority. The morning had been quiet enough, and no one had thought much of preventive measures. Some "Ultra" deputations were received, and everybody seemed to have grown "sec," even if they had been too "mousseux" last night.

A colonel of the National Guard was bowing out a citizen deputation—the quantity of bows made by republicans to their fellow citizens beats the salutions of Imperial chamberlains to visiting princes—when one hundred or one hundred and fifty Belleville National Guards appeared unexpectedly on the scene. They advanced in a sort of volunteer skirmishing order, suddenly knelt, and fired straight on the officer who had been politely bowing their own friends out of the door. A colonel remonstrated, and an individual *in plain clothes* immediately told his men to fire on that colonel, which they did, missing him, but nearly or quite killing Adjutant-Major Bernard. At least one hundred shots had been fired, when the Mobiles inside the Hôtel de Ville replied, and cleared the square. Then there was some desultory fire on the hôtel, and some houses opposite were occupied by Flourentons, but no damage was done.

Altogether, I calculate that ten men were killed, and about thirty (judging from the ambulances waiting later) wounded. I know of one couple, man and wife—really man and wife; odd, you know, going about here together on Sunday—who were killed a thousand yards nearer Galignani's than the Hôtel de Ville.

Inside the hôtel no lives were lost, but a great deal of M. Haussmann's furniture and the fine walls and ceilings were ruined. Three hundred shots struck one large room.

The whole square of the Hôtel de Ville, and every street round it, was lined with National Guards, Mobiles, and Republican Guards. Ah! I knew many of them again in spite of their less Zouave-cut trousers, and the want of cocked-hats. Every corner of a street, round which only the Irishman's celebrated crooked gun could have fired, was held by a strong body of *flâneurs*, of whose powers of non-sufferance and rapidity of retreat I am enabled and happy to speak.

All was heavy and dull, but there was an evident doubt if the *soi-disant* Government; are really strong enough to crush the men of the Commune; and although the general feeling was strongly against Flourens and his band, yet I heard men say, "Que

voulez-vous? They are bad, but so are the others; both are bad for Paris, et l'un vaut bien l'autre. No right or justice on either side."

To any one who has not lived long in Paris, and got weary of the bi-annual demonstrations against the occupant of the Hôtel de Ville for the time being, perhaps the scene might not have been, as it was to me, a bore—a light to lighten the Reds, which would be snuffed out when the rain came on, or the lamplighter kindled the compound which now does duty for gas. The crowd melted away with the damp and darkness.

Vinoy, however, was certainly not likely to err on the side of want of precaution and means of prevention, for just as darkness set in, two battalions of the 125th of the Line arrived on the stage, and surrounded two-thirds of the theatre. At the same time there rattled by so strong a division of artillery that we said, "It can have nothing to do with this affair. It must be that Vinoy means to inaugurate his advent to supreme command by an attack on the enemy"—to quote the Paris papers, on the Prussians *without*, not the Prussians *within*.

I did not like the tone of the people to these soldiers of the Line. "Don't fire on the people, citizens," said the people, who were probably

"citizens." "Never," said the men, who perhaps had been "treated," if not "corrupted." Only if Liners take their orders from National Guards and general outsiders, I should say to them as my soldiers, "Adieu for evermore."

Monday, January 23rd.—The affair of yesterday was a pure republican flash in the pan. I do not call Favre and —— (with want of power to add to their numbers) a Republic. They represent an extremely conservative (for themselves) party, striving to absorb somebody else's power, losing everything, including their own heads. When Jules Favre heard that Chanzy had lost ten thousand men, he could not finish reading the despatch, but sent it off to Trochu. This, I confess, seems to me to be like trying to dissolve in water that which was insoluble in spirit.

I hear, though I hardly dare write it, that they have had an awful time in the provinces, and that Gambetta has so disgusted the country of republicanism that he has done for conservatism more than ever was done by the extremest members of the Manchester party. I know that there is to-day a great reaction. If the English had seen the causes, they would have esteemed the effect weak and inadequate.

Well! we have been over every part of Paris to-

day—Belleville, Villette, Hôtel de Ville, Students' Quarter—and they are as quiet as if it was the second week in Lent. But never let me hear that the French are a "sensible people" after the scene of death and destruction, of murder in the streets, of utter contempt of the authority which they made a revolution to obtain, of all decency, honour, dignity, and patriotism which I, at the risk of my life—for a blundering Mobile playing with his rifle next to me let it off, hurting, thank mercy, only himself—witnessed yesterday, and against which abject republicanism the wounds of the fine statues which decorate the front of the Hôtel de Ville will be ample, if bloodless, testimony. At least one hundred shots struck the building, besides those which broke every window, and those which entered into the *salons*.

We went to the Morgue. The rush to see if "any fellows we know" were there was awful. There were none; only a very handsome "père de famille" and two others; but the Mobiles were delighted. "Clean shaved, and left his *Napoléon*," said one, as he looked at one of the three victims of the bridge riots.

The news I have heard to-day is that Prussia will only treat for peace—*peace*, not a treaty for capitula-

tion. When you have nine trumps, do you usually throw down the cards?

There were three hundred guns on the French side on the 19th, only they stuck in the mud.

Illness has increased—wounded and sickness—300 per cent. since the parallel week in the month of September.

I omitted to describe one scene. Three dead bodies in the Morgue. Nurserymaids and children by dozens; Mobiles laughing over the horrid marble slab; old men taking snuff and studying their own close future through iron bars and glasses; the clothes of those whom many present recognized "with pleasure;" the serious women and lounging men. "Like so-and-so, is he not?"—"No! At least it is not him. I knew his waistcoat."—"Go then, you are so clever!" "Let us go by all manner of means, and see if I am clever enough to win the water sugared of monsieur at a rubber of dominoes."

"It is he," says a fair girl; "they are his clothes. Ah! mon Dieu!"—"You should know him, and his clothes," says an Italian-looking man and villain.—"But you knew Charles?"—"I know I have followed you here. Go home."—"He shaved himself clean but left a tip on his chin, like the Emperor."

"Ah! they are wax, they are wax," say two children to a pretty little nurse.

They were joking inside, playing pitch and toss without, and we who had no relations in the Morgue knew that with a little more elevation the Prussians could have thrown a shell into the midst of the jokers, and porters, and players in this purgatory which in Paris precedes the grave.

Hogarth's apprentice was deservedly whipped. The Prussian beadle was close to these scoffers at the Inevitable, and barring of course those who came to seek for a missing relative, to whom we take off the hat of deepest respect and regret, I should have seen such a lash as a shell falling equally among them with a more than morbid pleasure.

The Pantheon is said to be hit hard, but, like a hero, conceals its wounds even if suffering; and shells were decidedly near the Quai Voltaire to-day.

A curious fact. Many wounded in the "Ambulance Américaine" on the night of the 19th were so beaten by fatigue that they fell asleep as soon as they could find a reclining posture of any comfort, and had to be awakened in cases which were necessary to be operated on. One man had a bullet in his head!

Tuesday, January 24th.—St.-Denis is suffering ter-

ribly from Prussian shells, and will be knocked to pieces. I ask any one if it is not the fact that the Government of Defence is acting as much against the Law of War by holding an untenable place, as Bismarck in not serving Paris with notice of bombardment? They should have given in long ago; but they should certainly do so now that they are eating their reserves (artillery and cavalry horses). The fact is, they should have retired, and left Paris an open city; then its beauties, its treasures of art, and its Imperial glories would have been spared. But it has been blunder, blunder, and blunder.

I was talking to a Frenchman yesterday, and he said, "I know every bye-road, lane, field, and wood round Paris; have driven all over this country for years, and I assure you that in every attack made by us from Paris we have been forced to advance across a wet heavy country, while we chose our point of attack so badly from want of military and topographical knowledge, that we left the enemy a network of good roads by which they could concentrate or bring up their reserves." That this was true on the 19th is proved by the fact that the artillery could not find its way, and neither wing was any assistance to Bellemare's centre.

Comte d'Etrellis ("Ned Pearson" of "Le Sport")

offers to bet forty to one that Paris is taken, and M. Charles Walewski says, it is "all over." Both these men are gallant soldiers, and good Frenchmen.

Those who remember the howls of execration which, under the Empire, met any interference with the liberty of the Press or public meetings, must laugh at seeing the men of the *coup d'état* of the 4th of September "hoist with their own petard."

I wonder what were the feelings of M. Jules Favre, who was lighted into authority by the "Lanterne," when (by pressure of Vinoy) he signed the decree suppressing the "Réveil" and the "Combat," because they abused his policy with truly republican freedom, and the clubs because they laughed at the "plan" and the planner, and did not deify the rest of the "elderly group!"

Vinoy has got the worst of it. He is a soldier set to win a decisive battle with a mass of armed men against troops which he knows were good enough to beat the "regulars," which he saw fight so gallantly at Magenta, and if he does not succeed he will be abused as Trochu is. But, you see, he was an Imperial officer, and a Senator, and so, though forced to accept his service, these people have only employed him in subordinate positions till now, when the dis-

grace of defeat or capitulation will fall on him, and so not on "a pure and simple republican."

Scenes of siege. An hotel keeper getting up a ladder out of the attic window on to the roof, where he has a "rendez-vous" with the baker's wife—don't be alarmed, my modest friend: it is true that she has promised to favour him, but it is only by bestowing on him an extra and illegal "five hundred grammes" loaf of bread.

Another. "A Scotchman, is he?" said the Baron de ——. "By Jove, I'll ask him to breakfast. Perhaps he knows how to make porridge, and oatmeal is all I have to eat now." This is true, and the Baron is a member of the best club in Paris, and a man of large income; a tearing soldier, and one of the most useful aides-de-camp of a government which he serves and detests so much that, though he thinks it cannot last, he says, "When I come back from my German prison, and can sell my Paris property, I will never set foot again in France." Yet his name is recorded in early annals of France as far back as the Crusades, as is that of poor Destourmel, who was shot last Wednesday.

There is a wounded Franc-Tireur in the American ambulance, an ex-English soldier and Irishman. He has never slept in a bed for three months. That

corps has lost half its men, and when taken prisoners they are shot like dogs. Horrid, is it not? But I told them it would be so, for I heard it in August from the highest Prussian authority, and it is strict military law.

Wednesday, January 25th.—Bang! whirr! boom! boom! boom! Such was the soothing music by which we were lulled to rest last night, and St.-Denis must have had an awful time. In Paris the shelling has not been so heavy, possibly on account of the perpetual fogs, and indeed, in nineteen days' bombardment it is curious how little damage has been effected.

There is no hint of further sortie or any other action on this side; but, on the other hand, there is a whisper of imminent capitulation in the army, and the idea hinted at yesterday, that Prussia will only treat for peace, has got abroad. It must come, but truly I pity those who have to commence it; and as for the next month after the "come in," it is terrible to think of it.

Paris is as quiet as if there had not been three days ago a revolution within a revolution. M. Cresson must be as mild as his name would indicate, and his policemen as useless as they look, for though it is

impossible to leave Paris, yet in four days they have not been able to find the hiding-places of Flourens or Sapia, if he is alive. Several arrests have been made, but there seems no idea of applying that martial law which is the sole remedy for such mutiny before the enemy as the affair on Sunday.

When you dine at a restaurant now you are requested to bring your staff (of life) with you, as well as your umbrella, and you are allowed one *serviette* a week, around which is tied a bit of tape on which appear your initials—N. or M., as the case may be—for, alas! the washerwomen have struck from want of fuel. This is awful, and will drive us to that horrid alternative—a brown shirt, and brush it. As yet, except for a few days, we have had a plentiful supply of water—frappée, mais bien frappée.

Here is a rapid act of transmission of news, A.D. 1871:—On the 9th of December, 1870, I sent a letter "by mounted balloon" to London. It arrived on the 13th of December, on which day a telegraphic answer was sent, and which I received by pigeon from Tours on the 23rd of January, 1871. Before the Prussian era, I used to send at 7·40 A.M., Monday, a letter to the "Daily Telegraph," and buy the paper containing it on the boulevards at 7 P.M. on Tuesday!

Thursday, January 26th.—The news of to-day may be condensed. The papers are toning down to a peaceful, or rather capitulating, frame of mind, and we are told that grandmothers, grandfathers, women, and children must be considered, as well as the glory of France. It requires no Œdipus: Davus (with a boy to help him) could answer this riddle. The hour is at hand! and an awful hour it is for France. The official organs are silent.

Gambetta is now said not to be dead, only "exalted;" while Sapia, the Garibaldian captain, who was killed while leading on his *émeutiers* gallantly—unlike Flourens, he came to and died at the front!—was also mad! I hope lunacy is not catching, or perhaps it will attack the Hôtel de Ville like an "émeutier" of October or January.

Flourens is captured.

The funds rose considerably as soon as a whisper of capitulation was wafted to the Bourse.

The day has been dull and cold; news has been scarce. People look blue and bored. It has just been that sort of day when the late Lord Chesterfield would have said at White's, "It don't pay, I'll go back to bed;" and when the earlier or later Lord Saye and Sele, who used to dine at the "Windham" at

midnight, would not have got up at all. I wish I had not; but, to be sure, I can go to bed.

Friday, January 27th.—According to my calculation, the hundred and thirty-first day of siege, and twenty-fourth of bombardment. At length the fatal news is allowed to ooze out—that is, in outline previous to the appearance of a detailed account, which will appear officially to-morrow.

The following anonymous notice appeared to-day in the "Journal Officiel":—

"As long as the Government could count on an army of relief, it was its duty to neglect nothing which could prolong the defence of Paris. Now, though our armies are still on foot, the fortune of war has driven them back—one under the walls of Lille, the second beyond Laval, while the third is operating on the Eastern frontier.

"We have thus lost all hope of their being able to approach us, and the state of our stores will not permit us to wait longer.

"In these circumstances negotiation was the absolute duty of the Government. The negotiations are now going on. Every one will understand that there is serious difficulty in publishing the details of

them. We hope to be able to publish them to-morrow. We can, however, state to-day that the principle of national sovereignty will be protected by the immediate reunion of an Assembly. That the end of the armistice is the convocation of that Assembly; that during this armistice the German army will occupy the forts, but will not penetrate into Paris; that we preserve our National Guard untouched, and one division of the army, while no one soldier will be sent out of the country."

Up to this evening the effect of this "outline" is not very satisfactory. I see the National Guards lounging about in evidently dissatisfied groups, and I hear that if not better satisfied with the particulars than they are with the sketch of the armistice, they will protest *en masse*, so I am quite prepared for another "Sunday."

The truth is, the notice is not satisfactory. It speaks of "the armistice." Men ask, "What armistice?" Then there is no word of revictualling, neither is there any allusion to those "inches of our territory." Again, do "soldiers" include Mobiles and National Guards?

I confess that, as far as terms go, I think that Bismarck, feeling he was strong, has been merciful. But MM. Jules Favre & Co., or some of their subalterns,

have added another to their many blunders! They —and not as we all expected Prussia would have done some day—have surprised Paris. After saying they could last out for weeks—just now increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the bread, they suddenly collapse, and without saying a word to those who elected them, go down to Versailles with a ready cut and dried treaty in the blue bag of M. Jules Favre! We shall know more to-morrow, and things may be better than we expect; but when one remembers the boastful speeches of Trochu, the impossible diplomacy of Favre, the wilful waste and consequent woeful want of Ferry (all of which are set forth by "Les Nouvelles du Jour," which is bordered with black); when one recalls the ruinous and unnecessary expense of turning an open into a fortified city; the money expended on the fortifications never manned, and weapons never wielded, and above all the awful sacrifice of life—look at this last week only, and the sad procession of funerals which really lines the streets — one cannot be astonished if thousands of young National Guards should say, "Our country, our families, our trades are ruined for years. We have given up anything and everything to fight Prussia, and after our Elected Imbecility have kept us in suspense for four months, they

put us by in a corner like an old muzzle-loading musket."

It is almost impossible for any one who looks coolly on, and whose sympathy, though strongly with France against Prussia, is not with republican lawyers, soldiers, or Imperial generals who have "changed front," not to say "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin." You must remember that we who have lived in Paris for a year remember that in July and August we used to be told, "Look at this, my friend; it is not the war of the Emperor, it is the war of the People! It is France against Prussia."

We all know that in '71 Prussia would have done what France did in '70! but, my dear friend, always kick a man when he is down if you want to get on in the world, so you shall prosper. Bismarck kicks France, and France kicks the Emperor, who was deceived, and in plain English "sold."

A propos of this, one of the rampant anti-Prussians was at MM. de Rothschild's in July, and declared to one of the secretaries-in-chief, "It is our war, sir; ours, not the Emperor's!" "But don't you think," said common sense, "that they are stronger than you, and better prepared?" "Never! never! No!" was the reply. "Wait till France rises—the nation rises as one man!" He blustered a good deal,

and then rose as one man, in which character he is supposed to have left Paris. He has not reappeared there as one man, or any other fellow.

The following letters are curious if they are facts, but I cannot forget the heading of one little paragraph in "Punch:" "Curious, if true—but not true." "Le Temps" states that M. Emile Ollivier wrote the following letter to the King of Prussia:—

"SIRE,

"I have taken a great part in the actual war, and I shall never repent it, for it arose from an injury, no doubt involuntary, which you did to the Emperor of the French. I believe in God, and God having always protected France, France will triumph.

"EMILE OLLIVIER."

To this Bismarck:—

"SIR,

"The King has not received the letter you sent him, but I think I can assure you that if you believe in God, your life if passed on your knees before Him, will not be long enough to ask pardon for the evil you have done to your country.

"BISMARCK."

We can't be buried by horses in hearses after to-day :—boys and *brancards* are the order of to-morrow. But in the midst of starvation we are in plenty. The early dawn of rising supply already gleams over Peace. The American Minister has received a cod-fish (so Foreign Office bags are really not so useless), and we were offered a leg of veal at eight and four-pence a pound! I farmed once, and could not get much more for a calf, and so went to London and dined off turtle at the club, and saved money.

Evoë! Evoë, Bacchus! I have seen a jackass, and he is going to his proper duty—to draw greens in a truck, not to be boiled with them, and eaten as bacon! Nunc dimittis! I believe in Peace. I also believe that a great many people who are eager for peace are not so humanitarian as they are hungry. Well! thank goodness for a moderate appetite, and a little dinner of herbs.

Saturday, January 28th.—A very bad frost. Paris, and even Belleville, where I have just been, quite quiet, though they are at the latter district very savage at the armistice. Thousands of them are living on one and fivepence a day as National Guards, and have no other means. Last night the Bell-villagers threatened to break into the Strasbourg

Station, and destroy the balloons, and the 114th of the Line had to be sent to protect the station. But except this, and the protest against disarmament or any compromise by several regiments of National Guards, all has as yet gone off calmly.

Rentes have risen about two francs since a transaction was first hinted at.

The Government is very much abused, and indeed I think, judging from to-day's bread and the fact that they confess to have had no food of any kind for four days, they have held out too long; also, in common with many other people, I think that the insane attempt of the 19th of January, which cost hundreds of lives, might have been spared. The Government, however, declines to defend itself till it can do so before a National Assembly.

And the elections for this Assembly! Does not a Parliament elected by universal suffrage still exist, and is not M. Schneider its president? Ask the Marquis de Pire! Change the name, and tell the fable about Imperialists or Royalists, and then ask M. Jules Favre! Why does not that parliament assemble in the provinces—assemble and protest?

The Bismarck-Favre arrangement is not yet signed (28th of January, 1871), but these men are "fideles ad finem," and bathe in ink again to-day. Here is

the latest offspring of this paper-and-pen Government:—

"CITIZENS!

"The convention which terminates the resistance of Paris is not signed, but will be in a few hours. The conditions are those we announced yesterday. The enemy will not enter the walls of Paris; the National Guards will keep their organization and their arms. A division of twelve thousand men remains untouched. As for the other troops, they will remain in Paris in the midst of us, instead of, as was first proposed, encamped in the suburbs. Officers will keep their swords.

"The moment the articles are signed they will be published, with the exact state of our supply of food.

"Paris desires to know if resistance was kept up as long as possible. The figures which we shall produce, and which we defy any one to dispute, will be indisputable proof that such was the case. We shall prove that we had just bread enough to last till we could revictual, and that we could not have prolonged the resistance without condemning to certain death two millions of men, women, and children.

"The siege has lasted one hundred and thirty-two

days; the bombardment one month. Since the 15th of January, 1871, the bread ration has been three hundred grammes, and since the 15th of December, 1870, the horse ration has been thirty grammes. Mortality has increased threefold. Amidst all these disasters we have not had one day of discouragement. The enemy is the first to bear witness to the courage and energy of Paris.

"She has suffered, but the Republic will benefit by those sufferings so nobly supported. We rise from the present, prepared for the future struggle. We come out with all our honour, and all our hope, in spite of our present grief. More now than ever we have faith in the destiny of our country.

"GÉNÉRAL TROCHU, JULES FAVRE, EMMANUEL ARAGO, JULES FERRY, GARNIER-PAGÈS, EUGÈNE PELLETAN, ERNEST PICARD, JULES SIMON, LE FLÔ, *Minister of War*, DORIAN, *Minister of Public Works*, MAGNIN, *Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.*"

"Blessed are the peace makers!" they say—not in Paris this 28th day of January; and I confess that I think the last paragraph of this proclamation is, to use a word "I believe of Indian origin," bosh, and an insult to sensible Parisians. Trochu is very un-

popular, and certainly does not belong to Gambetta's category of "none but lucky generals."

I have been all over bombarded Paris to-day. I fear that the "Senior," "Junior," and "Rag," all of whom we expect to send examining committee-men next week, will be much disappointed. The pictures in the illustrated papers are much better than the originals. The Pantheon, the Ecole de Droit, and St.-Sulpice are hard hit, but show little signs of it.

Here it is midnight. We ought to be just going to supper after hearing "La Divina" in "Don Pasquale" or "Rigoletto," previous to just looking into the fourth "bal masqué." Instead, we are looking on a whole table full of black-edged "Lettres de faire part," and are going sorrowing and most literally supperless to bed.

It is odd, but we quite miss the guns. We have got so used to them that we might, when they thundered through the night, have thought it was only some one knocking at the door, and have said, like the deaf old gentleman in Birdcage Walk at the ninety guns on the King's birthday, "Come in, stupid. How much oftener are you going to knock?"

Sunday, January 29th.—Troja fuit. All is over in

Paris, for although it is really only an armistice in order to allow the French to summon a National Assembly which was signed "Jules Favre," Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Government of National Defence, and "Bismarck," acting for his Majesty the Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, yet it is practically a peace which will be treated for, and must be accepted by France. There is no question in the document, which I append* in the original, of the integrity of France.

When read in detail, this act of armistice is by no manner of means a harsh or unfair one towards France, but it is not so mild as the "Official Journal" has hinted during the week, and I shall not be astonished if evil comes of it this day of rest.

The National Guard is very angry, there is no concealing the fact, and for the last two nights have only just been kept within bounds. It was proposed, if the appeals were not heard, to march *en masse* against the Prussians. Luckily that which would have produced a massacre, and justified an entrance into Paris, has been as yet prevented. But there is thunder in the air! I see go by my window hundreds of Mobiles who are still armed, Favre and Bismarck notwithstanding.

* See page 339.

Some arrests have been made. MM. Brunel and Piazza, who had created themselves General-in-Chief, and Chief of the Staff of the Army of Paris, have been arrested leading an armed body along the Quai Voltaire. They had not only caused the "générale" to be beaten, thereby alarming with ideas of "Fire" several parishes, but they set going

"The bloody tocsin's maddening sound"

from the churches in the "Rue du Temple" and the Rue St.-Joseph. For a time it looked as if the "Inevitable" was come; but the "Inevitable" was as usual "remis à huitaine."

On that day, France is to elect seven hundred and fifty-three to the National Assembly. Seven hundred and fifty-three! Oh, noise! Oh, palaver! Oh, eloquence! Oh, patriotism! Oh, waste of time! Seven hundred and fifty-three French deputies, who often "resume their speech" next day! Why, in the name of all that is practical, what can you do with them? I do not know much about their bite, but they will bark so that there will not be above three divisions in an average session of the Chamber of Deputies.

Government has come out of its shell on the alimentary question, and it seems that we might possibly have held out another three days, and by finding

hidden food, by the flour actually in the hands of the bakers, we might have existed, not lived, till to-morrow week (Feb. 6th), but then starvation must have set in. As it was, our eating was scarcely "apoplectic." Three-fifths of a pound of bread, and something less than an ounce of horse, is not a sumptuous dinner; but that is what Paris has had to eat per man per diem for some days. Sixty-seven thousand horses have been turned into beef, and judging from the taste they have "ground their bones to make my bread."

The Government had to give in at last, a very unpopular measure! but I think that truly great men would have run the gauntlet of the "Inevitable," and come to terms a month ago.

Collectively the Parisians were bold, and all for holding out. Talk to them individually, and they all allowed a month ago, "Why, of course we can have no chance in the end." They of course depended on that broken reed, Gambetta, and those armies of the provinces which we were assured were "not on paper," but which really might as well have been.

Ah! who can say what damage patriots do to a country? Peace might have been made after Sedan—as after Sebastopol, after Solferino, after Sadowa—and half France, and all Paris saved; but "aliter visum est," to a legal-military minority, and the result is a

Government without head or tail, and MM. Brunel and Piazza repudiating a treaty of their own selected Government (vide 4th of September, *passim*), and electing themselves Commander-in-Chief and Secretary of War.

Monday, January 30th.—They have stopped the balloons, and have not re-established the post; still there is a dawn of communication. Several people have heard, by "open letter," that their aunt is in perfect health; and I fear that several of the recipients of these despatches are not the least glad to hear it.

I have been a weary pilgrimage over Paris, and never have seen wilderness more desolate, people more dull. A quarter of a mile of artillery without guns, a mile of infantry lounging, as only French infantry can lounge, into Paris without arms, and a hundred thousand unarmed Mobiles quartered on the capital, does not certainly show life under a pleasant aspect. It thawed too, and people you fell against were cross. Indeed, the whole of this very black Monday reminded me of a little friend at Naples, who was proud of his English, and who said of a dancer at San Carlo, "Oh! dam how she is fat!" and who was wont also to say if it rained—and it can rain in Naples—"Oh! my friend, what a dam of a day!"

There is a horrible and, to a degree, very urgent feeling against the Government of Defence. The men in the street say it has not defended, but offended; that, while crying out, "We can hold on for months," they knew they could not hold for hours.

There is another question: "Under which Government, speak or die?" Quien lo sabe! Does not one exist already, and if so, who has the power to dissolve it and form another?

There were groups at all the corners of streets to-day, but only consisting of petty parliaments, "speakered" by concierges out of employment. You can't open a door if nobody wants to come in, so you must leave it open, and go out and make a speech. "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée," you know. Yet there was no active discontent when snow and darkness drove me home to bed—"to sleep, perchance to dream" of a hot supper, and something after it. We all long for the impossible.

Tuesday, January 31*st.*—The forts are given over, and Prussia is quartered not only in Mont Valérien, the very idea of which frightened M. Jules Favre into fits in the "not one inch of our territory" days, but all around this unhappy city. All went off quietly, and the papers are loud in their praise of the order

and discipline of the in-coming soldiery, while they confess that many pairs of red trousers staggered away from the forts with a most vinous and peculiar step.

It is reported that General Bourbaki has shot himself; but where, and what is truth?

Food has fallen fifty per cent. The messieurs and dames des Halles (unlike the republican generals) brought up their reserves too soon! The public, however, took possession of them, and bought, or rather appropriated, them at what was popularly considered a fair price. It is said that large supplies are left in the forts.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

Wednesday, 1*st*.—Jules Favre and some of his colleagues have gone to Bordeaux to prepare for next Sunday election of the National Assembly. Seven hundred and fifty members! Oh, Babel!

There is a sort of faint attempt at correspondence with England, and I had yesterday a letter dated the 14th of December, 1870. I have also a pass to go and return through the "lines of investment." We used usually to drive through in a "drag."

The Hôtel de Ville, where I was to-day, is a pig-sty devoted to the accommodation of Mobiles.

The last forty-eight hours have been the dullest of all the hundred and thirty days of the siege, and man, woman, child, and soldier seem alike depressed.

Thursday, February 2*nd*.—It is the first fine day since our "Fall," and there was a certain movement, chiefly of unarmed soldiers of every branch, on foot and on horseback. A few men too again appeared in "plain clothes." You could see by the creases that the "mufti" had been folded up in a wardrobe for

four months: they announced that they had again entered on the "vie civile" to-day. It is gayer perhaps than yesterday, for it is lighter, and not so cold, but the gloom of surrender hangs over us like a pall.

I have met several people to-day—bankers, idle people, soldiers, politicians, and tradesmen, wholesale and retail—and they all seem to think that the troubles of France are just beginning. There is one shout of abuse against the Doctrinaires—the civil general, and the other general who was scarcely military.

I am sorry for Jules Favre, as he and M. Ernest Picard seem the best and most talented of the clique; but Paris, suffering from a disappointment inevitable from the moment it resisted, is very hard on them. I never believed in Trochu, Ducrot, nor Gambetta. There were not in them the makings of that "man" who is necessary in all exceptional circumstances.

M. Gambetta, the self-entitled "Organizer of Victory," of course has to bear the severest attacks, for if in France, as in other countries, nothing succeeds like success, you may be sure that nothing is so fatal as failure. The "mot d'ordre" is now to abuse the Government of National Defence, and the "mot d'ordre" is strictly kept. General d'Aurelles

de Paladines, whom Paris raised into a twenty-four hour hero, and who was defeated, as he was sure to be, was, we all know, turned out of his command by Gambetta for not being lucky. It is like kicking a man out of the Arlington for not holding trumps. Then the "Young Dictator" offers him another command, in consequence of which the Young Dictator has received the following letter :—

"Belley, January 11th, 1871.

"M. LE MINISTRE,—

"I have the honour of receiving your despatch. I set my country before everything, and in spite of the annoyances to which I have been subjected, I am ready to reassume the command of a 'corps d'armée.' But I will only hold this command under an established government, the first operation of which has been the summoning before the judgment-seat of those ambitious imbeciles who have lost France.

"D'AURELLE DE PALADINES."

A Monsieur de Lanfrey also makes a furious attack on the "dictature de l'incapacité.

As the elections approach we see practical governing elements entirely forgotten. Look at the candidates! Some prisoners for riot, some for mutiny, some as distinguished provokers of rebellion, some as

oppositionists so general that they would oppose a saint if he descended to a "Mairie," others because they held office under the Empire, and "id genus omne." Of known names we have Victor Hugo, an amiable poet, who knows as much about France in 1871 as Kossuth understood the wants of Hungary after twelve years' exile, or the great Chancellor Clarendon when he blundered and bungled for his royal master, for whom he seldom did a clever thing or a wise one.

I hope they will bring in the very Red, and that "les extrêmes se toucheront." Rochefort above all, for I should like to see him collapse like a gibus! I have just sent him a penny. That is, I have bought his new journal—the "Mot d'Ordre," in which he openly advocates regicide. I presume he forgets that although "kings are below any ruffians," he cannot kill them like rabbits; and that even Horace Walpole (the humbug), when he said the killing of a king was the least of all murders, yet admitted that it was a murder. Perhaps M. de Rochefort will try his 'prentice hand on a dictator, doge, or president. Paris must have one of the three to "sit upon Belleville," to keep that frantic parish quiet.

Eh bien! We have three days to select our deputies, and seventeen in which to make up our

little differences with the Emperor of Germany. It is not too much time, nor do we seem to have too many statesmen. But all comes to an end for those who are content to wait. But what end?

Friday, February 3rd—The Paris elections are postponed for three days. Judging from the clubs, the result which I anticipated yesterday will be far exceeded, and Paris will prove "Red" enough to frighten all France. A procession which, if it was not so dreadful, would be ludicrous has just rattled by—all the new breech-loading cannons and the mitrailleuses presented to the Government of Defence by patriotism, and as yet un-fired, being withdrawn from the ramparts.

All through the siege we have been pretty jolly, but now that danger is over, excitement dying with it, no better food, and the unearthly silence, Paris is paralyzed! A very pall of depression is on us, and starvation begins to tell.

The odd thing is, that those who have been able to get food at Versailles, and beef here at a price, have not cared much about, but perhaps the silence is the worst infliction yet sent us from Germany. "I do sincerely wish they would begin to shell us again," said a lady yesterday.

Saturday, February 4th.—It is a fine day, and there is, metaphorically speaking, corn in Egypt. That is to say, Lieut.-Colonel H. Stuart-Wortley arrived here at 2 A.M., with five thousand pounds in money, and five thousand pounds' worth of food! Talk about angels descending from heaven, why here is truly a "Manners" in the wilderness.

The Government has issued another proclamation! They will die on foolscap (margined), and waving with a failing hand the pen of steel.

England is looking up; "è già tempo," as I once heard a Milanese sing out in the pit of La Scala, when at the beginning of the last act of an opera doomed to those cat-like noises peculiar to that city, a very indifferent tenor squeaked out "Tutto è finito;" for we were sinking below Monaco, and our diplomatic relations were "Dr. and Cr."—Lombard Street *versus* Downing Street.

The "Daily Telegraph" has given a thousand pounds to the Famine Fund, which will give great profit to that enterprising journal, and some popularity to the British in Paris, and they want it bad enough.

Sunday, February 5th.—Famine is beginning to tell, and relief has only just come in in time. I heard of

several people yesterday who were dying from want of food, not money.

As was to be expected, the Government of National "Offence" and that of Bordeaux have quarrelled, and the former has proclaimed the "déchéance" of the Gambetta delegation. But is not that the quasi-government of France, and are not the men here merely Paris police? Gambetta's proclamation simply calls for a "Red" parliament and a speedy renewal of war. He ignores the treaty, and says it was made by Paris, not France; and, indeed, I think he is in a measure right. At any rate, if the Empire seeks revenge on France, which I do not for a moment believe, it has it full and fair, thanks to the "group of elderly men who conceived the *coup d'état* of the 4th of September."

I saw Mr. Lawrence Oliphant last night. He has been with the Prussians in the north. He says that Chanzy's army never had a chance. All then is lost, and I believe that France is entering on a phase worse even than a war without men or bread, generals, guns, or tactics. The sons of this Republic, like many of their ancestors, will murder their mother. What "deluge" will come after her death it is difficult to say, but I believe it will come to the Tuileries by the Orleans line.

We have several more "Proclamations." One is good: it refuses to confirm the Gambetta decree, that no one who had served the Imperial Government was eligible for a seat in the National Assembly. Jules Favre says, "No! they fought for us, and we were delighted. It would be an odd 'order of merit' to decree against them ostracism."

"Great supplies of food have arrived" (see the "Official Journal"); and what do you think were the "rations" of the 10th arrondissement to-day? Things which the salad-eating Parisians consider necessaries, but which are light food: "a little oil and vinegar," very good with salad. But then the recipients of this national bounty have no salad, and indeed "marsh," which a real good gardener weeds out of his lawn—the pet bit just round the red geranium and the heliotrope beds—cost three and fourpence a pound. It is like all they have done, do, and will do. It is offering a toothpick to a starving man!

Just now a melancholy procession—an unarmed division of Mobiles meeting a mile of gunless artillery!

Passing by the Madeleine to-day, where there was a crowd of funerals, I witnessed a curious and not reassuring scene. A lot of unarmed soldiers were marching into the church; on the "Place" a regi-

ment of Nationals was taking its idle dose of early drill. As soon as the sailors perceived this warlike body they bolted, and then came a cry, "Ah, lâches que vous êtes! Ah, cowards! we have fought for you, and you give us up! You have done fighting before you began. We mean to go on." (Sensation among the audience.)

The concierges, small shopkeepers, and others of their class, are much alarmed at the last gambit of Gambetta. "Under which King?" is the constant question.

"We can't speak, for we have nothing to say, and we are not in the least hurry to die, my Benzonian!"

These are awful phases of the siege. We have endured the horrors of war—it is no joke that—"true horrors of war." We were prisoners—we who had done nothing to hurt Prussia or France, but pledged ourselves by long residence, by intimate acquaintance, by fond recollections, by the remembrance of great kindness. I speak of no class, of no opinion, of no people, but of we old Parisians who stopped in Paris armed against Prussia in all but regulation display, and we have fallen! When the iron clasp of investment is slightly relaxed, we go forth—some east, some west, some north, some south; but we go, and the curious clique is dissolved.

Coolly, calmly, unflinching went under fire our great heroines who fought that most insidious foe—death in the hospital—death which penetrated the Rue Bonaparte, and might next day swoop down on the Rue Auber. I honour those ladies, and now as I write have bid one adieu who has worked since September for the wounded in a war and for a cause she detested, but whom "Nobility obliged" to stand under fever and infection, as her ancestors under bows and arrows, for they date from before "Gunpowder-Bacon."

But as they drop off and go home, we look at "all that remains" of Paris. All must go, I fancy. Not only all pleasure, all profit or good feeling, but all utility will for our day perish under the barren virtue of republicanism and the productive crop of riot which every free citizen of Paris seems to consider himself justified in making.

I have just returned from a club! A club; not my club! and I assure you that "sudden death and destruction"—Megatherium animals, as "Jack" at Syston once told a friend of ours, when he got into a little difficulty and a big ditch on the near side of the Melton Road—were nothing to it! Are we really going in for a great revolution—the Reform Bill dyed red? If so, the lady whose departure I regret will

not be the last departure from Paris "during the armistice." But it will be, I fear, "Adieu for evermore, my love; adieu for evermore."

Monday, February 6th.—If we are not going in for such a row as has not been seen since 1848, I shall be astonished. The feeling that there is a dual government in France has produced a very bad effect in Paris, as well it may, for Heaven help those who have to drink in the dregs of the next French Revolution.

"Serves them right," is the verdict of many of the best friends of France. Why on the 4th of September trust the future of France to several small lawyers? I hear a good deal of the "virtue" of those who have been called to Bordeaux to govern France, but really I cannot see why the next five men in the street should not have been ballooned to the metropolis of good claret to settle affairs, and opine that as far as right goes Gambetta is as good as Favre.

More iconoclasm! The French have destroyed Meudon. They did not, I believe, "go for to do it," but they have done it, and there is the splendid old château, which was as curious as hospitable, a heap of smoking ruins. Meudon! To look at the "English Garden" was a Dutch picture; to look from it a Claude Lorraine!

Saturday, February 11*th.*—Just fresh from Prussia, which we entered by the bridge of Neuilly on Tuesday, having first by order tried to cross that of Sèvres, which is archless. We had a nice little drive of five hours, which perhaps in a siege is not much for a journey of nine miles. We should never have got across the river at all (as happened to a friend of mine to-day) but for the politeness of a Prussian officer, one Count Myaelsk, a Pole, who kindly sent away his own carriage and went into Versailles on the box of ours, by which the gates fell down, as some biblical historical ones did when they sounded trumpets. Guards turned out, and we drove through saluting soldiers into Imperial Versailles—Versailles, which republican France took from Imperial France and handed over to Imperial Germany—Germany which marched to Imperialism over the burning ashes of republican France, set on fire by the republicans.

I would rather have been welcomed to Versailles by the troops of Napoleon III.; but rather than the "armed men" of the Republic, give me the soldiers drilled, strict, severe, and polite of the "nouveau né" Empire of Germany.

The only great ruin you see in your route out is

that of St.-Cloud; that is perfectly ruined: the "Black's Head Hotel" only is left standing, and that consists of four walls.

Versailles is a curious sight; it is as Prussian as Berlin—German bakers make German bread; German money-changers convert paper into coin, and seem to be as liberal as they used to be at home; German decrees are posted up, and a German postman forgets your letters. All the population consists of soldiers and sellers of food.

I would rather quarrel with the men and women of the Halles than fight the soldiers if I was a Frenchman, for the Prussians now in Versailles are big enough to swallow the French Line, and bolt, as they have caused to bolt, the army of Irregulars. Then the Landwehr is so clean, healthy, well washed, well drilled, and well organized.

Versailles though is dull—it always has been since I knew it; and I would rather even stay in Paris. We can weep over the expiring ashes of our life—Hospitality was great, and the markets teemed with food to an extent which quite exhausted the mental digestion of a man who had been starved since September.

Reports at Versailles are that war would go on,

and in fact thousands of men were under orders for Orleans. It seems impossible, for with what soldiers are the French able to fight?

The King did not wish to become Emperor, and the fixed idea of Bismarck is to restore the Emperor Napoleon III. to France. The German Chancellor says, "I have Emperor and army, what more is required to bring about a restoration?" The Emperor, I am told on good *private* authority, would return. Personally, I do not think he would.

We came back from Versailles (a little of which Prusso-French town goes a long way) by Issy, Vaugirard, and down to the Invalides, armed with a leg of mutton and two masked batteries of bread—without a question being asked. Yes! there was one. "Have you a visa to your pass?" "If you can put on another, you must be a very small-hand writer," was the reply.

We found Paris not excited, indeed, utterly apathetic, about the elections; still more apathetic about the future of France. Food was cheaper, and two theatres to be opened to-morrow! What does it matter if the reddest republicans rule over us,—sufficient for the day are the pleasures thereof!

Sunday, February 12th.—Paris as Red as it can be,

but the provinces more moderate—such is the bulletin I have just received. Now will be the day, and now the hour, to see if Paris is France's power. I think not, and agree with Bismarck, that if France has slain the Empire, she has also strangled the Republic.

What remains? The Orleans family! reeds shaken by many winds; still, come they will. "L'Empereur est mort: vive le Président!" Poor President! Why, I believe some of the House actually keep hounds in England, and yet they wish to rule France!

The "Mansion House Anti-Starvation Fund" has unluckily got out of the hands of Lieut.-Colonel Wortley and Mr. Moore, and "fallen among" officials. We who have lived "under a requisitioned" republic know what that means—"Not a pound of our potatoes, nor an inch of our cheese." M. Jules Favre has plagiarized that sentence, and then "saying I will ne'er consent, consented!"

Monday, February 13*th.*—Complete and idiotic apathy combined with a most dreary dullness. Intelligent stranger *loquitur*: "Are the election returns come in?" "Monsieur, I know not how to tell you. Monsieur should go to the Hôtel de Ville, where no doubt are some who know."

It being only about three miles, Monsieur goes there, and finds that he knows as much as those officials—nothing! The impression is that "We shall know something to-morrow, or next day!" So go on all continental European nations.

"What time does the train start?" "Oh, at eleven hours, or twelve," says an Italian railway official.

"What hour does M. le Comte dine?" "Ah! towards the six or the seven hours," replies calmly a Paris French cook-valet, as he peels an onion for that very soup which he knows cannot be ready before "three good quarters of an hour" after the second-named time.

The Spaniards are worse. "What hour is it?" —"Who can say! Give me money, and go with God," replies the beggar who sits (I cannot say) passes on your way.

So we know nothing, even if this "Palaver" have met at Bordeaux. If they have, and have resigned their temporary power, we shall be in a cheerful state. Belleville against Paris, "et rouge gagne" and the other colours lose; not that we shall not have an *après*, and perhaps an odd one.

Food has fallen. A pheasant (republicans are no respecters of the seasons) cost only six and eightpence, and celery only two and a penny the head. We are in

times, however, of neither peace nor plenty, for I have been haunted all day by spectres starving for want of actual eating, and stalking about with useless "francs" in their hands.

Is the war to go on? It seems that the Prussians who do not want it, believe it will. I believe peace is already drawn out, and concealed in the pocket of M. Jules Favre.

We went to the Bourse to-day. It was as quiet as "Père la Chaise!" Even our financial lions have forgotten how to roar.

There is a great impression that if the Emperor of Prussia enters Paris he will be shot. I think I have told all the Prussians that not only his Majesty, but Bismarck will very likely be "passed through the arms." But if so—or half so—God help Paris, and the stranger within her gates!

I have just heard that republicanism, though for the time deafened by the triumphant guns of the victorious army, is rampant in Germany; and that in a few years—perhaps months—there will exist a great "German Republic," constructed by republicans by means of the very soldiers who are now fighting for their King and Emperor, who is cutting away the props of his own throne with the swords of the Landwehr; which believes in the great day of "united

equality," and is patient enough to work for its purpose with hostile and slow but sure tools supplied by the Government which they, and these very troops detest, are weary of, and mean to upset.

I believe myself that this may come as the punishment of audacious arrogance, but not yet.

Tuesday, February 14th.—Truly the dregs of the cup of besiegerents are bitter. You get food, but no appetite; light, and nothing to look at; safety, but combined with such intense *ennui* that I prefer the danger—any one would.

In the papers no news; except that such of the Deputies as could get to Bordeaux were present at the Assembly of Elders (no one under seventy need apply) when Jules Favre opened the National Assembly, which immediately plunged into "rules and regulations," the elections of bureaux, &c., and so poor Favre had to pass up to Versailles and "ask for time." In the mean time Prussia is preparing to bombard Paris, but this can only be bombast, as such an attack could have no "*raison d'être*" now Paris is in the hands of Prussia.

Thiers is in Bordeaux, and elected for nineteen places. How puzzled he must be to know who and where he is, and what are his politics! I suppose he

asks his secretary, on the same principle that the man in Sheridan's unpublished play says to his valet, "John, who am I in love with now?" "The duchess." "Ah! yes, remind me of that."

People are, as far as their clothes are concerned, re-entering into their "état civil." Several of my friends who were dining to-night at "Vion's" had sneaked out of uniform, and put on "mufti." Vion's, a small restaurant little known in "Rue Neuve-St.-Augustin," has made quite a reputation for having private flocks and herds in his cellars during the late "oxless" days, and always being able to find fresh meat during the siege.

Wednesday, February 15th.—We are in a condition to test the truth of

> "How small the part of all that we endure,
> That part which either kings or laws can make or cure,"

for we have no government. Jules Favre and friends have resigned, and nobody else is elected. It is a state of "ad interim." I suppose the omni-opinionative historian (to-day's Talleyrand, without his iron leg or his "chef de cuisine") will be made President—pioneer to the house of Orleans.

The English papers contain an address from

Napoleon III. to the French, calling on them to stand up for their rights, and only accept a sovereign elected by a plébiscite. It is admirably written, and very temperate. There is also a letter from General Changarnier, published at Bordeaux, in which he declares that Prince Napoleon has applied to him to save the country by becoming Regent for the Prince Imperial. I always doubt statements in French newspapers till they are undeniably confirmed, so I do not the least believe this. It is possible—what is *not* in the years of '70 '71 ?

Major Byng Hall came to see us. His pilgrimage from London to Versailles would make an epic poem.

Captain Conway Seymour has passed through from Bordeaux, and Mr. Wodehouse is at the Embassy. These are faint streaks of the light of dawning communication. But the letters and the telegrams? We are told they can come freely. Possibly, only they do not come at all.

Thursday, February 16th.—The armistice is prolonged five days, from the 19th to the 24th of February. What was the use of postponing till to-morrow week is best known to M. Jules Favre. They will be no more fitted to treat for peace than to-day; and as at last the peace will be settled by an

incomplete National Assembly, it will be contested within a month—not with the Prussians, but with those poor devils who hold the reins of power. In my humble opinion the fatal troubles of France are now beginning. The provinces are laughing in their sleeves at having trampled on Paris, as no doubt they have; but if they expect Paris, which has been so long "by the will of the people" empress of France, is going to resign her throne to the usurpers without a struggle, I think they are deceived.

The Prussians have won another trick. Belfort has capitulated. The garrison goes out with the honours of war, and so with arms and baggage the French retreat by advice of the general commanding, who has done a very sensible thing. What is the use of persisting in holding an untenable place with dispirited soldiers, for we are told that the "Impression produced on the garrison by recent events" (the fall of Paris) "was terrible"? The French are delighted; yet another armed retreat, and we should find that Prussia was beaten! Vanity, vanity—all is vanity! Yet I envy the French theirs! It will save them from fading away.

We had a siege dinner yesterday, at which we entertained Major Byng Hall—*i.e.*, we ate, and he

sat at table, a very Barmecide, and then went out t another (the eating) dinner.

Friday, February 17th.—Interregnum!

M. Treitt expects a row here, and he is a very goo judge.

Garibaldi, that innocent hero, who "never says wise one," having at Bordeaux given in his resigna tion of the seat in the National Assembly, and hi resignation having been officially accepted and pro claimed, rose at the end of the sitting and proceede to address the house. He was naturally stopped, an then there was a regular outbreak. At the beginnin of the sitting he might have talked himself hoarse. I is as well for his own reputation, perhaps, that silenc was imposed on him. He is a worthy man, but wha he did in that galley I never could understand.

Curious people start up at odd hours, and there i a dropping delivery of letters, utterly regardless o date; but a week between Paris and London is a fai average.

A friend of ours arriving last night at the "Hôte de l'Orient," said, "What can I have to eat? I an very anxious for a filet de cheval, cutlet of dog, or rat and mice ragout." "Very sorry; can't giv them, sir." "Send for them then." "No, sir, no

in this house!" replied virtuous landlord. "Thank goodness," exclaimed the new arrival, "now I will dine here, and leave the dinner to you."

We dined there later. The dinner was normal, and good.

Saturday, February 18th.—According to the telegrams, the elderly Thiers has pottered into ephemeral power. With the highest respect for changing patriotism and fixed-on-easy-hinges opinions, I really do think that the elderly Thiers at the head of a young republic is a curious spectacle. Talleyrand was a strong character, well played; but Thiers, who has really been the political "Villiers," and who could no more thread his opinions now in his mature days than we could get out of the maze at Hampton Court, seems to me the spectre summoned to sit at the head of the banquet of expiring republicanism.

Thiers seems to me to be seventy-four years of age, and to have been any mortal thing that any mortal statesman could have been. That, I fancy, is the secret of his success. The French do not wish their statesmen to "cast anchor." No! they wish them to ebb and flow with the tide. No doubt he is a great man; but it is a poor young country which elects for its popular ruler a man who, though clever, is neither

a man of yesterday, nor last week, nor last year, nor last epoch, and whose age dates from a period beyond the knowledge of political youth, and who is the fossil remains of an Orleans régime, which he is bound to restore on the ruins of the Republic.

We went to-day to take a walk, and straying through an utterly deserted district—Boulevard Malesherbes, Route d'Asnières, &c., where every shop except the cabarets was closed—luckily every third house is a wine shop—we got to the railway bridge of Asnières.

Of all the phases of the siege which I have witnessed, I do not think I have been more struck with any scene than this. It was a lovely spring day, one of those when you can see and hear at any distance. Through a glass you could see the empty "battery of Montmartre" on one side, and the Prussian flag floating lazily from Mont Valérien—where, as usual, you could not see a single Prussian sentry—on the other; and it was impossible not to reflect that while Paris was so protected she could only have been taken by rivers of German blood.

The silence was extraordinary. Some half-dozen people were lounging along the quiet railway line, and as many more returning from "Prussia" laden with onions. Suddenly we were hailed for our

"Pass," and found ourselves on the railway-bridge. French officials stopped us, but at the other end of the bridge were Prussian sentries, and the whole of that little riverside town, so dear to *cocottes* and *canotiers*, was a German barrack. No damage has been done to the place—one shell alone bursting in the garden; nor are the houses on the Paris side of the river much injured; but, as usual (as a French official observed to us), the French have caused all the ruin. Had there been a great convulsion of the earth, the old bridge of Asnières could have scarcely been more effectually shattered. It is ruined wholesale and retail—the bones of the skeleton stick out of the river in a hideously fantastic fashion. There will be no repairing here. There must be a new bridge built from foundation to parapet.

Two arches of the railway bridge are also destroyed, and altogether, with the ruined bridges, the closed shops, deserted streets, gardens, the silent railway, and the Prussians, it was dreary enough to bring tears into the eyes of a *gamin de Paris;* and in the middle of the river, on a single block of stone—all that remains of the middle arch of the old bridge—calm and contented, his pipe in his mouth, and interest in his occupation, sat a Parisian fishing with a float! There he was, utterly forgetful of his country, his

Paris, and his Seine—a contented Frenchman, being watched by Prussian sentries!

Oh! parents, teach your sons to smoke and to fish if you would have them philosophers, but especially fish. "He who spares the rod spoils the child."

Sunday, February 19th.—If no news is good news, we should all to-day be very happy; but I confess that, in spite of a lovely day, Paris is depressing, and looks more haggard and weary than it did this day last year, when it was suffering from the effects of the penultimate "bal de l'opéra."

It seems that Thiers is elected "warming-pan" to the Orleanist family. Ministers not yet selected, nor, indeed, is peace yet settled, or even, as I hear, the outlines of the conditions thereof! I suppose Bismarck will give in his "ultimatum," his "sine quâ non," and then Thiers will go back to Bordeaux. There seems to be the usual neat mess. Regular troops have to keep the theatre and its surroundings, while MM. Rochefort, Victor Hugo, and Louis Blanc, not contented with opposing everything and everybody in the theatre, stand on the steps and make inflammatory speeches to the already violent mob.

M. Rochefort, by-the-by, whose title to popularity comes from the fact of his being arrested as a deputy,

thinks that there is nothing illegal or even strange in the arrest of canvassing deputies made by Gambetta.

Corsica has returned four pure Imperialists out of five deputies. They are Gavini (late Prefect of Nice), Abatucci, Conti (private secretary to the Emperor), and Galloni d'Istria.

This ration was given to an Englishman by the Maire of the 9th arrondissement, after waiting many hours :—*Q.* "Are you really much in want to-day?" *A.* "Very much, or I should not have wasted the whole day." So they gave him a halfpenny biscuit, a square inch of cheese, and three lumps of sugar!

Are there any poor in England? If so, what a pity all this money does not stay there! And they talk of a statue of "Paris" to be presented to London, and I hear hints of "political influence," which is to be obtained by halfpenny biscuits and square inches of cheese! The Thiers-parti can hardly be bought up as you would bait a mousetrap. The "mot" last night was that the Parisians were charmed to see Wortley, but that they really wanted More.

Monday, February 20th.—M. Thiers has effected his purpose, and formed the following ministry, which is "au grand complet" except a Minister of Finance :—

Justice, M. Dufaure.
Foreign Affairs, M. Jules Favre.
Public Instruction, M. Jules Simon.
Interior, M. Ernest Picard.
Public Works, M. de Larcy.
Agriculture and Commerce, M. Lambrecht.
War, Général Le Flô.
Marine, Vice-Admiral Pothuau.

To me it is so absolutely "ad interim" that I think it makes little difference who are ministers. All they will have to do is "to register the will of one too powerful minister," and then France will retrograde to 1870.

Tuesday, February 21st.—The intense inaction and the unearthly calm are killing us: now too the siege is doing its deadly work. When one has lived over the fifth lustre, one's heart, we are told, dies out like shyness, or any other nervous folly; but I hope no one who has any remains of that organ, which Theodore Hook's absent woman called "the little thing, you know, which beats on the left side," will ever have to try and feed the starvation brought on by a five months' siege.

"Lots of meat, I see," says Britisher, who has just arrived and dined at Bignon's. Yes! there's lots of

meat, but there's no money. I have before me a list of ninety families, representing at least two hundred mouths, which we have privately fed for three days. They are the incarnation of respectable starvation; persons who could not, as thousands have done, wait *all night* in the street for a small ration in the morning.

One feels ashamed to eat, and yet we have lived on Fred. Powell's potted meat since the 20th of September.

Wednesday, February 22nd.—These are truly days of waiting! Thiers is fighting Bismarck to-day at Versailles about the terms of peace, which even now the Parisians will not admit to be inevitable. Pride certainly comes after a fall in Paris, and if Peace is, as it must be, patched up, what will be the result?

Amidst tottering thrones and trembling monarchies will still rage the intense hatred against Prussia, and if the German Emperor was resolved to revenge Jena, France is determined to wipe out Sedan.

France is once again to be a military nation. That which was tyranny under the Empire (ask Jules Favre) is patriotism under—stay! under what?—King Benzonian?—well, under the Warming-pan.

These are the measures to be taken to give France back the army which Niel made and Le Bœuf destroyed :—Every one up to sixty is to be a soldier. Every soldier is to serve one year, in a very strict garrison nowhere near his own native town. Everybody of every class is to serve two months each year in a regular military camp. All officers are to be degraded one step and examined. If the examination is not passed, they descend into the ranks.

All the French who did not answer to the appeal of the Government of National Defence are to be considered "deserters in face of the enemy," and sent to serve in Africa—which will benefit the London clubs. I presume Orleanism will soon alter all that! The idea of a great army to fight Prussia sooner or later, is as fixed in the head of every Parisian, from Count to concierge, as the wreath of laurel on the statues of the Napoleons which patriotism has put in paper bags and declared to be National Property.

I never did like European republicans, but now I laugh at them. They swagger, bluster, quarrel with one another, and then select for their ruler—they do it with effusion, and even tears—the man who, if he has any prejudice, and indeed likes any party better than himself, is the advocate of a dynasty which is perhaps held to be more despicable than it

ever was. Louis-Philippe thought he ruled France. Thiers, whose opinions are as numerous as the hairs of his head, knew that he ruled the King. And they want to re-rule France with the milk-and-water system which must come through kings serving as soldiers and being elected as deputies! As deputies! Bon Dieu! and France, which can only be ruled with a rod of iron! I give the Orleans family, once on the throne, six months or a "coup d'état," which will be more sensational and tyrannical, not even than that of December, but that very rough copy of the 4th of September, 1871.

Thursday, February 23rd.—We have no news, except that the sick are being turned out of the ambulances to make way for painters, gilders, and decorators. This is mildly put in the papers, but it is actually the announcement that the Emperor of Germany intends being in Paris in a few days! It will awfully exasperate the people, and nothing which may happen will astonish me, as I ventured to tell Baron von Witzleben at Versailles last week.

I heard from Wilhelmshöhe to-day—a letter from Piétri of the 1st of October; and one of G——, of the 6th of November, 1870. The news of the Emperor was good as far as health was concerned.

Piétri writes:—"You would find the Emperor as you have always known him—unpretending, kind, anxious for the greatness of France, and obliging to all. You on the spot must have known of the torrents of abuse and falsehood poured out against a sovereign who has never ceased to do good."

G—— writes:—"Later you will know the truth, and I tell you that in that act, Sedan, for which he was so blamed, to me his Majesty played the part of a hero, trying to save his army, the town, and the inhabitants by sacrificing himself." This is written by an eye-witness.

The British Fund, having been rescued from the hands of the Maires, is being well worked. Twenty thousand people were relieved at one place, and good portions too, but many of the applicants had waited forty-eight hours.

We at home have fed four hundred and twenty-eight *respectable* mouths, and as we have no crowd, we ask questions, and I confess that I have heard such tales of siege starvation as even I, on the spot, could not have credited. The beautiful Bellevillageois, who have not suffered the least during the siege, made a raid on the *dépôt* at Mr. Moore's warehouse, "Place des Petits-Pères," and had to be opposed by National Guards.

Friday, February 24th.—All the reliable news I hear is to the effect that the Prussian terms are so hard that the non-renewal of war is by no means a certainty. For my part, I believe it to be a moral and physical impossibility. To a quarrel or a marriage you must have two parties, and to a battle two armies, but where is that of France? Paper versus Prussian drill will never do.

I see by "La Liberté" that Louis Blanc (who ought to know better—only exiles never do know better), Victor Hugo (who is a poet, and so can't be expected to know anything of common life), and that good Rochefort, who always shields himself from danger by judicious syncope, are, when peace is made, going to ask the German Emperor for the restoration of their own Emperor, in order that he may be tried by court-martial!

Are the Prussians coming in? Echo answers with all sorts of contradictory statements.

I had rather a curious experience to-day. I went to the "Hôtel Windsor," where I have been known for the last twenty years, to beg, borrow, or hire a window to see the Prussians pass. The proprietor said, "No! ten times No!" If the Prussians march down the Rue de Rivoli, they will find all the houses closed, and all the people kept out of

sight. It will be the more curious spectacle to behold.

Funds are falling. Rentes are 51,80.

Saturday, February 25th.—Reported that the Prussians are not coming in; but the truth is, nothing is known. Everybody except the extreme opposition (who hope for it) is prepared for the severest treatment.

Dr. Decaisne, the lecturer, staff-surgeon, professor, &c., was here to-day, and confirms all I have said of the dreadful sufferings of the small respectabilities. He says that the English were naturally misled by the Maires, who should have been, but are not, the proper persons to feed a starving population; and so some part of their charity flowed into wrong channels—especially to the National Guards, who were in no want. "They are a bad lot," said the Professor. "I have been swallowing them for years, but I never could digest them." He considers that the Maires used all their means of doing good, as political engines, and have done a vast deal of mischief in Paris.

M. Pouyer-Quartier has accepted the portfolio of Finance. All things considered, he will hardly sleep on a bed of roses!

Paris was "quite gay" to-day. That is, a crowd

of lounging Mobiles, a few "revenants" ("Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas"), and sundry small dames came out to bask in the feeble February sunshine.

There was a row promised us by Belleville on the boulevards, but, as usual, it did not come off. We dined on the spot, to be ready, like Mr. Micawber, "if anything should turn up;" but nothing did, except a crowd of idlers and a quantity of beggars, singers, organ-grinders, and drunken people not seen in Paris since the "coup d'état," except on the 15th of August.

"The Prussians are coming." There is no doubt about it. The King last night told Mr. Odo Russell that he must come in, because the army wished it. The Prussians are declared to have races at Porchefontaine last Sunday. This is going out of the way to be insulting. But I know worse than that. Prussian soldiers seized on the villa of a French lady, made her wait on them like a servant, stole all her goods and chattels, her money, jewels, clothes, and the very gaiters off her child's legs. She got back to Paris, and I have assisted to feed her this day. She is "grande dame," and was in the best society when that institution existed!

M. Kœnigwarter has reappeared, looking as if

starvation had just looked in "en passant" at Brussels.

The "Mot d'Ordre" literally hashes little Thiers into unnecessary little pieces!

Sunday, February 26th.—Thiers has been again to Bordeaux, and is now probably back in Versailles. The armistice ceases at midnight.

Imagine Paris occupied by Prussians! "Lock up the spoons, Marie."

I have had three visitors fresh from Versailles to-day, and they all say, "Occupation this week; probably to-night." The following are the Emperor-King's titles:—

"Guillaume I^er^ Empereur allemand, Roi de Prusse, Duc souverain et suprême de Silésie et du comté de Glatz, Grand-Duc du Bas-Rhin et de Posen, Duc de Saxe, d'Engern et de Westphalie, à Gueldre, Magdebourg, Clèves, Juliers, Berg, Stettin, Poméraine, des Callubes et Wender, de Mecklembourg et Grossen, Burgrave de Nurembourg, Landgrave de Thuringe, Margrave de la haute et basse Lusace, Prince d'Orange, de Neuchâtel et de Valengin, Prince de Rugen, Paderborn, Halberstadt, Munster, Minden, Cammin, Wenden, Schwerin, Ratzebourg, Moers, Eichsfeldt et Erfurt, Comte de Hohenzollern, Comte-Prince de

Honneberg, Comte de Ruppin, de la Marche, de Ravensbourg, Hohenstein, Tecklenbourg, Schwerin, Lingen, Sigmaringen et Wehringen, Pyrmont, Seigneur des pays de Rostock, de Stargardt-Lauenbourg, Butow, Haigerloch et Werstein.

"The royal prince will one day be able to add to all these titles, that of honorary doctor of the University of Bonn.

"The 'Courrier' proposes to further add, under the protection of the god of armies: 'Roi de Hanovre, Electeur de Hesse, Grand-Duc de Francfort; Duc de Slesvig-Holstein, Landgrave de l'Alsace, Grand-Duc du Luxembourg, Stathouder des Provinces-Unies, Roi de Danemark, Duc de Styrie, de Carniole et de Carinthie, Comte de Tyrol, Margrave de Moravie, Roi de Bohême, Président de la Confédération Helvétique, Roi des Lombards, Doge de Venise, Seigneur suzerain des royaumes de l'Italie et des Espagnes, PROTECTEUR de la Grande-Bretagne, Gouverneur général des possessions européennes d'Afrique, d'Asie et d'Australie, Généralissime des armées et suprême Amiral des flottes de l'Europe, Roi des ROIS, Empereur d'Occident, etc.'

"If this list is not long enough, we despair of ever being able to satisfy the master of M. de Bismarck."

Nothing could be quieter than our part of Paris all

day and night, but at the Place de la Bastille, the essential republicans had a performance. A large crowd was there assembled, "with no other object" (to quote the official paper) "than to exhibit its patriotic grief," when the chronic riot broke out, and those poor innocent lambs, the "agents inoffensifs de la paix publique"—the police, who really never interfered with any one, good or bad—were attacked. One was tied to a plank and thrown into the Seine, where they pelted him to death.

Government has taken (the steed being stolen) military measures to protect its police.

I wish just to note the fact that these utterly useless "Agents of Public Peace" were selected by the moderate republicans because they were so ultra-republican in 1848, that the men of the "coup d'état" of the 4th of September were afraid to keep them out of employ, and now they are being killed by other republicans for aiding republican tyrants in "crushing the people."

Of course it is all right from a "Red" point of view! A man differs with you, you murder him, as they were nearly doing to-day to a railway clerk whom somebody said was "like an old sergent de ville."

No doubt the government of the people by the people is a wonderful theory; but if it comes to

practice, all I say is, then at least shelter me from the shock of the rolling-stock of ruffianism which belongs to the Villette and Belleville junction.

Monday, February 27th.—I certainly never expected to awake in Paris in a state of uncertainty whether the Prussians would enter or not. Such, however, was the case this morning. All was arranged, but at the last moment the *entrée* was postponed till 10 A.M. Wednesday, when thirty thousand men are to march in and occupy the section of Paris between Les Ternes and the Place de la Concorde; the Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré and the Seine being the lateral boundaries.

What will happen I do not know; but as I am writing this (6·30 P.M.), a Belleville mob is trying to get at the sailors, who are confined to the Pépinière barrack. Now these sailors hate the peace, and on meeting the Liners and Mobiles are apt to cry out, "Lâches que vous êtes;" and if they should join Belleville-Villette, it might mean mischief, and probably occasion the coming of more troops and a Prussian occupation of those ever-disturbed districts.

We drove to-day to St.-Cloud (viâ Neuilly), Montretout, and Sèvres, coming back by the bridge of Sèvres. It was an interesting but horrible drive.

When you get out and examine St.-Cloud, you find that excepting the church there is not one house standing intact. The church and a figure of the Virgin have escaped. Of the rest, three-fourths have been destroyed by French shells, and the remainder by Prussian fire.

Curious remains are to be seen. A house like a doll's house half furnished—in one room a bed and washstand; below, books, and one of those French writing-tables which are all drawers, and no place to put pens, ink, and paper; a drawing-room with everything smashed to atoms save a looking-glass in a gilt frame. Shutters are fluttering about from the wrecks of houses in a hopeless and ludicrous fashion. Tables totter over you from the skeletons of tall houses. In one house the cupboard was open, and the "tea equipage," as Miss Burney would have called it, was still on the shelf, though a "Vanves" shell had gone through the room, exploding and breaking everything else.

All that remains of the well-known "Negro's Head" is a black board over half an archway, and "*—te de Noir*" in white letters.

"This way to the stable," says another board; but where is the stable? has it been swallowed, like its late occupants? Yet there too the great mirror upon

which hundreds of *cocottes* had scratched their borrowed names, making it a sort of "Libre de verre" of the Order of Constant Frailty, remains uncracked even, and reflects the entrance to the historic ruins in a glass stained by the records of the Rue de Breda.

As for the Palais de St.-Cloud, it simply does not stand! There are the four walls splintered into sections, which were the house in which we used to have audiences and suppers, to dance and discuss—this is the frame of the picture! But the picture, that gem, that work of old architectural art, is gone.

The French having reduced everything to dust and ruin, the Prussians have stepped in, and being taller men, have managed to damage the "bassi-relievi," and knock off the noses of statues elevated to the rank of a niche! "I shall to Berlin carry this for my brother," says an Elizabethan Guard, as he, with his walking-stick (all men unarmed cut walking-sticks—certain sign of country life, ergo "landwehr"), and "pop!" off goes Apollo's nose.

Confound them, they are good soldiers, but they are heathens, and I wish they were not coming into Paris on Wednesday. I wish it for several reasons. I dislike a Prussian nearly as much as getting up in the cold; I hate a spectacle; see no fun in a row which Prussia can confine to her enemies, so that

both sides "fight for Germany;" and am getting gradually tired of a siege which has been prolonged *usque ad absurdum*, which Paris, by resignation on the 2nd of September, could have prevented, and which Prussia from September to November might have terminated any day by a resolute attack.

We went to see the field of Montretout. It must have been an untenable position for the Prussians, who were in between the fires of Vanves and Mont Valérien, under cover of which latter-named fort the French were "planned" to advance over broken and difficult ground. How they failed I have written before.

Tuesday, February 28th.—Floating news all night, and flocks of starving people coming for assistance. A lady with her maid—starving; the Marquis de C——, from the Jockey Club, asking if it were possible to help "people you know as well as I do;" a strong man fainting and in hysterics on account of his "abased condition;" a lady crying in one room; famine facing you in another. Five hundred people have lived for two days on that which luck enabled us to give them. I should like to relieve people again, but I trust it will be in a place where there are servants and secretaries, coals and coke, and that face

to face I may never meet such evident yet concealed suffering again. Perhaps when we get into that happy state we shall not want to relieve—perhaps to be relieved.

To-day all the statues in the Place de la Concorde are veiled in black. Effect rather ludicrous, and suggestive of dark "Melodies" rather than of deep heroism. Men too frown at you in the street. Prussian attributes are detected, and I was nearly rushing home to dress as a ruffian, in order to be mistaken for that Paris article, a patriot.

Achille Murat says that when they sent for more ammunition at Wörth, the caissons came up filled with shoes—and shoes were wanting at Châlons! This is "plus Crimée que la Crimée."

We have a few speculative individuals over here, who like to see and hear and have their being just where the continentalists think no sensible men would go. "And behold, he could stay at home," observes Jules to Charles, two prisoners of war who have exchanged the sword of three pounds credit for the stick of three sous ready money down.

The Duke of Manchester, Mr. Allen Young, Mr. Bedingfield, and Colonel Steele are here. "And what come they forth for to see?" A defence of blank cartridge, for, truth to tell, nothing was "loaded"

except the bastions, and the forts which King Thiers caused his "ward" Louis-Philippe to erect in order to fire into Paris. Pooh! It is all nonsense. Who, on the 19th of September ever thought they could fortify Paris—actual Paris? But organization might have kept the wolf from the door, and Favre and Thiers from Bismarck for another two months.

MARCH, 1871.

Wednesday, 1*st*.—If ever there was in the history of France a "dies carbone notandus," it is this beautiful spring day, when sunshine, warmth—actual warmth, and an atmosphere which clearly tells the tale of the siege price of coals in Paris, glittered over the deepest degradation of which a country is susceptible. It is true that Paris has been occupied before. We have heard it mentioned, I think, by several elderly members of clubs; but then, France had been conquered by allies. Now she is defeated, degraded, and trampled on by one foe in a fair fight.

That the Prussians should come into Paris was simply the natural result of a campaign, and a small consolation for six months lost, and one hundred thousand Germans sent from their Fatherland to their fathers.

The scum of Paris is crying out that the Prussians are "cruel." Mon dieu! cruel in war! Do you fight a duel "à la mort" with foils? And who was it in July who denied that it was the war of the

Emperor? said it was the war of national hatred, and deafened us by their unkept promises to go "à Berlin"? I fear it was the very set who to-day are crying out because the Prussians did not shout "à Paris," but have come there!

The troops were to enter Paris at 10 A.M., but at 8·30 A.M., five-and-twenty of those wonderful Uhlans —two of which at the beginning of the war were represented every morning as having entered another town—approached the celebrated Arc de Triomphe, and the leader, waving his sword, jumped the chain and took possession of Paris. Later, two thousand men of all arms came and held the Palais d'Industrie and the Place de la Concorde, where French absurdity had veiled with black "crêpe" the faces of the "Cities of France," which caused them exactly to resemble the widows of nigger melodists, and ridiculous enough to make an angel weep under the circumstances. When the absurdity was exhibited to one Prussian it did, through some operation by the surgeon of his regiment, cause him to smile!

Then occurred several hours of most unnecessary cruelty. It is needless to say that the French no more stayed at home, as they "proclaimed" others should do, than Favre kept his inch of earth or Ducrot his promise to conquer or die. In fact, there

were more French in the Champs-Elysées than there had been since the fatal Fourth!

Now Prussia must have known that the wild "Red" blood of Paris was mad with an impotent and insane desire to go on fighting, and as North Germany was so utterly triumphant she might have spared irritation to an already much tried and over-excited people. But no! *Væ victis!* was the order of the day, and so for hours little billeting parties paraded "the quarter of Paris bordered on one side by the Seine, and on the other by the Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré," with maps, and ready-made billet papers displayed with unnecessary ceremony. Small sections of men too were posted just wherever the Parisians *must* see them, and every now and again three Uhlans—or an Hussar with his "Orderly"—walked past, saluting a line officer who swaggered about with a victorious and most trying assumption of dignity.

The consequence was, that when Mr. L— O— was spoken to by an old German friend, he was seized by the mob, and would have been trampled to death, only that there was a cry of "Britons to the front," and he was rescued. Then they caught a woman talking to a Prussian, seized her in the Avenue Joséphine, and stripped her so naked that it sent a diplomatist to his bed. Poor woman, I believe she

was awfully injured; but there is this slight—very slight—excuse for the French, the women of that class have been notoriously the spies who have given the correctest daily information to the Germans. Then they caught a man selling drink to the Bavarians. Him they simply trampled to death opposite the Palais de l'Industrie. All this might have been saved if Prussia had been punctual.

Of course I ought to be very enthusiastic or very downcast about this Fall of Paris, but I was neither. Any military spectacle is splendid to a man who is as fond of soldiers as I am, and I will admit that since I saw the army of Sadowa defile before the Sultan; I have not looked on such good, well-drilled, military machines—none of your republican independence here.

But a "march past" of thirty thousand even of the finest soldiers becomes tiresome when they are not soldiers of your own army, or of one which you have been watching in action and on the spot. So, while admitting that of all the scenes which later history will claim, and at which chance has caused me to be present, I have never assisted at any one so historic, I must say that I have seen many more striking, more full of incident, and more picturesque.

The Archduke Maximilian, as Governor, taking

possession of Milan when every Milanese walked away at the first notes of "God preserve the Emperor," and left that charming spendthrift and gallant victim—Mexico is the Tropmann of nations since 1867—to walk in alone; the Austrian army marching through the Porta Vercillena to defeat at Magenta, through a storm of male curses and female hisses; King "Gallant Man" (in several senses) on his triumphant procession through his new states, especially at Bologna, Modena, Naples, and Florence; Garibaldi taking Naples in three open carriages, the "King's Guards" turned out to fire on him, and refusing; a scene in the chamber at Turin; the shooting of Garibaldi at Aspromonte; his release from the Spezzia prison—were infinitely more interesting.

The event of to-day is too grave and grand to realize at the moment. For hours the troops poured in, but we did not "mark the King." Bismarck rode up to the arch. All the soldiers are as like one another as the proverbial pea, and all the cavalry officers are like the Crown Prince.

Yes, it was a grand sight, a day of deep humiliation to France (though the Parisians seemed to like it so well that with another "division" and half an hour's more music, they would have applauded), and

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a public page in the history of Prussia, and
no more weary or more sad. I have lived
Paris, and it is horrible to see even a specta
people with which you have been thrown in
relations of life, dancing over the grave of th
enemy.

So then Prussia marched into Paris, and
the populace, and Imperial cry, "à Berlin!"

Thursday, March 2nd.—A practice or more
military picture has seldom been beheld than
presented by the Champs-Elysées this day.
long avenue within the gates, and having "pass
over them, a city of closed shops, of self-suppres
companies, of dumb cabmen, silent theatres, a
usual animation and energy out of the Bois de
Champs Elysées, reared in the middle of a Bedo
Bois, Prussia advanced with the precision
regularity of the movements of time. Between three
and four hours elapsed before the entire army
soldiers marching with eyes of the Parisians fixe
same marching every street passage in Paris
other Paris and Prussia gazing.

Friday, March [illegible] hours before

the appointed time, the Prussians had left Paris. Before the last man was out of sight, a Frenchman had hinted that the King was afraid to come in, and another had asserted that in five years "we shall be in Berlin."

At night Paris was *en fête*. Will no lesson instruct them?

With this ends this memorial of misery—this Siege Diary, and the writer has but one wish—to join the band of exiles, his friends, to get away from a people whom it is impossible to respect, and pass out of the shade of "the group of middle-aged men" whose "coup d'état" of the 4th of September upset an Empire which must ever be celebrated as the golden age of the material prosperity of France, substituted law for diplomacy, volunteers for regulars, Favre for Rouher, cost France all her money and much of her territory, and after a deal of idle bluster has smilingly acceded to terms the absolute rejection of which was its one title to power.

APPENDIX.

Paris, le 28 *Janvier,* 1871.

C'est le cœur brisé de douleur que nous déposons les armes. Ni les souffrances, ni la mort dans le combat n'aurait pu contraindre Paris à ce cruel sacrifice. Il ne cède qu'à la faim. Il s'arrête quand il n'a plus de pain. Dans cette cruelle situation le Gouvernement a fait tous ses efforts pour adoucir l'amertume d'un sacrifice imposé par la nécessité. Depuis lundi soir il négocie ; ce soir a été signé un traité qui garantit à la garde nationale tout entière son organisation et ses armes ; l'armée, déclarée prisonnière de guerre, ne quittera point Paris. Les officiers garderont leur épée. Une Assemblée nationale est convoquée. La France est malheureuse, mais elle n'est pas abattue. Elle a fait son devoir ; elle reste maîtresse d'elle-même.

Voici le texte de la Convention signée ce soir à huit heures, et rapportée par le ministre des affaires étrangères. Le Gouvernement s'est immédiatement occupé de régler toutes les conditions du ravitaillement, et d'expédier les agents, qui partiront dès demain matin.

CONVENTION

Entre M. le comte de Bismarck, chancelier de la Confédération germanique, stipulant au nom de S. M. l'empereur d'Allemagne, roi de Prusse, et M. Jules Favre, ministre des

affaires étrangères du Gouvernement de la défense nationale, munis de pouvoirs réguliers,

Ont été arrêtées les conventions suivantes :

ARTICLE 1.

Un armistice général, sur toute la ligne des opérations militaires en cours d'exécution entre les armées allemandes et les armées françaises, commencera pour Paris aujourd'hui même, pour les départements dans un délai de trois jours ; la durée de l'armistice sera de vingt-et-un jours, à dater d'aujourd'hui, de manière que, sauf le cas où il serait renouvelé, l'armistice se terminera partout le dix-neuf février, à midi.

Les armées belligérantes conserveront leurs positions respectives qui seront séparées par une ligne de démarcation. Cette ligne partira de Pont-l'Evêque, sur les côtes du département du Calvados, se dirigera sur Lignières, dans le nord-est du département de la Mayenne, en passant entre Briouze et Fromentet ; en touchant au département de la Mayenne à Lignières, elle suivra la limite qui sépare ce département de celui de l'Orne et de la Sarthe, jusqu'au nord de Morannes, et sera continuée de manière à laisser à l'occupation allemande les départements de la Sarthe, Indre-et-Loire, Loir-et-Cher, du Loiret, de l'Yonne, jusqu'au point où, à l'est de Quarré-les-Tombes, se touchent les départements de la Côte-d'Or, de la Nièvre et de l'Yonne. A partir de ce point, le tracé de la ligne sera réservé à une entente qui aura lieu aussitôt que les parties contractantes seront renseignées sur la situation actuelle des opérations militaires en exécution dans les départements de la Côte-d'Or, du Doubs et du Jura. Dans tous les cas, elle tra-

versera le territoire composé de ces trois départements, en laissant à l'occupation allemande les départements situés au nord, à l'armée française ceux situés au midi de ce territoire.

Les départements du Nord et du Pas-de-Calais, les forteresses de Givet et de Langres, avec le terrain qui les entoure à une distance de dix kilomètres, et la péninsule du Havre, jusqu'à une ligne à tirer d'Etretat, dans la direction de Saint-Romain, resteront en dehors de l'occupation allemande.

Les deux armées belligérantes et leurs avant-postes de part et d'autre, se tiendront à une distance de dix kilomètres au moins des lignes tracées pour séparer leurs positions.

Chacune des deux armées se réserve le droit de maintenir son autorité dans le territoire qu'elle occupe, et d'employer les moyens que ses commandants jugeront nécessaires pour arriver à ce but.

L'armistice s'applique également aux forces navales des deux pays, en adoptant le méridien de Dunkerque comme ligne de démarcation, à l'ouest de laquelle se tiendra la flotte française, et à l'est de laquelle se retireront, aussitôt qu'ils pourront être avertis, les bâtiments de guerre allemands qui se trouvent dans les eaux occidentales. Les captures qui seraient faites après la conclusion et avant la notification de l'armistice, seront restituées, de même que les prisonniers qui pourraient être faits de part et d'autre, dans des engagements qui auraient eu lieu dans l'intervalle indiqué.

Les opérations militaires sur le terrain des départements du Doubs, du Jura et de la Côte-d'Or, ainsi qui le siége de Belfort, se continueront indépendamment de l'armistice, jusqu'au moment où on se sera mis d'accord sur la ligne de démarcation dont le tracé à travers les trois départements mentionnés a été réservé à une entente ultérieure.

ARTICLE 2.

L'armistice ainsi convenu a pour but de permettre au Gouvernement de la défense nationale de convoquer une Assemblée librement élue qui se prononcera sur la question de savoir : si la guerre doit être continuée, ou à quelles conditions la paix doit être faite.

L'Assemblée se réunira dans la ville de Bordeaux.

Toutes les facilités seront données par les commandants des armées allemandes pour l'élection et la réunion des députés qui la composeront.

ARTICLE 3.

Il sera fait immédiatement remise à l'armée allemande, par l'autorité militaire française, de tous les forts formant le périmètre de la défense extérieure de Paris, ainsi que de leur matériel de guerre. Les communes et les maisons situées en dehors de ce périmètre ou entre les forts pourront être occupées par les troupes allemandes, jusqu'à une ligne à tracer par des commissaires militaires. Le terrain restant entre cette ligne et l'enceinte fortifiée de la ville de Paris sera interdit aux forces armées des deux parties. La manière de rendre les forts, et le tracé de la ligne mentionnée formeront l'objet d'un protocole à annexer à la présente Convention.

ARTICLE 4.

Pendant la durée de l'armistice, l'armée allemande n'entrera pas dans la ville de Paris.

ARTICLE 5.

L'enceinte sera désarmée de ses canons, dont les affûts seront transportés dans les forts à désigner par un commissaire de l'armée allemande.*

ARTICLE 6.

Les garnisons (armée de ligne, garde mobile et marins) des forts et de Paris seront prisonnières de guerre, sauf une division de douze mille hommes que l'autorité militaire dans Paris conservera pour le service intérieur.

Les troupes prisonnières de guerre déposeront leurs armes, qui seront réunies dans des lieux désignés et livrées suivant règlement par commissaires suivant l'usage ; ces troupes resteront dans l'intérieur de la ville, dont elles ne pourront pas franchir l'enceinte pendant l'armistice. Les autorités françaises s'engagent à veiller à ce que tout individu appartenant à l'armée et à la garde mobile reste consigné dans l'intérieur de la ville. Les officiers des troupes prisonnières seront désignés par une liste à remettre aux autorités allemandes.

A l'expiration de l'armistice, tous les militaires appartenant à l'armée consignée dans Paris auront à se constituer prisonniers de guerre de l'armée allemande, si la paix n'est pas conclue jusque-là.

Les officiers prisonniers conserveront leurs armes.

* Dans le protocole, cette condition du transport des affûts dans les forts a été abandonée par les commissaires allemands, sur la demande des commissaires français.

ARTICLE 7.

La garde nationale conservera ses armes; elle sera chargée de la garde de Paris et du maintien de l'ordre. Il en sera de même de la gendarmerie et des troupes assimilées, employées dans le service municipal, telles que garde républicaine, douaniers et pompiers; la totalité du cette catégorie n'excèdera pas trois mille cinq cents hommes.

Tous les corps de francs-tireurs seront dissous par une ordonnance du Gouvernement français.

ARTICLE 8.

Aussitôt après la signature des présentes et avant la prise de possession des forts, le commandant en chef des armées allemandes donnera toutes facilités aux commissaires que le Gouvernement français enverra, tant dans les départements qu'à l'étranger, pour préparer le ravitaillement et faire approcher de la ville les marchandises qui y sont destinées.

ARTICLE 9.

Après la remise des forts et après le désarmement de l'enceinte et de la garnison stipulés dans les articles 5 et 6, le ravitaillement de Paris s'opérera librement par la circulation sur les voies ferrées et fluviales. Les provisions destinées à ce ravitaillement ne pourront être puisées dans le terrain occupé par les troupes allemandes, et le Gouvernement français s'engage à en faire l'acquisition en dehors de la ligne de démarcation qui entoure les positions des armées allemandes, à moins d'autorisation contraire donnée par les commandants de ces dernières.

ARTICLE 10.

Toute personne qui voudra quitter la ville de Paris devra être munie de permis réguliers délivrés par l'autorité militaire française, et soumis au visa des avant-postes allemands. Ces permis et visas seront accordés de droit aux candidats à la députation en province et aux députés à l'Assemblée.

La circulation des personnes qui auront obtenu l'autorisation indiquée, ne sera admise qu'entre six heures du matin et six heures du soir.

ARTICLE 11.

La ville de Paris payera une contribution municipale de guerre de la somme de deux cents millions de francs. Ce payement devra être effectué avant le quinzième jour de l'armistice. Le mode de payement sera déterminé par une commission mixte allemande et française.

ARTICLE 12.

Pendant la durée de l'armistice, il ne sera rien distrait des valeurs publiques pouvant servir de gages au recouvrement des contributions de guerre.

ARTICLE 13.

L'importation dans Paris d'armes, de munitions ou de matières servant à leur fabrication, sera interdite pendant la durée de l'armistice.

ARTICLE 14.

Il sera procédé immédiatement à l'échange de tous les prisonniers de guerre qui ont été faits par l'armée française

depuis le commencement de la guerre. Dans ce but, les autorités françaises remettront, dans le plus bref délai, des listes nominatives des prisonniers de guerre allemands aux autorités militaires allemandes à Amiens, au Mans, à Orléans et à Vesoul. La mise en liberté des prisonniers de guerre allemands s'effectuera sur les points les plus rapprochés de la frontière. Les autorités allemandes remettront en échange, sur les mêmes points, et dans le plus bref délai possible, un nombre pareil de prisonniers français, de grades correspondants, aux autorités militaires françaises.

L'échange s'étendra aux prisonniers de condition bourgeoise, tels que les capitaines de navires de la marine marchande allemande, et les prisonniers français civils qui ont été internés en Allemagne.

ARTICLE 15.

Un service postal pour des lettres non cachetées sera organisé entre Paris et les départements, par l'intermédiaire du quartier général de Versailles.

En foi de quoi les soussignés ont revêtu de leurs signatures et de leur sceau les présentes Conventions.

Fait à Versailles, le vingt-huit janvier, mille huit cent soixante-et-onze.

Signé : JULES FAVRE. BISMARCK.

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